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Wallingford

The
McMaster University Monthly

VOL. XXX. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1920. No. 1

WALLINGFORD HALL.
I. ITS HISTORY

N September 28, 1920, Wallingford Hall, our residence for women students, officially opened its doors. The fact is one of great significance in the development of McMaster University,—but the true measure of its significance can only be appreciated when it is considered in its relation to the development of the McMaster Women's Student Body.

If the history of that development were ever to be written, our archives would show but fragmentary details. In one place we read that in the year 1894 McMaster graduated its first women students—two in number. Elsewhere, at about the same period, we read that the enrollment included seven women, and the class lists of those days, and the pages of The Monthly, tell something of the high calibre of these pioneers. About 1903-4 we find the first mention of the Ladies' Literary League, the forerunner of the present Women's Literary Society; and in 1906 the women had become a strong enough element in the college life to control a department of The McMaster Monthly. Since that time we have a more complete record of the growth in numbers and needs of our university women. But, even so, the records are dumb concerning what must ever have been a very vital, and often vexing, problem,—the Housing Question.

In the early days McMaster women frequently found a refuge for the year at Moulton College, but it was not long until development there rendered such a privilege impossible, and one pictures the commencement of that autumnal pilgrimage in quest of shelter, which has been one of the most serious difficulties our women have had to face. Little need to go into dreary details of that quest; any Alumnae group could wax eloquent on the subject. Some of us even remember ephemeral attempts among groups of students themselves to form a transient University residence—attempts which had discouraging psychological and financial results. There

is no higher testimonial to the power of the McMaster spirit than the fact that it maintained its hold over ever-increasing numbers in the face of the strong attraction of well-equipped women's residences of other institutions. With the advent of the war period and its aftermath of economic and social problems the situation became more and more difficult—and by now the women students were eighty in number. Fortunately before the housing crisis of the present year had to be faced a solution had been found.

It was in the year 1909 that the graduate women of McMaster found themselves strong enough to organize as an Alumnae Association. At first no great or definite aim other than that of union and occasional intercourse was possible. Later, the war brought an opportunity for co-operative effort in Red Cross work, and when that was no longer necessary, the Association found itself with empty hands—and empty pockets—but with the knowledge that it could cooperate for greater aims. Women who had experienced the discomfort of the non-resident college girl's existence, now appreciated that the old method was fraught with danger as well as disadvantage and discomfort. One began to hear on all sides the insistent demand for a Women's Residence.

Those of us who were present at the annual meeting held at The Selby in November, 1918, were all inspired and impressed with the feeling that the great opportunity of McMaster women had come, to contribute as a unit to a big social need. As we listened to the addresses of the various speakers, the needs and possibilities of the situation kindled our enthusiasm, and we pledged ourselves to the undertaking.

The original Residence Committee was there and then installed, consisting of Mrs. Harry Stark '94, Convener; Mrs. J. H. Cranston '07; Miss J. M. Norton '02, and Mrs. E. J. Zavitz '00. On their shoulders has fallen the brunt of the miracle-making with all the attendant immeasurable work and worry—for miracles are unfortunately not automatic. The big developments of the campaign are familiar to most of us: the generous thirty-thousand-dollar donation from Mr. William Davies which made the dream come true; the long search for, and final securing of the site; the upbuilding of maintenance and endowment funds from the gifts of other friends, that the residence might not be an added financial burden to the University. We have been kept in touch with this part of the task. What we do not know, and may never know, is the amount of time and energy the Committee had to expend in the so-called "petty details"—the procuring of knives and forks, and

pillows and sheets, and fruit jars and the million other trifling cogs necessary in the wheel of a well-regulated college residence. There is a hackneyed phrase to the effect that a task well done needs no testimonial; the work of the Committee speaks too ably for itself to require any verbal tribute. In less than three months after the house at 95 St. George Street had been vacated by its former owners, it had been repainted, redecorated, and remodelled to serve its new purposes; furnishings had been bought and put in place; a Dean and house staff had been installed; and the name "Wallingford Hall" was chosen for it, to commemorate the little English town, the birthplace of the donor.

Back of all this activity was the feeling that this residence must be something more than a mere shelter and dining-hall. Its purpose must be to build character and to endow culture as well as to provide physical comfort. A Dean had to be chosen with this in mind, and there was universal satisfaction when it was known that Mrs. Trotter had consented to accept the office. The house staff was secured with equal success, both Miss Dickson and Miss Grace having a warm interest in the enterprise. For nearly two weeks now, Wallingford Hall has ministered to the needs of nearly thirty students with an efficiency, even in these trying initial stages, never possible before.

But though the Residence is at last an accomplished fact, it is not complete; it probably never will be complete; for it is the way of linen to wear out, of fruit-jars to become empty, of money to become spent. It will always be the responsibility of the Alumnae Association to see that they be restored, and it is well that this is so. The work that has so far been accomplished has created in the Association a spirit of enthusiasm and unity such as never existed before. New sympathy has arisen between the graduate and undergraduate women, through working for a common cause. From having to depend on the assistance of the women of the Baptist denomination throughout the Province, the Alumnae Association has become broader in its interests, and more alive to the activities of the denomination as a whole. Therefore we are grateful to all who have helped us in our undertaking, and we are grateful to the undertaking for the renaissance it has given to the Alumnae Association.

—Enid A. McGregor, '12.

II. THE OPENING DAY.

ALLINGFORD HALL! We girls have dreamed about it, talked about it, worked for it! We did think it might be a reality when we had passed through the ranks of undergraduates and had attained the honorable standing of Alumnae, but those very Alumnae forestalled our thoughts and have made the Hall possible and actual before we join their esteemed numbers.

After speculating about the Residence so much, it was with no little curiosity that we approached its doors on the first afternoon of the school year. Certainly the outside of the house looked imposing enough—what about the inside? We were not permitted to satisfy ourselves on that point just at our arrival. We were hurried up to our room amid a babel of welcome, joking, inquiry as to the spending of summer months, from not only those who were to be our room-mates, but, it seemed, the entire company in the building. After a few minutes, we felt entirely at home,—and who does not on meeting old friends again, even in the strangest of places?—and we were ready to greet those who arrived almost at our heels, in the same manner as we had been ushered in by inmates of hardly longer standing than ourselves.

It was some time before our "How do you do's" were sufficiently over to permit us to look around. The starting point of the tour of inspection which followed was our own room, a large, airy, attractive place in which we looked forward to spending a good deal of our time. We then paid visits to the other rooms on both second and third floors, and from every room at which we knocked issued cheery voices bidding us enter, apologizing for the wild confusion of unpacking, but sounding as if their owners were glad to see us anyhow. So in we went, admiring certain arrangements of furniture, criticizing the angle of a pennant on the wall, appreciating and exclaiming over everything. We found all these places of habitation just as pleasant as ours, and two rooms especially took our fancy, one for its outlook, the other for its verandah. We made up our minds that when (or if) we should reach the dignity of being Seniors, one of those rooms should be ours.

With this resolution we marched downstairs to inspect the ground floor. Across the hall we walked, and into the reception room, whose high ceiling, delicately artistic coloring, and round window we admired exceedingly. "What a background," thought

we, "to enhance our personal attractions when receiving callers!" And we emerged from the reception room blissfully happy. We then perceived that the door of the Dean's study was ajar, and we caught a glimpse of a business-like desk and shelves upon shelves of books. Tiptoeing from the region of the study, we gained the library and were about to give vent to our admiration of that suitably sombre room, when we remembered that here, in all probability, we should have to spend much time studying, and, sobered by the thought, did not express ourselves so enthusiastically. We did, however, think that the surroundings of quiet, harmonizing greens and browns would be conducive to study and that altogether we might enjoy ourselves there. After all, studying was not the only activity to be carried on in the library. From experience we know that many and varied are the opportunities provided by libraries for conversation and other things.

Just as we were peeping through the glass doors of the little office where the telephone (most blessed convenience) is situated, the dinner bell rang. At once we heard a rush of feet, doors banged, the laughter and talk came nearer, and in a moment or two a merry crowd of girls burst into the library en route for the dining-room. We joined the throng and hastened towards the rear of the house where, in a large room overlooking the garden, tables were daintly spread for our reception. We were all hungry and excited, and thoroughly enjoyed the meal, which was punctuated by funny stories, jokes, sprightly conversation and hearty laughing, —as is proper.

At the close of the meal it was announced that a short Vesper service would be held every evening after dinner, so we trooped into the reception room to hold our first Vespers in Wallingford Hall. The short, simple, but reverent service quieted our hilarity and it was with more serious thoughts that we went up to our rooms, and the evening of the exciting day was made more quiet and peaceful through the few words of the service.

And as we sat down to talk over the day's events, it came to our minds how we, the first McMaster girls to live in Wallingford Hall, would be the ones to set the traditions of the place,—that we, the pioneers, would be the examples of those to come after us. So, we thought, we must be careful to make traditions of the best, to keep only the highest ideals of living before us, and to strive with all our strength to live up to those ideals, that our example to our successors might be worthy of the truest spirit of McMaster. We reminded ourselves further, that only by our

conduct beyond residence walls would outsiders be able to infer what life in the Residence was like and whether we were making the most of our opportunities to develop true womanhood. So we came to the conclusion that not only should we be careful within Residence, but should seek to conduct ourselves outside so that all should know that in Wallingford Hall the life was such that the best in us is developed according to the truest and highest ideals.

—Phyllis K. Chapman, '22.

THE GLORY OF AUTUMN.

"For the radiance and the color,
And the spicy smell,
For the great, deep, cosmic gladness
Past all power to tell—
Set the heart of all things ringing
Like a clear-toned bell."

HE blooms of late Summer lead a brilliant way to Autumn. All the gold of August sunshine is caught and kept in the lavish yellow gleams over the hills and valleys of humble tansy, glowing butter-and-eggs, stately velvet dock and moth mullen, frail evening primroses and queen of all golden wild flowers, the Canada golden rod, with its perfect plumes. Daintier notes in the color scheme are the clumps of yarrow, like groups of misted pearls, and delicate Queen Anne's lace, marvels in floral inset lacework, and mingling with all these, the warmer tones of brown-eyed Susans, prairie sunflowers, gaudy Canadian lilies, butterfly weeds and elusive touch-me-nots. Blended with subtle harmonies of shade along the "smoky trail of asters" are the mauve and purple tones of St. John's wort, milkweed, trumpet and fire weed, and in daring glow of crimson, the occasional cardinal flower, bee balm and painted cup. At the end of this path of glory Autumn beckons.

A sprite with audacity and prodigality of color-love is Autumn. She touches the tips of the sumacs with her caressing fingers and their scarlet plumes are the memories of her passing. She lays her soft cheek but a moment against the swaying vines, and they crimson in lovely confusion. She raises her adoring eyes,

"so like the souls of flowers," to the oak leaves, and the ardor of their love changes them to the color of deep wine. The low beeches brush her sunlit hair and instantly they are aflutter with leaves of pale gold. She gaily greets her favorite lovers, the maples, and they vie with each other in their changing, glowing tones, and in the tenderness of their caring, send their freshly-tinted leaves to mingle with the scarlet winter berries, in making a sunset-colored path through the ferns, whose fronds the winds have broken for her feet.

She laughs as a squirrel scurries over her pathway up into the tree boughs, and nuts fall to the ground with sounds like deep-toned minor music. She sings and a lilac haze falls over the hills in vain striving to keep the silvery echo of her voice. She dances fairy-like in sheer ecstacy over her amazing magic and over shrubs and thickets and overgrowth of pasture fall tender shadings of purple, gold and dove-grey. She desires ambrosia and the air becomes amber wine with the unforgettable tang of all slowly-dying summer fragrance. Invisible companions she summons, spirits of Love, Faith, Hope, Purity, Truth, Understanding, Melody, Courage, Poetry and Imagery born of Beauty, and the festival of color continues over hills and valleys, through woods and open spaces until she awakens to realization that all this must pass. Brief and beautiful it has been, and her wise heart knows that the memory and ministry of all loveliness is deathless. With a sigh she yields her glory and pageantry to the restful, white keeping of Winter.

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

THE COBOURG CONFERENCE.

OBOURG had put on the garments of Spring and, beautiful at any time, it was surpassingly so when, last May, it was invaded by delegations from the various colleges of Ontario and Quebec. Hotel Cedarmere, on the shore of Lake Ontario, was our headquarters; and there, seven students from McMaster consolidated friendships, did their best to carry the college spirit into the field of sport, and came away not untouched by repeated and powerful appeals for an enlarged spiritual life and for consecration to the great missionary causes.

The time-table called for Bible study groups, quiet hours, and platform addresses during the morning and evening. The afternoon was given over to sports. It was announced the first day that each delegation was expected to hold a meeting every evening at 9 p.m. to discuss the work of the day and plans for the future. On the face of it, this promised to be a farce,—at least one meeting where there would be no roll-call and at a time when the bright lights of gay little Cobourg invited. You will be surprised, then, to learn that our delegation conferences were among the best of the day. Some of us were more or less strange to one another. Between an "M.A." and a "Fresh Soph" there would surely be some barrier. Not so! The simple prayer that first night made us feel as one: "Let us remember, O Christ, that we come from McMaster, and that it is our bounden duty to see that her noble traditions remain unsullied. Forbid, Lord, that by word or deed, any of us should bring dishonor upon her name." In that little gathering and during those simple, sincere words of prayer, we were thrilled with a sense of unity and pride. Will anyone say that the unity was superficial, that the pride was false?

After that, our delegation conferences did not confine themselves to the evening hour. Afternoons only excepted, whenever two or three of us met, there was sure to be an earnest discussion. Usually the subject was theological, because the atmosphere seemed to be peculiarly prepared for that sort of subject. One night was noteworthy. Two of our numbers were debating on "inherent sin" and the "historicity of the Bible." At eleven-thirty p.m. a viciously hurtling boot took no effect. The argument continued till 12.15, when one of the heated debaters adjourned, as was his custom, for a cold bath. Needless to say, these disturbers of

the peace were "sophs." They alone would attempt to grapple with such mighty problems.

Baseball took the leading place in the Conference sports. Many of us were just beginners, but, though rather amateurish at times in fielding, we cooperated well. Our batting average was quite high, this being just beginners, but, though rather amateurish at times in fielding, we cooperated well. Our batting average was quite high, this being partly due to the comparatively slow pitching of the other teams. At any rate, McMaster won the championship with a good, healthy margin on every game. Would that this were some fair omen of success for the soccer and rugby teams of 1920!

One afternoon was set apart as Field Day. Victoria won the greatest number of points for the group events, with McMaster in second place. There were also two track events: McMaster took first and third place in the 100 yards dash and second in the half-mile. So much for the sport. The group events were particularly novel and well planned, all this part of the programme being in charge of a competent Y.M.C.A. man.

Let us now turn our attention to the various addresses and to one or two of the statements made in discussion groups. On the second day of the conference, Professor Morrison revealed the great weakness of our present day university life. "We are controlled by trivialities," he said. "We fritter away our lives in non-essentials, we obtain no more honest pleasure, and the great tragedy is that we fail to reach realities. If we are so losing our grip, we must cease from the distraction caused by trivialities, and we must be simple-minded, seeking solely great things." He went on to say that prayer was the great means to reach this end: "Austere self-examination in the sight of God is necessary as placed over against the result when men are carried from one excitement to another with never a time to remedy the damage." Mr. Wilder also gave his view of the power of prayer, telling of a wireless operator on a sinking ship: "As he presses the key of his instrument, sparks fly off into the stormy night air. How useless these sparks seem to be, yet suddenly appear the lights of an approaching vessel and a rescue is effected in the storm." Truly "prayer is the source of all spiritual blessing." Not only our spiritual development, but our moral and spiritual entity are dependent upon prayer.

Lest you should think that all the statements were as sound as these, and lest you carry away the false impression that student conferences are all good, with no bad at all, note the statement

made by one of the students in a discussion group: "None of us have felt that we have arrived anywhere." Do you see what that implies? We have been cut adrift and we have been sailing throughout the centuries upon a troubled sea in search of some island, say the Island of Truth, and now we admit that we have failed to find it. As a delegation we felt that this vague, mystic spirit far too extensively permeated the heart of the conference. We felt that here was a thing which McMaster must ever avoid. We must be convinced that we *have* arrived somewhere; that we are *not* cut adrift, but that we are held securely upon the bed-rock of truth. Then, and then alone, have we something worth passing on to our fellow students and to our fellow men.

Easily supreme and preeminently outstanding among the other addresses, were the great appeals for the foreign mission field. As regards work among the heathen, some of us say: "I don't think I have ever been called." In the opening address of the conference, Mr. Porter asked: "Are you sure you have been within calling distance?" Dr. Balme said that if we were to go to a foreign field and there view the enormous mass of preventable suffering, our first exclamation would be: "Why wasn't I here to do something before?" He continued: "The duty of the missionaries is merely to start the ball rolling, the great bulk of the work being done by the native Christians. If a large departmental store is on fire, we should consider it hopeless to go across the street with one pail of water; but if there is plenty of water and if there are crowds around waiting only to be told how to use the water, we should go across the street and tell them. Why, then, do we not go? We hear a sermon on foreign missions and we are inspired, but soon we resort to regular actions with the result that our former life is unchanged. It is not unwillingness which keeps us from going, it is *inertia*. Energy and determination are required to take the first step, and we lack that energy and determination."

Listening to these words, we thought of Dr. Balme as a recruiting officer and of ourselves as shirkers. Men and women are in the front line while we are filling "safety first" jobs at home. How will McMaster reply to such a challenge? Would that many of us might escape from the inertia which enthralls us, then will the purpose of the conference be richly fulfilled.

—H. O. Lloyd, '22.

Autumn

There's a time when the snowflakes are falling,
  Like hurt birdlets that flutter to rest,
And the wind through bare treetops is calling,
  And the voice of the stream is distressed.

There's a time when the lake breaks its fetters,
  And the lazy buds creep to the gleam,
When the quickening wood leaps with shadows
  Like the spectres that pass in a dream.

There's a time when the woods' songsters warble,
  Like a chorus of sweet sylvan flutes,
And broad gardens of tall gaudy flowers
  Toss and dance to the zephyrs' soft lutes.

But the time when the harvest is golden,
  Like a flash of the sun come to earth
Was the gods' jubilee in days olden,
  Is contentment's perennial birth.

—Max C. Welch, '23.

THE NEW TOWER OF BABEL.

(Translated from "*La Esperantisto*" by E. J. Bengough, B.A).

[*Translator's note*: *Among the many periodicals published throughout the world in Esperanto, there is one which is specifically "dedicated to the internal idea of Esperantism.". This is "La Esperantisto," a monthly paper published in Cracow, Vienna and Basle, which began publication about a year ago. The "internal idea" to which it is dedicated, is the thought often expressed by the late Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of the language, that the essence of Esperantism lay not in the language itself, but in the idea of reciprocal comprehension and fraternity throughout humanity. Zamenhof and his co-laborers cherished Esperanto "not merely because it brought men closer together physically, nor yet even that it drew men's minds together, but only because it tended to unify their hearts.". Many experiences, both in peace and in war, are on record to show that Esperanto has been the vehicle for the successful operation of this internal idea. The following editorial from the June issue of the periodical above referred to is interesting as indicating the present thoughts and feelings of many of the far-seeing and large-hearted men of Europe.*]

N one of the early chapters of the first book of Moses, that venerated document from the primeval days of humanity, it is related that once in the time of the sons of Noah there was over the whole earth one language and one manner of speech. But the men of that time, in proud self-confidence, began to build a tower, the top of which should reach the skies. Then the Divine anger fell upon them and their language was confused so that none understood the other from that time on. And they were dispersed into all lands of the earth.

Centuries passed by. On a certain day there were gathered together a body of common men—disciples and followers of that Man who went about doing good, and Whom humanity recompensed with crucifixion—to observe, fifty days after Passover, the Pentecostal celebration introduced by Moses. And behold! Suddenly a great wind begins to blow from the heavens, fiery tongues appear above their heads, and the power of the Divine Spirit

takes control of them and inspires them. They hurry out and begin proclaiming joyful tidings to the feast-day crowds swarming through the streets. And what a miracle! Men of every people and of every language, comprehend what they say. The confusion of tongues, begun at Babel, gives way and disappears, at least for that one festal day.

What is the profound significance for us of these two pictures presented to us as the beginning and end of a world-embracing evolution? Is there not embodied in them a great thought shining like a torch to all times, including ours? In the years through which we have just come has not humanity suffered a second time the fate of the men of Babel? Has not the speech of the heart become confused afresh, so that men and nations are unable longer to comprehend one another?

Let us examine more closely how this second Babel catastrophe has come. The men of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries desired also to build a tower which was to reach the clouds. With great flourishes of trumpets they unceasingly proclaimed throughout the world that a new culture was coming, the like of which had never yet been on the earth. Never more self-confidently than in these decades has humanity boasted about its knowledge, about its inventions, about its technical progress; never have humanity's leaders had prouder imaginings concerning the immense heights to which the human spirit had already lifted itself. The Tower of Babel, this technical miracle which the ancient people wished to construct, appears to us as a prophetic foreshadowing of our century of technics from which so many credulous men looked for an unheard-of efflorescence and an unexampled felicitation for the whole human family.

Truly our building bravely progresses, oh yes. But the people who labor upon it are distraught, they become estranged, they fight against each other, and now stand, after the fury of war, bleeding from a thousand wounds, and with tear-covered eyes facing each other with hearts filled with bitterness. Alas, there took place not the hoped-for blossoming of humanity, but only a terrible debacle of culture.

And what is now capable of drying these tears, healing these wounds, and nullifying this Babel confusion with its abyssmal enmity and estrangement between man and man? Only a new Pentecostal miracle can accomplish this. Only that spirit is able to do it, which burns in tongues of fire, not on the heads, but in the souls of men—only the spirit of love. Reason and intellect have failed as bringers of happiness to humanity. If humanity desires to reach happier times then it must raise to the Throne the other and long-neglected power of the soul—the power of sentiment. A new culture of sentiment must be commenced; it only is the cure for the crudities and the savagery which were brought by the war to the light of day.

In the biblical Pentecost the enlightenment came from without; the new Pentecost of the peoples can come only by enlightenment from within. But it is the same Divine Spirit which will now, as it also did in other days, remove the curse of Babel—the spirit which speaks not from the mind but from the heart.

In loving memory

of our two friends and

fellow students . . . . .

William Stanley Way, B.A.,

of the class of '17,

who met his death by drowning,

Seattle, Washington, August 15th, 1920

Thurston Hampton,

of the class of '22,

who died at his home,

Vancouver, B. C., June, 1920

"In Jesus' keeping we are safe . . . and they"

The McMaster University Monthly

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VOL. XXX. OCTOBER, 1920 NO. 1

Editorial Notes

So important an event as the opening of the new Women's Residence rightly demands a leading place in this issue of THE MONTHLY. Miss Enid McGregor, B.A., tells the story of Wallingford Hall from the viewpoint of one who has been actively interested in the movement since its inception; Miss Phyllis Chapman, '22, gives us her first impressions of residential life,—and our frontispiece speaks for itself.

To the Alumnae Association, for whom Wallingford Hall is the culmination of long years' working and planning,—our hearty congratulations! To Mrs. Trotter, the Dean, and the women residents associated with her,—our best wishes for a happy and profitable year together! Long live Wallingford!

Tribute is paid to the glorious Autumn season by two writers in this issue. Miss Amy E. Campbell, '12, has become well known to our readers of recent years through her charming poetic contributions. Her "Glory of Autumn" this month is a beautifully descriptive nature sketch in prose. The poem "Autumn" is the second contribution in verse which Mr. Max Welch, '23, has made to The Monthly. We are especially glad to find poetic talent springing up among the undergraduates.

The spirit of the Cobourg Conference is very ably brought before us in the article by Mr. Ordway Lloyd. At Cobourg there was presented a vision of the real things of life, its opportunities, the call to service. The seven days' conference was a wonderful inspiration to the six men who represented McMaster. They are now passing on that inspiration to us all.

It is with pleasure that The Monthly extends her welcome to our two new Professors. Dr. Chester W. New is an honor graduate in Arts of the University of Toronto, and a graduate in Theology of McMaster. He took post-graduate work both at Oxford and at the University of Chicago, receiving his doctor's degree in the fall of 1913. He now returns to McMaster after six years of highly successful work in Brandon College. Mr. Allan J. Moon, M.A., who now takes the chair of Latin, is a Southerner, coming to us from Simmons College, Texas. Mr. Moon is a graduate of Howard University, with post-graduate work at the University of Virginia and at Chicago. We wish these new members of the Faculty every success in their work at McMaster.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: George P. Gilmour, '21.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."—*Pope.*

WE had already mounted the editorial stool, and knit the editorial brow, and commenced to chew meditatively on the editorial pen, when it occurred to us that we must needs unknit the countenance and descend from the chair in order to make our bow. Now an initial editorial bow, like a birth or a death, (we had almost added "marriage") can happen but once, and hence deserves at least passing notice. Some care should also be given to its execution, for often its esthetic charm must be relied on to atone for the platitudes that follow. Therefore we bow circumspectly to the inevitable (though not universal) reader of these columns, and climb again to that "bad eminence" already referred to.

Having got thus far we are suddenly and painfully conscious of what some giant of old hath written, "Sharpening a pencil is not the major part of writing a history." The truth is readily applicable, and reminds us that this department is designed to chronicle the doings of the college, and to provide that whereat our contemporaries may cachinate. It is still too early to make either promises or apologies for what this year shall bring forth, but it is high time to remind our readers that these columns are their own. The Editor stands ready to trace out the most involved lines of thought, to decipher even a professor's hand-writing, and to publish funnyisms which have not yet gained the strength of maturity or the feebleness of old age. Remember, all ye scribes: "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print."

It is customary to use this occasion to welcome back our old schoolmates, without too minute an inquiry as to whether the summer has been profitably spent, and to assure our new comrades that their painful entry into our fellowship is a joy, at least to us. '24, we invoke, perhaps in vain, strength to your arm and wisdom to your head. You Freshmen are always a source of anxiety to the college until you begin to catch the spirit of the place, for unless a man is in sympathy with the aims and ideals of his Alma Mater, he never gets far, and his Alma Mater cannot go ahead as she should. Remember, you newcomers, you have a long

row to hoe here in these years, but if you hold your hoe right the row will not seem so long. Don't be afraid to change your methods a little. And another thing, the McMaster spirit is no fiction, and you're not human if it doesn't "get" you before long.

Opening Chapel Service

Castle Memorial Hall was well filled by the faculty, student body, and friends of the University at the opening chapel service on Tuesday, September 28th. The exceptionally large attendance speaks well for the success of the coming year. Chancellor McCrimmon was not present, as he is enjoying this year a well-earned furlough, but his place was ably filled by Dean Farmer, who made the announcements and delivered the opening address. Our two new professors, Prof. Allan J. Moon, of the Department of Latin, and Prof. C. W. New, of the Department of History, were introduced. The most important announcement of the afternoon was that of the opening of Wallingford Hall, and very kindly reference was made to the new Dean of Women, Mrs. Trotter. A touch of sadness was felt when reference was made to the deaths of W. S. Way, B.A., '17, and Thurston Hampton, '22, which occurred during the summer months. In a letter from the Chancellor, which was read, the students were urged to do their part in his absence to uphold the ideals of the University. Thus was the session 1920-21 opened.

Be on the lookout for the great joys and never let mosquitoes worry you into a passion.—*Hubbard.*

Chapel Visitors

The Chapel service of Friday, October 1, was marked by the presence of Dr. De Wolf, of the Ladies' Seminary at Wolfville, and Dr. Patterson, of Western Canada. Our Maritime visitor urged us to prophesy unto the dry bones of our education and make them live for ourselves and for the world. He also made kindly reference to the Ladies' Seminary at Wolfville. Dr. Patterson, who is no stranger to our student body, brought the greetings of the West, the land "where ideas are lonesome."

Autumn Convocation

One of the most successful and best-attended Autumn Convocations the University has had was held in Castle Memorial Hall during the evening of October 8th. Dr. Geo. T. Webb opened the exercises with prayer, after which Prof. McLay presented the prizes and the Matriculation Scholarships won last Spring. Nine of our ten Scholarships were awarded this year. Dr. Farmer made the re-

marks usually falling to the Chancellor, in which he referred to the size and quality of our registration, already higher than last year, and to the opening of Wallingford Hall. He also noted the activities of the Alumni, and tantalized the present study body by a reference to the long-deferred new building. Prof. Moon was then introduced, and spoke a few words of appreciation of the new opportunity which lies before him. He was followed by Prof. New, who, in returning to McMaster, referred to her as the best Alma Mater he had ever had. (Oxford and Chicago papers please copy.) The ovation given by the students to both these men speaks well for the popularity they should enjoy among us. The meeting was rescued from the *ennui* which inevitably settles down upon such exercises by the very happy remarks of Prof. Curr, who enlarged on "The Educative Value of Hebrew." He brought to us a breath of old Scotland—we refer to the heather—and by the terseness of his remarks and the lucidity of his argument held his audience to the end. He pointed out the need of the Oriental atmosphere and vocabulary to the minister who really yearns "to break the silence between God and man." Hebrew is the language of religion. The librarian has already dusted off the Biblia Hebraica downstairs.

"Lives of the Hunted"

It is a truism that Freshmen are green, yet it takes each year to refresh our memories of verdure. The building, to others so familiar, is to them full of mystery and secret places, and to these spots they are nocturnally introduced by their traditional sponsors, from whom disturbances have been quietly emanating for some time past. Some evenings ago, an informal banquet was held in the chapel, accompanied by after-dinner speeches and musical numbers provided by the guests. The outstanding feature of the menu was damp vermicelli fed "darkling." As one contemporary puts it, "The excellent qualities of this diet for Freshmen are not generally understood. The bones produce stamina and good temper." The conversation around the board, we are told, was of a very happy strain, and the function concluded with "guest-greasing" and a visit to remote parts.

"Oh, well, the tale is shortly told:
They rose and went, each Freshman there,
Stumbling, and arm in arm with two
Who slowly led to dungeons deep.
—They'll ne'er forget those hours they spent
Beneath the Science Hall."

Another incident

> "Wherein I speak of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hairbreadth 'scapes."

occurred on Thursday, October 7th. Plans had been carefully laid, but unfortunately the Freshmen Ship of State sprang a leak in the Secret Service compartment. The result was that our eyes witnessed, at various hours, the abduction of a dozen or more Frosh, who were conducted to the steward's fortress.

> "Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress."

The Princes in the Tower improved the shining hour, some by punching a hole in the ceiling, others by sliding around on the roof, all invoking the goddess of liberty. Some of the number are still suffering from attic-room pains. During the afternoon the gates of the prison were opened and Frosh and Sophs adjourned to '24's picnic.

Troubles of long standing—Flat feet.

Toronto, Oct. 6 1920

This week is a red letter day for the grads. of old Mac, because it is the 1 they had there annual picnic on, and I sure never seen anything = it in old Chi. The seen of the melee was were they call Long's Branch, but I doubt if John ever seen it at that. The bunch congealed at Sunny's Side and from there they did it in 18 mins. R. R. time, assisted by a sub urban. Right away some one says a baseball game, single men vs. the less fortunate, and Si won. Wile in the meentime the Alumnae told each other's futures and passed and much was showed up for the 1st time. Finely Syd ast wen do we eat and everyboddy anserd wen, witch being younamimous Stan brung on the grub consisting of weeners, sanwitches + coffee + peeches for Syd witch he couldn't eat all of them and give sum to a man on the root home witch the later didn't consume on acct. of proberly thinking of his wife and kiddies. On the coming home trip everybody ast each other questions being whose all right the anser being us, witch made a fine conclusion to an otherwise festive occashun.

Part I. "The Excursion"

"——Some food we had."

Part II.

Dr. McNairn and Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson kept an eye on the frolics of the Juniors at Long Branch Park on October 6th, over forty members of the year taking part in the revels. Part of the afternoon was spent in playing a game of baseball, which was followed by a lively game of tag. A cruel reporter expresses surprise that the ladies winded so soon and made everybody go gathering nuts—in May. The men lost in that game—"ground so slippery, y'know." Much was added to the enjoyment of the afternoon by the presence of "the Great Dane," an iron-jawed gentleman of great good nature, who joined in the game of tag. After the nuts had all been gathered, the party adjourned to the "trough," where an enveloping manoeuvre was carried out with great success. Shortly afterwards the chaperones departed, and then a series of nocturnal beastlies were sung, and some class letters read. The evening was *officially* ended by the class and Mac yells and a reckless exchange of smiles.

Part III.

Of picnics involving not mere men, but celestial Frosh (this is not intended for an Oriental touch) would we raise our voice. It was deemed consistent with "'24" magnanimity to let it be known where and when the celestials would gather. For that purpose Thursday, October 7th, at Balmy Beach was selected and the tidings whispered abroad. Gullible '23 proceeded thither. Then were inspiration and guidance sought of the gods by crafty '24; it descended, and bountifully. The oracle muttered "Scarboro Bluffs." They went, and there many an hour was spent in frolicsome play and glorious festivity. Then again magnanimity manifested itself. An ambassador was dispatched to the unmentionables marooned at Balmy Beach, and in due time reached them. There he was clothed in barbaric raiment and subjected to a Sophomore liturgy conceived in appropriate infantility. (This is too true to be funny). The ceremony completed, the unmentionables, headed by the ambassador, proceeded to the camp of the celestials. There it was permitted them to partake of sustenance and to quaff the Olympian Bowl. The unmentionables shortly retired, the atmosphere immediately began to clear, and again joy was unconfined.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Helen Cline, '22.

Ass't Editor: Miss Frances Trotter, '22.

ONCE again returns the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," and once again, in response to the call it brings, we pack our trunks and depart from our parental roofs,—we would like to add "amid the tears of the family."—but taking our own case to be a fair example, substitute, for the sake of veracity, "followed by sighs of relief."

Each time we respond to this call, new experiences await us. We come as timid (?) Freshettes wondering just what college will be like, half fearing that the wonderful dreams and imaginings we have had all summer may only serve to show that after all, anticipation is better than realization. As Sophettes we return with the confidence of one who knows. We feel that most of the novelty of university life has, for us, departed, but much remains of enjoyment in the way of showing the poor newcomers how things are done. As Juniors, we come back with a deeper love for our Alma Mater, a greater appreciation of college life and college friends. When we come back for the fourth and last year, we realize that the months and weeks are all too few, and that we must make the most of the time that remains.

This year there is an added difference that applies alike to Junior, Soph, Freshette and Seniorette. We have a common home—Wallingford Hall. This year there are not only former traditions to be upheld, there are also new traditions to be evolved. Because of Wallingford Hall and all the joys it is adding to our college life, we ought to make this the best we have had yet. Let us skate more, work for and enjoy the "Lit" more, sing better, debate better, and play better, get to know each other more, and like each other better, and—last but not least, study more, and learn more than we have ever done in the past.

And so we can make this year,—an important year in the history of McMaster women, because it marks the opening of our Residence,—the greatest year in that history. Women of McMaster, Freshettes and Graduates, Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, "we give you" the Fall, Winter and Spring of 1920-21. Make of it what you will, and when the work is finished may you not be disappointed .

First Impressions

The proverbial saying runs, "First impressions are lasting." As a newcomer our first impressions of McMaster have been most pleasant, for we have found, first and foremost, a real spirit of friendliness doing its persistent best to crowd out the last vestige of strangeness.

As the groups of students gather for chapel and registration, and reach the walk up to the door, they become quieter and—a trifle more dignified. The front door swings open as if by a magic spring and a smiling young man is revealed—probably a Senior, judging by his experienced air.

Once safely inside, some older girl ushers you safely past the "Donkey Club,"—I hear that is its name,—into the ladies' room and there introduces you to ever so many girls. There are so many girls all laughing, chatting, embracing and rushing about that it reminds one of a veritable bee-hive.

Then comes chapel, a survey of the Professors, and, having been duly inspired for the coming year, everyone joins in "follow the leader" to the Registrar's office.

"Time waiteth for no man * * or woman." Supper-time approacheth and we wend our way to our temporary "home, sweet home."—*By a Fresh-Sophette.*

"The room's full of chatter,
Not one hears another right out to an end,
For the joy that is on them."

W. S. B. Meeting

An apt description, indeed, of the prelude to the first meeting of the woman students. There were guileless Freshettes, in their appointed places, the front rows, chatting meekly while domineering Sophettes gloated over their innocent victims. Joyful Juniors and decorous Seniors completed the number.

First of all, Helen Gilmour, the Head Girl, took her place in the chair, and called upon Florence Marlow, the Secretary, to read the constitution. The highly wrought-up maidens calmed themselves with no little difficulty, and tried to give an intelligent hearing to that legally-phrased document. When it was finished they were sufficiently self-controlled to listen to the official welcome to the Freshettes.

Then the meeting was given over to Marjorie Starr, President of W. L. S., and with the enthusiastic approval of all the girls—even the Freshies, who have charge of the transportation of provisions—it was decided to hold the annual "Lit" picnic at the Humber. The suggestion of putting on a "Big Play" again was also highly favored.

Mary Clark outlined the proposed propaganda of the W. A. A., and then, with Evelyn Cain presiding, the advisability of resuming the Choral Society was discussed, and it was decided to continue the good work.

The lusty class yells which brought the meeting to a close were indicative of the energy available for the carrying out of all these plans.

Women's Athletics

Is it owing to certain rumors of a banquet and a cup to be given to the winning year, or is it to the energy of the new executive, that women's athletics have taken on such new life? At any rate, a very interesting programme of six events has been arranged, and competition between the years promises to be keen.

Baseball heads the list and the two games already played have been very close, the scores being: first, Sophettes, 15; Juniorettes, 12; second, Seniorettes, 19; Freshettes, 18. The Sophettes and Seniorettes will meet in the final clash at an early date.

The term "clash" is used advisedly, as any who have witnessed these games may testify. The scene which takes place on the back lawn of Wallingford Hall is as follows: Fielders are provided with stepladders by means of which they may scale the fences in pursuit of the ball, and the course from base to base is slightly impeded by two trees. The catcher, moreover, must needs vanish beneath the verandah at frequent intervals in search of the elusive ball, while the scorer and onlookers occupy reserved seats on the fence, the only unoccupied space in the yard.

These minor difficulties only increase the fun, so come on girls! Support your teams, and help make this the best year ever in Women's Athletics at McMaster!

Y. W. Picnic

Despite the fact that the week-end conference of the Y. W. C. A. had to be postponed, the picnic was held at Scarboro' Bluffs on Saturday afternoon, October 9th.

Instead of exerting themselves in the usual baseball and French tag, the picnickers were entertained by having Mrs. Trotter and Helen Gilmour read aloud to them as they sat on the edge of the Bluffs and gazed out over the lake.

After a long search, enough wood was gathered for a splendid fire, and when tea-time came, the hungry multitude fed sumptuously on bacon, coffee, Chelseas and other good things.

As a result of painful experience, the Freshettes are convinced that "Youth is a great time, but somewhat fussy." At the close of a slightly dampened class meeting, the Freshettes found themselves surrounded by the enemy and carried off in triumph to the seclusion of the Ladies' Room. Only those who have watched the butterfly emerge from the chrysalis could have appreciated the transformation that took place there. Hair was drawn back, the details of dress were rearranged, and heightened color was subdued by a liberal application of poudre de riz. Then a promenade was held under Sophomore chaperonage. Passing by S. 18 that morning one might have wondered what innocent victims of scientific investigation were within. As a result of their experiment the Sophs now know the full name, age, past sins and future hopes of every Freshette there.

Initiation

This aforementioned knowledge was turned to good account when the new girls were tried at the criminal court of the august Sophomores on Friday afternoon. The audience appeared to take heartless enjoyment not only in the trials themselves, but in the executions of the chief offenders which followed. A visit to Hades, amid the groans and clamor of the infernal inhabitants finally reduced the wearers 'o the green to a state of subjection. The green band which they must wear on the first Wednesday of each month it is hoped will help to keep them so.

The minds of the Freshies were sadly disturbed on a certain afternoon which they spent at 29 Albany Avenue,—the cause being the close proximity of their friends, the Sophettes. These same Freshies must, among other weighty subjects, have discussed the phrase, "too close for comfort," for they did not linger, but hastened away in blissful ignorance of their impending fate, for certainly "the worst was yet to come!"

Sophette—"Can a person be punished for something she hasn't done?"

Juniorette—"Of course not."

Sophette—"Well, I haven't done my French."

Athletics

Editor: Jack D. Taylor, '22.

THE athletic season of 1920-21 has made a promising start. We have a larger registration to draw upon, and among the newcomers we are finding players of ability who will soon make their influence felt. We need a student body which will be out on the field for every game with real cheering and encouragement. Yet that is not enough. The owners of husky lungs could urge the ball towards the goal line much more quickly if they would expend their energy behind, or in front of, a few bucks, as occasion might demand. The able side-line critic seems to expect a few clever players to do it all, while he himself is unwilling or "too busy" to use a few minutes' fighting strength to advance the ball. No man likes to be told he lacks genuine muscle. If you're a firm believer in yourself come out and give us what you've got.

Athletic Dinner

On Tuesday, October 5th, Dr. Barton, Physical Director at Hart House, Mr. J. B. McArthur, '05, and Dean McLay were the guests of the Athletic Association at the noon-day meal, and made stirring speeches in the interests of McMaster sport.

Dr. Barton urged the men to go in for athletics, not only from the standpoint of health, but for the invaluable training in stick-to-it-iveness, control of temper, and unselfishness which are required in every game. He quotes the results of investigations by the American Trust Company, showing that the men who had engaged in college athletics were more dependable and less likely to be dishonest. The direct bearing of athletics upon character building is indisputable.

Mr. J. B. McArthur spoke from a business standpoint. He could not recall a single athlete whom he had known in college whose participation in athletics had in any way made him a failure in life. He had no sympathy with those who would do away with athletics from the Universities, and was glad to find so little of such a spirit in McMaster. "All the football and basketball I ever knew," he said, "were learned from Chancellor McCrimmon when at Woodstock. * * * And Dean McLay at the University of Toronto made a name for himself in soccer." Mr. McArthur was captain of more than one championship team in McMaster in the

old days. He considers athletics fully necessary to a right start in life.

Dean McLay, representing the absent Chancellor and the faculty, assured us of their hearty support. Incidentally this reminds us of a final game between Knox and another Illinois college. An English visitor was present and became greatly enthused. "Go it, Knox! Go it, Knox!" he cried, "All England's behind you!" We have the faculty behind us. They, along with the graduates, look to the present college generation to bring McMaster athletics back to the days of its glory.

These speakers were indeed an inspiration. The Athletic Executive are to be congratulated upon the success of this innovation, and we are sure that it will do much to stimulate interest at the beginning of the term.

Rugby Line-up

Tuesday's speeches are having their good influence, and many of our veterans have donned the football togs and joined the squads,—notably "Fat" Frise and Harry Webb. These men have strengthened the wing line considerably, and Captain Platus with his pet back division is hoping for big things. However, for the six games before us at least twenty-five men are needed to keep the team up to strength. Last year the lack of substitutes was a great handicap, and we hope the fault may be remedied.

The team has been entered in the Junior Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union. The schedule is as follows:

Oct. 13—O.A.C. at McMaster.
" 16—McMaster at Varsity III.
" 21—McMaster at St. Michael's.
" 25—Varsity III. at McMaster.
" 30—McMaster at O.A.C.
Nov. 3—St. Michael's at McMaster.

Victoria 10 McMaster 0

On Monday, October 11th, McMaster met Victoria in an exhibition game. A steady downpour of rain during the first three quarters made the ground too soft for fast playing. In the first half the ball travelled up and down the field several times, but with the exception of Victoria's two kicks to the deadline, neither goal line was crossed. Ken Taylor's plunging was much in evidence, but as a whole our line did not hold. At the outset of the second half Paterson, Borsook, and Houghton were retired owing to injuries, Jack

Taylor, McBride and Jones taking their places. This did not improve the line. Victoria broke away for a touchdown, forced each of the Hughes brothers to rouge, and in the last minute of play scored again by a kick to the deadline. Line-up: Paterson, Jamieson, Wright, Frise, Lloyd, Howard, Houghton, K. W. Taylor, Borsook, Newton, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Platus, J. Taylor, McBride, Jones.

SOCCER

On Wednesday, October 6th, McMaster soccer team engaged in an exhibition game with Wycliffe College, coming out on the long end of a score of 8 to 0. Captain Eberle was pleased with the efforts of his men and gave each aspirant to a place on the team an opportunity to show his worth. The forward line has been strengthened by the arrival of some Woodstock boys who have played together a great deal. Their combination work was largely responsible for the high score. The McMaster line-up was as follows: Eberle (Captain), Vanslyke, Vose, Lawrence, K. W. Taylor, Dick, Carr, Hackson, W. Hughes, Hughes, K. Stiver, L. Stiver.

McMaster 8
Wycliffe 0

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

AFTER the hiatus of the summer, the Editor again faces the task of making up his quota of news for the Graduate Department. As the weeks and months have passed by since the last issue, the mail and the exchanges, and other sources of news, have brought in items of many kinds. There are those that make us rejoice in the advancement of friends now out in the business world; there are items which herald the happiness of those who have taken to themselves wives or husbands; there are notes of removals on the part of those in the ministerial and the teaching professions; and among the others there have been those which strike like a bolt from the blue and give a sharp sense of loss, when we read of friends passing beyond, some after lingering illnesses and some suddenly as the result of accident. The Editor is sure he has the concurrence of all his readers when he expresses sympathy with those who have been bereaved, and also when he felicitates those into whose lives has come great happiness. We would rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep. Those who are concerned personally in the events recorded below will not take it amiss that those events are chronicled in what may appear a cold, unsentimental way. The pressure of space makes it necessary to abbreviate, and we cannot in the individual cases do more than state the facts.

Before this issue is in the hands of its readers, a new publication will probably have appeared, and as it is somewhat closely related to this department, the Editor takes the liberty of announcing its arrival, leaving any formal welcome which may be extended to the more competent hands of the Editor-in-chief. The new paper will be known as *The McMaster Graduate,* and is being issued quarterly by the Alumni Association. It will, of course, chronicle news of the doings of graduates, and in that department may duplicate considerable of the information given in the Monthly. It is not felt, however, that there will be any opposition between the two mediums. Their purposes are different, and as time goes on there will probably develop different methods of selection and treatment of news. *The McMaster Graduate* will have several other departments beside the personal news column, and under the editorship of Mr. V. W. Price, M.A., it is

anticipated that it will be a publication worthy of the growing size and importance of the Alumni Association.

'82—Rev. W. T. Tapscott, hitherto Pastor of Hillhurst Baptist Church, Calgary, has become Pastor of Broadway West Church, Vancouver, B.C.

'94—Rev. John S. Ross, Theol. ad eundem, died at Fort Bragg, Calif., on June 18th last. Mr. Ross graduated from the Canadian Literary Institute in 1863, and watched with great interest the growth of our educational institutions to their present size and interest.

'95—J. W. Russell, M.A., until recently on the staff of Woodstock College, has been appointed Professor of Geology in Western University, London. Mr. Russell will continue to live in Woodstock.

'95—Rev. Robert Routledge, who is Principal of a boys' college in El Cristo, Cuba, was the recipient of the degree S. T. D., magna cum laude, from Temple University, Philadelphia, at the last Commencement.

'97—J. H. Cameron, of Fort William, died in July last. Though he had been seriously ill for some time, largely as the result of influenza contracted last winter, his sudden passing was quite unexpected. Mr. Cameron had made a large place for himself in the community, and was an alderman at the time of his death, as well as being prominent in church work and other lines of endeavor. His popularity is indicated by the fact that at the time of his funeral the florist shops of the city were unable to meet the demand for floral tributes. Mr. Cameron's daughter, Miss Jean, was a member of the Student Body of McMaster last year, but her father's death and other circumstances make it necessary for her to drop out of her course this year.

'98—Rev. John McIntosh, for some years Pastor of Olivet Church, Toronto, has resigned and accepted a call to Swansea Church on the outskirts of the city.

'98—Prof. W. W. Charters, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa., has become Dean of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. A reliable report states that he accepts the position on a ten-year contract at a salary of $10,000 a year.

'98—Rev. M. C. MacLean has resigned his position as Director of Memorial Institute, to accept an appointment as Executive Secretary of the Toronto Federation of Community Service.

'98—Rev. Dougald Brown, (Theol), has left Park Church, Peterborough, to become pastor at Scotland, Ont.

'99—Rev. A. M. McDonald has removed from Edmonton to Cleveland, Ohio, where he has become Superintendent of Baptist Missions.

'99—Rev. W. B. Tighe has resigned his pastorate in Hamilton and has returned to the West, becoming Pastor of the Baptist Church in Yorkton, Sask.

'00—Rev. S. E. Grigg, of Detroit, died in May last after a few weeks' illness. Mr. Grigg had held pastorates in Brooklin, Tillsonburg, Ingersoll, Brockville, and Parkdale, Toronto, as well as acting as Superintendent of Social Service for the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention. He went to Detroit about seven years ago to enter business, but later took the pastorate of Hudson Avenue Baptist Church. At the time of his death Mr. Grigg was President of the Detroit Baptist Ministers' Conference, and also held other prominent positions in the denomination.

'00—J. J. Nicole, K.C., of Sherbrooke, P.Q., is Crown Prosecutor for the district of St. Francis, which comprises five counties. He practises with the firm of Nicole, Lazure and Couture. Mr. Nicole has been active in his community and was the organizer of a French daily, *"La Tribune,"* which now has a circulation of over 10,000. Last year he was President of the Sherbrooke Board of Trade.

'02—D. A. McKerricher, formerly of the staff of Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, has had a year of graduate work at Leland Stanford and Washington Universities, and now joins the staff of the new teacher-training school being opened at Edmonton.

'03—George W. Langdon, who founded the town of Langruth, Man., some years ago, was recently elected Reeve of the municipality of Lakeview, which is a district comprising some ten townships, and corresponding largely to an Ontario county.

'03—Rev. G. C. Lamont has resigned his pastorate in Saginaw, Mich. At last word his future plans were not settled.

'03—E. J. Zavitz has been appointed Superintendent of Woods and Forests for Ontario, and will be entrusted with the responsibility for the reforestation policy of the Provincial Government. Hitherto Mr. Zavitz has been Director of Forestry and in that capacity has made great improvements in fire-ranging and forest-protection methods.

'03—Rev. H. L. Kempton has become Pastor of First Baptist Church, Salem, Ohio, after some years with Crescent Heights Church, Calgary, Alta.

'03—J. Alex. Wallace, of Simcoe, has been named by the U. F. O. as their candidate for Norfolk County.

'06—Thomas M. Dadson is now Professor of History in Wesley College, Winnipeg. Mr. Dadson is known to many of the present Student Body as he was on the staff taking Professor Wallace's work while the latter was overseas.

'06—Professor D. A. Buchanan, who has been on the staff of Queen's University for a number of years, has become Professor of Mathematics in the University of British Columbia. This is the third McMaster graduate to join the staff of the farthest west Canadian University, the other two being J. A. McLean, '02 and A. H. Hutchinson, '09.

'07—R. H. Roberts, who has been Inspector of Schools in Lethbridge, Alta., has been transferred to the position of Senior Inspector in Calgary. It is reported that Mr. Roberts has been working recently, in collaboration with J. A. Smith, of Lethbridge, on the production of a new Public School arithmetic which is highly spoken of.

'07—N. E. Challen, of Port Hope, has been appointed Mathematical Master at Galt Collegiate Institute.

'08—Mr. Troward H. Marshall, of Rochester, and Mrs. Marshall (nee Iler) are in Europe making a bicycle tour of Belgium, France, and Northern Italy.

'09—Rev. A. de L. Therrien, who accepted the degree D.D. from McMaster in 1909, passed away on August 20th, at the age of 72 years. For over fifty years Dr. Therrien was a devoted worker of the Grande Ligne Mission. Among the six children who mourn his loss are L. A. Therrien, '94, of Feller Institute, and Mrs. White, of Montreal, wife of A. E. White, '07.

'09—Rev. Caleb Harris, who has been located in Dundas for some years, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Hanover, Ont.

'10—Rev. Archibald Ward has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Saskatoon, Sask.

'10—Rev. William Arthurs has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Beamsville, Ont., succeeding Rev. T. E. Meldrum, '02.

'10—Karl A. Clark has left the Mines Department in Ottawa to join the Research Department of the University of Alberta, to study Alberta's resources in the way of road-making materials.

'11—Rev. C. E. Fockler is now Pastor of the Christian Church in Keswick, Ont. For several years Mr. Fockler was located in Fall River, Mass.

'11—Mrs. J. MacLean (Erie O'Brien) is now living in Biggar, Sask.

'11—Ross E. Gilmore is Chief Chemist with the Standard Chemical Co., at 524 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

'11—Rev. H. Dixon Smith is on furlough from India, and is living at 147 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

'11—Vincent M. Price has become a member of the legal firm of Saunders, Kingsmill and Mills, with offices at 120 Bay St., Toronto.

'12—John R. Turnbull has been since 1917 a missionary in India under the Christian and Missionary Alliance. His address is Gujarat, where he has charge of a training school for men and also of a large district work.

'12—Prof. T. R. Wilkins, of Brandon College, has been working at the University of Chicago during the past summer and has now completed his Ph.D. work. His researches have been an investigation of the structure of the helium atom, touching such questions as whether or not the two moons which revolve around the central sun of the atom are equidistant therefrom.

'13—H. C. Cline has been for the past two years in the Research Laboratory, Color Physics Department, of the National Aniline and Chemical Co., Buffalo. His home is in East Aurora.

'13—Dillworth St. Dalmas is now living in England, and has entered business with E. Lloyd & Co., 118 Dock St., Newport, Monmouthshire, a firm of steamship brokers, exporters, etc.

'14—Rev. W. E. Morrow is now Pastor of Park Street Church, Peterborough, having moved from Bracebridge during the summer. His address is 174 Rubidge St., Peterborough.

'14—John W. Davis has sailed for India to become Principal of the Mission High School at Vizagapatam, where there are about 1,000 students. His return to India is a return to his native land, where his father and mother were missionaries before him.

'14—K. H. Kingdon is now working on wireless valves in the laboratories of the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

'14—Miss A. C. Found is now on the staff of the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

'15—W. A. Kenyon is on the staff of Ottawa Collegiate Institute. Other McMaster graduates on the same faculty are H. C. Mann, '04, George Readdie, '11, and C. J. Thoms, '16.

'15—A. H. Richardson has received the degree of M.F. (Master of Forestry) from Harvard University. He is now engaged as a Forest Assistant in the Ontario Forestry Branch.

'15—J. A. Long is now on the staff of Beamsville High School.

'15—I. S. Reeds has become Principal of the Consolidated School of Nordegg, Alta.

'16—Rev. John S. Veals was married in June last to Miss Lena Amy Brimley, of Brockville. Their address is now Kimberley, Ont.

'16—Howard J. Veals is under appointment as a missionary to China under the Methodist Church.

'16—W. S. Mallory is a chemist with the Glidden Varnish Co., Toronto.

'16—B. E. Gilbert is a chemist with the Imperial Varnish and Color Co., Toronto, where G. C. McEwen, '07, is Works Manager.

'16—J. A. Parker has completed as much of the medical course as is given at the University of Alberta, and has now gone to McGill University for the remaining two years of his course.

'16—Rev. John Linton, of Parkdale Church, Toronto, has accepted a call to Point St. Charles, Montreal.

'16—H. R. McLarty is pursuing post-graduate work at the University of Illinois.

'16—G. E. Reaman (ad eundum), formerly of the staff of Woodstock College, recently obtained his Ph. D. at Cornell University. He has now become Educational Director of Toronto Central Y.M.C.A.

'16—H. A. Innis, after completing his graduate work at the University of Chicago, has been appointed Lecturer in Political Economy in the University of Toronto.

'16—Rev. J. S. Hall is home on furlough from Nigeria, and is taking some work in the University.

'17—Miss Elsie Mulholland is now Dean of Women at the University of Alberta.

'17—It is with regret that we chronicle the death of W. S. Way, who was doubtless known to many students now in attendance. Mr. Way was on the staff of Brockville Collegiate Institute and was in the west on a vacation with his widowed mother, when he was drowned while bathing in Lake Washington, Seattle. The accident occurred on August 15th. The body was brought east and the funeral held at his old home, Forest, Ont. The University was represented at the funeral by Professor Brown, who took part in the service.

'17—R. H. King is Classics Master in Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

'17—Rev. Edgar Watson, M.P.P., has resigned his pastorate in Fenelon Falls, Ont.

'17—Rev. O. D. Priddle, of Ridgetown, was married in June to Miss Isabel Patterson.

'18—F. C. Hartley has charge of the Departments of Mathematics and Physical Culture in Athens High School.

'18—I. L. Conners obtained the M.A. degree from the University of Toronto last Spring and immediately afterward accepted a position as Plant Pathologist in the Dominion Service. He was located at Brandon, Man., during the summer, but at the opening of the term was transferred to Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg. His work is the pathological study of cereals, with special reference to stem rust, and his field of investigation covers the Province of Manitoba.

'18—Rev. C. E. Dongan, lately of Arnprior, is now in Montreal, where his address is 366 Bourgeois St., Point St. Charles.

'19—E. W. Pyke is now Classics Master in St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

'19—E. L. Quirk is on the staff of the North Toronto High School.

'19—C. M. McIntyre is entering the Medical Faculty of the University of Manitoba.

'19—D. D. Hurst is taking Medicine at the University of Alberta.

,19—O. C. Dennis is working as a chemist with the Synthetic Drug Co., 72 Kingsley St., Buffalo, N.Y. This is the American branch of a Canadian firm, and reports indicate that they are finding a large market for their products.

'20—J. Whitfield Baker is Principal of Courcelette Road Public School, Toronto.

'20—Four members of the Class of 1920 have entered Osgoode Hall as law students; they are H. S. Rosenberg, S. N. Schatz, B. M. Pearce, and L. D. Dingle.

'20—F. G. McCoy was married on August 19th to Miss Florence I. Martin, of Sutton Junction, Que. They are now living in Coaldale, Alta., where Frank is Principal of the Consolidated School. One of his predecessors in that position was R. J. Gould, '12, now of Taber, Alta.

,20—Rev. C. B. Freeman, of Saskatoon, Sask., who received the degree D. D. at the University Convocation held in Brandon last May, has become Educational Secretary for Brandon College.

'20—Two of the bursaries awarded during the summer by the Honorary Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research were won by members of the class of 1920, these being Miss Evelyn Dempsey and Mr. H. N. Stephens.

Here and There

EDITOR: KENNETH W. TAYLOR, '21.

"If men are made by all they meet,
As sages say and poet sings,
I must be packed from head to feet
With other people's thoughts and things."

WE make our initial bow on the journalistic stage with some misgivings. It was Horace, we believe, who advised a budding author to lock up his effusions for nine years before inflicting them on the public. But it is impossible for us to give our readers such respite, for the editor has just disturbed our slumbering memory with the information that our manuscript is overdue at the printer's. We are aware that as editor of this department we have entered upon no mean heritage, and that it will not be as easy to live up to the high standard of excellence established by our predecessors.

We are all glad to be back in the old halls, refreshed by a summer of change if not one of actual vacation. It is October and

. . . "Summer's splendor goes
The way of all the winding, wayward years."

Among the mountains, valleys, woods, there moves the spirit of Autumn,

"Burning the leaves of maple fiery red,
Tinging the hills a rainbow afterglow."*

To a Canadian student the summer months are hardly a vacation. They are a change of work in a different environment. There is an extraordinary variety of occupations available to the average undergraduate during the "holiday" months. School teaching, book selling, frontier college work are but a few of the pursuits our students take up. Those of us who have been so fortunate as to spend these summer months in the country will appreciate the following lines and recognize in them the warm spirit of welcome that greets the stranger who travels through any rural district. They are taken from *The Outlook* and are entitled "Hospitality," by Ann Cobb.

Put your purse up, woman,—you'll never need hit here,—
Lees don't foller selling a mouthful of good cheer.

We'll not miss the chicken, nor yet the bite of cake.
(Sence my baby married, I throw out half I bake!)

*"Invocation" by Arthur S. Bourinot in *The Toronto Globe.*

"Hit don't cost you nothing," I was raised to say,
"Nothing but the promise to come again and stay!"

It is natural that the aftermath of the war should be marked by strong reactions. But the pendulum has swung to a far extreme in the past twenty months, and Siegfried Sassoon is not alone in his bitter utterances against the shallowness of modern society. In *The Saturday Evening Post* Alfred Noyes writes the following description of "A Victory Dance" where "shadows of dead men stand by the wall, watching the fun of the Victory Ball:

Under the dancing
Feet are the graves,
Dazzle and motley,
In long bright waves,
Brushed by the palm fronds,
Grapple and whirl
Ox-eyed matron
And slim white girl.

Fat, wet bodies
Go waddling by
Girded with satin
Though God knows why,
Gripped by satyrs
In white and black,
With a fat, wet hand
On a fat, wet back.

"What did you think
We should find," said a shade,
"When the last shot echoed
And peace was made?"
"Christ," laughed the fleshless
Jaws of his friend;
"I thought they'd be praying
For worlds to mend;

"Making earth better,
Or something silly,
Like whitewashing hell
Or Picca-dam-dilly.
They've a sense of humor,
These women of ours,
These exquisite lilies,
These fresh young flowers!"

"Pish," said a statesman,
Standing near,
"I'm glad they can busy
Their thoughts elsewhere!
We mustn't reproach 'em.
They're young, you see."
"Ah," said the dead men,
"So were we!"

Victory! Victory!
On with the dance
Back to the jungle
The new beasts prance!
God, how the dead men
Grin by the wall,
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball!

Yes—the public memory is apt to be short. "Justice," "Liberty," "Sacrifice" are becoming to a large extent the mere platitudes of politicians instead of remaining clarions to a brighter, purer world. Here is part of a picture by Harry Lee, published in *The Outlook* this summer.

Blare of trumpet,
Rattle of drum,
In faded khaki
The victors come.

The crowds are frantic,
They laugh and cry,
They wave, they shout,
As the boys pass by.

Arches of triumph,
Flags aflow—
Was it an age
Or a year ago?

Click of a crutch,
Tap of a cane,
Two pale young soldiers
Limp by through the rain.

In his latest book Sir Philip Gibbs gives a sketch of General Hunter Weston, a corps commander, but also a politician, who spoke of himself in the House of Commons one day as "a plain, blunt soldier," and the army roared with laughter from end to end. There was nothing plain or blunt about him. He was a man of airy imagination and a wide range of loosely-bound knowledge, and theories on life and war which he put forth with flowery eloquence. * * * It was of him that the story was told about the drunken soldier put on to a stretcher and covered with a blanket, to get him out of the way when the corps commander made a visit to the lines.

"What's this?" said the General.

"Casualty, sir," said the quaking platoon commander.

"Not bad, I hope."

"Dead, sir," said the subaltern. He meant dead drunk.

The General drew himself up and said in his dramatic way: "The corps commander salutes the honored dead!"

And the drunken private put his head out from under the blanket and asked: "What's the old geezer a-sayin' of?"—*British Weekly.*

The theological conceptions of some Southern darkies would hardly pass muster in an examination hall, but religion to them is a very real thing. Louise Ayres Garnett describes "Nigger Heaben" in a quaint little piece also published in *The Outlook.* These are six of the eight verses.

Ah ain't afeard, Lawd, for to go way down
An' lay in mah straight, hard bed.
De earth am neighborly, bein' black,
An' kindly to mah head.

Ah ain't afeard, Lawd, for to dream mah dreams,
Nor afeard o' de years Ah'll take.
Ah's tellin' de troof w'en Ah tells you, Lawd,
Ah's only afeard to wake.

Ah ain't afeard, Lawd, Ah ain't afeard, Lawd,
Ah ain't afeard, Lawd, not me!
Ah'll sleep mah sleep an' dream mah dreams
Ef you'll let me wake by Galilee Lake
W'ere de worl' will be happy, jes' as happy as c'n be.

Ah don't wants to wake in nigger heaben, Lawd,
Settin' in der ver' las' row,
Wid de white folkses actin' de same as here,
Runnin de whole o' de show.

Sprawlin' in de box office, big as brass,
Takin' mah money wid sco'n.
Givin' me de favor o' climbin' de stairs
Twell Ah wish Ah hain't ben bo'n.

Ah ain't afeard, Lawd, Ah ain't afeard, Lawd,
Ah ain't afeard, Lawd, to die.
Ah'll sleep mah sleep an' wake on time
Ef you'll cut out de stairs, jes' pairs upon pairs,
A-climbin' an' a-climbin',
An' a-climbin' an' a-climbin'.
A-climbin' 'way up in de sky!

We note that John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," which has had such a remarkable reception in both London and New York, is now being presented in Prague as part of the exercises to commemorate the founding of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. The sentiment of "Abraham Lincoln" will be uniquely appropriate for such an occasion as this. THE MCMASTER MONTHLY published a review of the play in the issue of April last.

McMaster results classify students as Regular, and Partial students. A similar system at Varsity would be a revelation.—*Acta Victoriana.*

During the summer we received the following exchanges, which we gratefully acknowledge: *T.C.D.* (Dublin), *The Philomathean Monthly, Analecta, The Oakwood Oracle, The Camosun, Western University Gazette, Trinity University Review, The University Monthly* (Fredericton, N.B.), *The Acadia Athenaeum, Acta Victoriana, The Dalhousie Gazette, Brandon College Quill, S. Hilda's Chronicle, Argosy, Cicerone* and *Canadian Finance.*

In the April issue of *The Trinity University Review* there are some clever verses on "Moonlight Logic," and in the May number we find a survey of "Trinity in the Prophetic Vision of the Poets," from which the following are taken.

Study of the University Calendar:

> And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
> With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
> By indirections find directions out.—*Hamlet* II. 2.

Non-Matriculant:

> He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.
> —*Merchant of Venice I.* 2.

The Registrar and the Time-table:

> The time is out of joint—O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!—*Hamlet I.* 5.

"Frosh":

A certain convocation of politic worms.—*Hamlet IV.* 3.
Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape?
—*Paradise Lost II.*

The *T.C.D.* of Dublin in a recent article prints the following Latin verse, which is a new one to us:

Luce metat ipse sutor,
(Cantas Orci madentes!)
Qua forum an empti putor
Potor tria quarto pes!

For the benefit of those who are not graduates in Special Classics we also quote the "literal translation":

Lucy met a tipsy suitor,
(Can't a saucy maiden tease!)
Quaff o' rum and empty pewter
Pot, or try a quart o' peas!

Ever since our University yell was delivered to our spiritual ancestors by the gods, there have been those who have not been satisfied with it. For such, we submit the following, taken (with minor alterations) from *The S. Hilda's Chronicle*:

College 4902! (slow, soft),
College 4902! (faster, louder),
COLLEGE 4902! (fastest, loudest).
Line's busy!
McMaster.

"I wish you had been at the show last night. You'd have died with laughing."—*T.C.D.*

Winnie frowned and called him Mr.
Because the fellow merely Kr.
So just for spite
The following night
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—*Analecta.*

"You say you've got water on the knee? Why don't you wear pumps?"—*Camosun.*

Professor in Biology: "Where do bugs go in winter?"
Student (absent-mindedly): "Search me."—*Punch Bowl.*

"This fish which you have reduced in price is, I suppose, good for immediate cooking?"
"Yes, but run home!"—*Fliegende Blatter* (Munich).

Soph: "How's Virgil's Aeneid progressing, Bill?"

Bill: "Ye Gods! He's one guy that should never have received his poetic license!"—*Analecta.*

Maid in the Dining-hall: "Will you have tea or milk?"

Obliging Freshman: "Oh, I'm not at all particular."—*Contributed.*

Soph (after prolonged journey home): What is your favorite book?

Freshette: "Travels with a Donkey."

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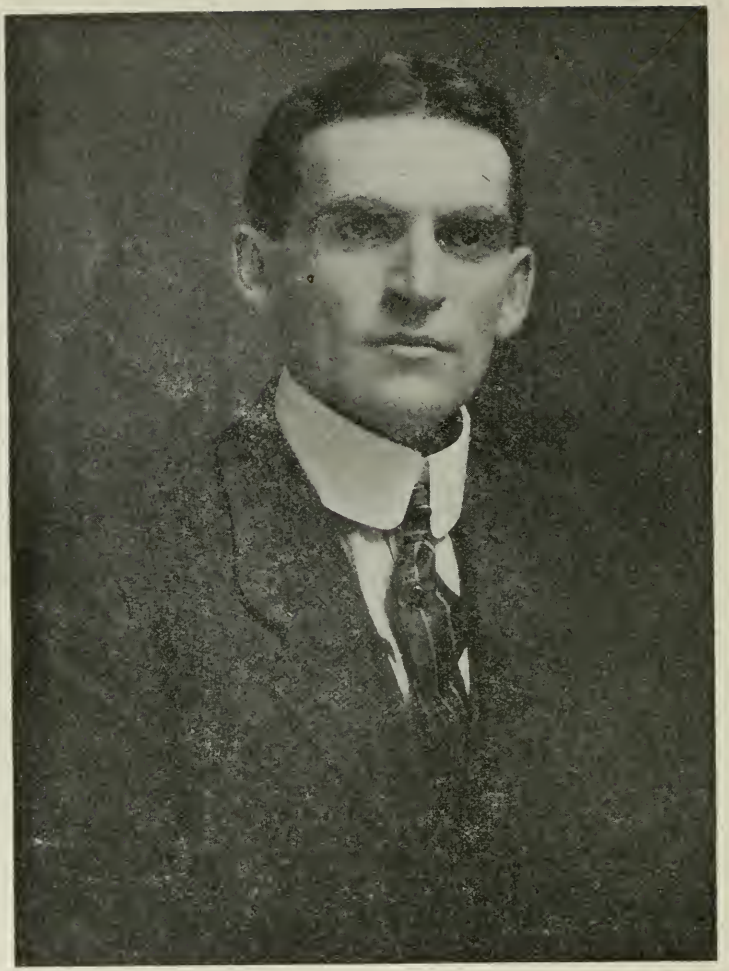

GLENN HOWARD CAMPBELL.

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GLENN HOWARD CAMPBELL.

GLENN HOWARD CAMPBELL was born in the village of Dundas, Ontario, on the 19th of April, 1878. At this time his father, Professor P. S. Campbell, was Principal and Classical Master of the Collegiate Institute of Hamilton. In 1888 his father, after a period of marked success as a High School teacher, was called to the Chair of Classical Languages and Literature in McMaster University which had just been established in Toronto. Acceptance of this call by the father brought about the son's removal to Toronto. Here he completed his public school education, though not without serious interruption, an interruption which laid the foundations of permanent physical weakness and which, as one can see now, foreshadowed the final and early interruption of a brilliant and useful career.

This interruption came in the form of an acute and prolonged attack of inflammatory rheumatism which left in the boy's system poisons that from time to time were productive of a host of physical troubles. There is no doubt, however, that this period of suffering, added to a native Scotch propensity for moralizing upon the deeper things of life, was instrumental in turning Glenn's mind in advance of those of his own age to profound thinking upon the meaning of pain and from that to the meaning of life and the real purpose of living. This accounts for the fact that while in his early 'teens he often surprised his elders, and still more his companions, with penetrating epigrammatic comments upon the great perplexing problems of life and the hereafter. Much earlier than many of his friends have believed Glenn Campbell had clearly formulated for himself a strong and practical religious creed based upon the evangelical truths he had learned in the home and in the church.

From the public school in Toronto he went to Woodstock College where he first began the study of the classical languages to which he was to devote himself professionally in after years. At Woodstock, also, his course was interrupted by recurrences of his severe affilic-

tion. This unhappy circumstance compelled him to finish his secondary schooling nearer home, and in the autumn of 1893 he entered the Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto. Graduating from this school in 1896 he won the first scholarship in classics in the matriculation examinations for the University of Toronto, each of the four Universities of the Province at that time having its own entrance examination. The pecuniary benefits of this scholarship he relinquished in the autumn to enter McMaster University; the really substantial part, however, the honor and distinction, remaining with him as his imperishable mark and possession.

Glenn's career in McMaster was, like his preparatory work, brilliant and thorough. As one would expect from his later career, languages, and classical languages in particular, were his chief interest, and in this field he invariably received first-class honors, easily leading his class in every year. In order to increase his command of the collateral literature to be taken up in his postgraduate study of the classics, while yet an undergraduate he providently undertook the study of French, German and Italian. The last named was an extra-curriculum subject, and the writer can well remember the hours he spent with him in a room behind a little fruit store on Queen Street West learning Italian from an excommunicated Italian priest, turned fruiterer. The love of this beautiful language and its great literature, engendered in him in this informal way in these early years, grew in him as time went by, and during the last five years the poets of mediæval and modern Italy occupied most of his academic thought after his duties in Latin were discharged.

Immediately upon graduating from McMaster Glenn enrolled at Harvard, studying classical literature and archaeology under such great teachers as Wright, White and Rand. At the end of one year he was awarded both the Bachelor's and Master's degree. In the autumn of 1901 he entered upon his duties as Lecturer in Latin in McMaster, but in the following year he was given leave of absence to join the writer for a year's sojourn and study in Europe. The first semester was spent in Geneva with the hellenist, Nicole, and the archaeologist, Edouard Naville; the second semester and the holidays in Rome, Athens and Paris. In October, that of 1903, he resumed his duties at McMaster. In December he married Miss Mary Blackader, of Ottawa, a graduate of McMaster, who was a true helpmeet to him during sixteen years of married life. She and a son, Ronald Glenn, survive him. After a service of several years as Lecturer in the University, he was promoted to the Professorship of the Latin Language and Literature. This is the post he held at the time of his

death, and such was his devotion to his duties that in spite of pain, weakness and fatigue he personally directed the work of the classroom until within a few weeks of the end. Even then, like the soldier, his arms were not hung up but merely doffed for the night.

Of Glenn as a teacher his students can speak better than I, and students' estimates of their teachers are, in the long run, always more nearly correct than the verdicts of colleagues and friends. His students have spoken, and will long continue to speak, in terms of the highest praise. And the ground of their praise is not to be sought afar. The literature of Greece and Rome Glenn interpreted in terms of life, and of that thing common to all ages and peoples,—how many there are who forget it!—human nature. Well did he know that the self-repetition of history lies not so much in events, which are superficial and partial, but in the never-changing heart of man. It was life, and more life, that he sought to find in his own reading of the ancient literature and to bring out in high relief in his teaching. Here may be discovered the secret why under his guidance students felt Horace, Vergil, and Tacitus almost as modern as their own century. Hence, too, one may infer, and rightly, that Glenn was the foe of the mere letter of literature, the letter that too often killeth. And none knows it better than one of his Harvard professors who suggested to him as the subject of a thesis the chase of a certain poor "panting syllable into time and space;" Glenn's rejection of the suggestion was conveyed in the same tone in which he would have refused to become party to an assassination, for an assassination of a certain form of life he believed it to be. And yet he was a master of Latin Composition, but as a necessary instrument of discipline, never as an absolute end. The deep personal interest he always took in his students is but another phase of his belief in the primacy of life in the teacher's discharge of his duty. The student never was to him an impersonal number in a classroom or merely an occupied chair; he was a living being whose life could be expanded and strengthened by imparting to him the living things in the literature prescribed for study. And very careful was he to learn each student's temperament and bent, so as to present to him in the most assimilable form the facts and the principles he wished to impart.

In the portrait of the teacher are already foreshadowed many of the traits of the scholar. He was in no sense a philologian, a fact in which he took pride, but nevertheless he did not neglect the basic structure of the languages he endeavored to interpret. His chief interests were the literature and the archaeology of Greece and Rome, and from his undergraduate days he stoutly maintained that

they were an inseparable pair; that a full comprehension of the material remains of antiquity is necessary for a sympathetic appreciation of the literary remains, and conversely. In short, the classicist who knows nothing in detail of the commonplace objects seen and handled by the Greek and Roman in every-day life, as well as of the wonders of architecture, engineering and art, is incapable of interpreting aright the ancient literature of Hellas and Italy. Happily the study of archaeology was easier for him than for most people, because of his keen eye for form, a lively appreciation of aesthetic values and a hand unusually gifted to transfer to paper in black and white or in color the objects of his scrutiny. This endowment enabled him to store his memory with a veritable gallery of archaeological material and to make his interpretations exceedingly graphic.

Such a profound conviction as Glenn Campbell had of the paramountcy of life in the study of literature is not characteristic of the irreligious man. A man of this mark cannot limit his attention to the vitality of the body, but must, perforce, by his very nature, give his chief thought to the life of the soul of man, its source, its manifestations, its destiny. In these and the other manifold problems of religion Glenn was deeply absorbed from boyhood. With his intimate friends he would discuss them eagerly and frequently, and no greater delight ever came to him than when the discussion yielded him explanations of some of the questions that were perplexing him, or lightened up paths of reading and investigation along which explanations might be found. Since, however, he wore neither his heart nor his religion upon his sleeve, he was not always given full credit for his real attitude, but he was personally less sensitive to the misjudgment than were his friends; the knowledge of the reality was his consolation and assurance.

But he was more than a merely intellectual Christian; there was a very considerable element of mysticism in his temperament. While a good deal of his religious thinking was in words, a great deal more was in symbols, which are, after all, only another language, but a language in which one can think more profoundly and comprehensively. Thus the symbolism of Christianity meant much to him; yet he was no mere ceremonialist, nor did the mystic charm of symbolism draw him away from the search after the facts of Christ and Christianity. From the day he mastered Greek and Latin he was a diligent student of the Greek and Vulgate Testaments, bent upon finding out what the originals really meant as compared with the traditional interpretation of a translation which must of necessity suffer from the obscurity from which all mere translations suffer. This led

him to the study of Church History, and this in turn to the study of comparative religion, from all of which he returned with an intensified Christian faith.

To nature, too, he turned as to a great book, not of aesthetics, but of the eternal truths of God. Amid the Alps of Switzerland and the White Mountains of New Hampshire he wandered, not as an idle tourist, but as one seeking divine inspiration at its source. In the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa he found evidences of the same Power that made the Rhine and the Rhone. Of his real feeling toward nature he himself can speak best, and we shall let him speak now in one of his own poems which he wrote in New England in the summer of 1899 and was published in THE MCMASTER MONTHLY in the course of the following winter. It is entitled "My Cathedral."

Against the quiet sky far to the west,
  Like some vast oriel window stand the pines,
  Whose tracery the sun encarnadines
Though sunk to rest behind Monadnock's crest;
Here will I fly, with care and grief oppressed,
  Where on God's own high altar lamps do shine,
  Lit by the night against the day's decline,
And take my fill of worship, peace and rest.

Thus where within the solemn minster gloom,
  Kind nature chants her own sweet evening hymn,
And favoring stars their shrouded lamps relume,
  Above the arches vast and cloisters dim,
I feel those tears of joy that needs must come,
  And fill life's golden chalice to the brim.

Commenting to the writer upon this sonnet, the late Dr. Rand, himself a poet, said: "The man who writes verses like those has a genuine poetic gift."

In the memories of those who knew Glenn Campbell intimately his name will live as the synonym of friendship. To his close acquaintances he was ever an enthusiastic, loyal friend. Though their faults did not of course escape his keen perception, yet he was never censorious, and he was always quick to discriminate between characteristics that were real faults and those that were merely individual differences with no moral bearing. To the expeditions, the walks, the trips in canoe or by bicycle taken with him his friends will always look back with the deepest delight, and with the thought of them will ever be indissolubly associated the intimate talks on the world, men, life and God, which were their invariable accompaniment. Those whom Glenn has left behind feel to him as Laelius of Rome felt toward the Scipio whom death tore from him in the prime of manhood. Into the

mouth of Laelius, Cicero, in his great essay on Friendship, puts immortal words in which we, with a change of name, can interpret our own delightful memories of and deep affection for our friend Glenn Howard Campbell, words in which we can best give expression to our own knowledge that, though gone from us, he is yet with us in a very real sense:

From day to day I learned to rate
  Myself as rich in his great love,
  Rich in enduring wealth above
The golden census of the State.

'Tis nought to me, that, though we two
  Began the race together, he
  Fell out before he scarce could see
The goal, and left me to pursue

The course alone and all afraid—
  'Tis nought! I only seem alone,
  And with me goes more than mine own
Vain memory of him, and a shade.

'Tis Scipio's Self that travelleth
  With me, for Virtue is the man
  And Virtue lives beyond the span
Between the first and latest breath;

And as we fare we discourse still
  Our old old thoughts of Hearth and State,
  Of Freedom of the Mind, of Fate,
But most, of Friendship and Goodwill;

Praying that you and Rome may know
  How Friendship is of all things best,
  The one firm rock that holds its crest
Over Life's restless ebb and flow.

—W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

Western University, London, Ont.

I LOVE CHURCH SPIRES.

I love church spires of quiet little towns,
That hold their sign of peace against the sky,
Where through the falling dusk the swallows fly,
Round and around. Here no alarm intones
The passing hour; but a slow shadow falls
To mark the casual hour of common day.
No silver chimes sound out the hour to pray,
But just one lowly bell to worship calls.

I love these simple spires that soar not high,
As reaching empty arms into the sky;
But, being humble, bring God very nigh.
Here still, the sparrow builds her nest away;
And hereabout the chilldren come to play,
And lovers vow their faith, at close of day.

—Gertrude MacGregor Moffat.

THE BURNS SHRINE REVISITED.

"Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Behind his plough upon the mountain side."

MONG the many bright and shining lights which adorn the pages of Scottish history, perhaps the greatest is Robert Burns. To-day his name is sung to the four corners of the earth: yet it is only when a visit is paid to old Scotland itself, that one begins to understand, at least in some measure, the tremendous influence of this ploughman filled with celestial fire. His utter fearlessness in taking his stand when he thought himself to be in the right, even against those in high places, his noble conception of the true position of man, his ardent admiration for the beauties of nature, his rapturous notes in song and in verse on religion, love, and the home, all this has elevated his countrymen to a high pinnacle, and won a place for him in their hearts which can never be effaced.

His birth took place under the lowliest of circumstances. He was the eldest son of an Ayrshire peasant, and was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage two miles from the town of Ayr, close by the Alloway Kirk and the Auld Brig O'Doon. This little cottage still stands, and every year it is the shrine where tens of thousands of pilgrims pay their tribute to "the immortal memory."

"Try and reconstruct Burns as he was," says Lord Rosebery, speaking in Glasgow, "a peasant born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment: struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain: snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth: a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden without preface or warning he breaks forth into exquisite song like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly with nightingale pauses,—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it. He can only sing exquisitely because he knows no other." So it was with Burns. This is the tribute of Mr. John Gribbel of Philadelphia, who restored the Glenriddell manuscripts to Scotland, speaking at the dinner of the Scottish Burns Federation in Glasgow, July 27th, 1926: "The debt English literature owes to Scotland was that it produced the man who turned the whole English-speaking and reading world back from the artificialities of Pope and Dryden to nature. Tennyson's immortal lines to a flower growing in a cranny of a wall would never have been written but for Burns' address to the 'wee modest crimson-tippet flo'er.'"

Yet Burns was more than a poet. "Poetry," writes one of his contemporaries, "was not actually his forte. None certainly ever outshone Burns in the charms, the sorcery, I would almost call it, of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of social repartee." Such was the verdict of all who came in contact with them. "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon, the friend of Pitt and the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. This was also the testimony of Principal Robertson who, when talking to a friend, said: "I think Burns was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and his prose."

The surroundings in which the poet found himself in his early years must have at least contributed something in bringing to a fervent heat the smouldering fires which lay hidden in his breast. Standing before the sacred spot of his birth we are able to picture in fancy the scene at close of day. The ploughshare has been laid aside, the frugal evening meal has been finished, and we see the young poet wandering down the westward path and along the "banks and braes" beside the murmuring stream.

"Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine."

It seemed as if Burns could extract from these surroundings all that was essential to his great mind,—at times raised to the highest rapture, and again subject to the deepest gloom. Here he could find comfort in sorrow, a sweet sympathy in meditation, and an inspiration which lifted him far away from the common haunts of men to that place where alone poets dwell.

The "Auld Brig O'Doon" still stands, immortalized in "Tam O'Shanter." An old fiddler is there to point out the "exact spot" where the witch pulled off the horse's tail.

"The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

This local minstrel seems almost an intrusion amid such surroundings,—a coin hastily thrown drives him away and leaves the dreamer alone to his meditation. Beneath the old stone arch of the Brig the silvery Doon glides onward to the sea. It is summer and the madding crowd is far away. The smooth surface of the water is broken

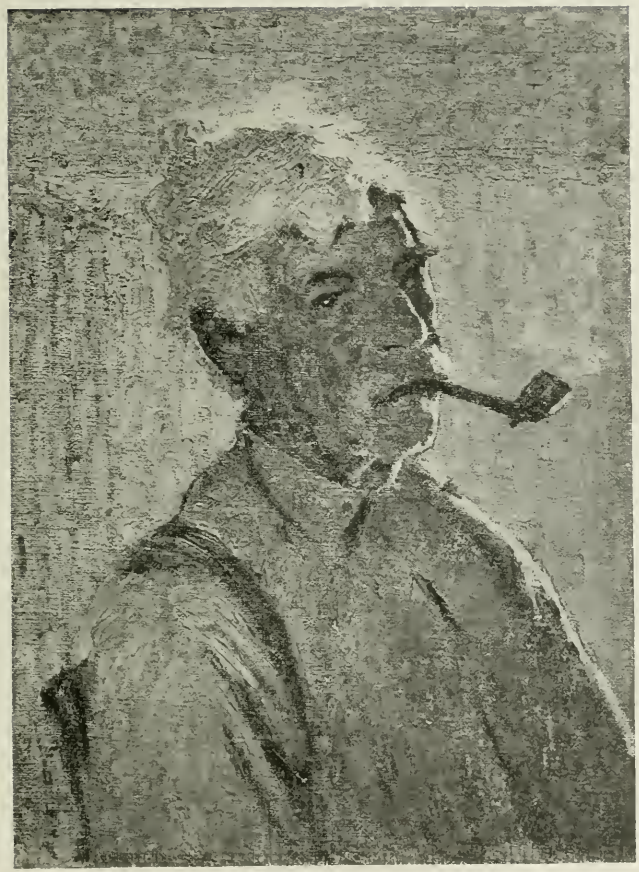
here and there as a trout leaps for a fly,—then calmness again as it disappears in the cool depths below. From out the foliage overhanging the stream comes the occasional call of a bird for its mate. To the right in the distance the pillared Burns monument rises in classic outline above the trees. Below it a flowery glade stretches down to the water's edge,—flowers gathered from all parts of the world are blooming there. From the leafy alcove beyond sweet strains of music reach the ear, which in such a paradise seem almost divine. It was here the despondent poet cried:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

Burns' great work was never fully appreciated until after his death, and he himself realized that his great contribution to the world would only be revealed as time went on. Shortly before he passed away, he said to his wife, "Don't be afraid, I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." The hundred years have come and gone, and we can judge the prediction. To-day the editions of his poems are as the sands of the sea; his name is a household word; his verse and his song, incomparable in their charm and beauty, have won undying fame. As we stood in the queue in the little Burns cottage, waiting to add our signature to the great list of names,—a custom of years,—we became strangely conscious of the nearness of the spirit of the poet. If only Burns himself could see all this manifold testimony, increasing from year to year, this testimony of love and admiration from every clime and nation!

August, 1920. —W. S. Watson, Theol.

There is no duty so much underrated as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody as much as the benefactor.—Stevenson.



M. A. SUZOR-COTE, R.C.A.

Vieux Paysan, Canadien-Francais.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

PROFESSOR SANDAY.

AS the time was drawing near for the opening of McMaster University for the present academic year, an important event took place in the English theological world. On the 16th of September, 1920, Professor William Sanday, Lady Margaret Professor of Theology at Oxford, was called by death at the age of seventy-seven years. By this event New Testament scholarship lost its most distinguished representative in the English-speaking world.

Years ago it was my very great privilege to take some work in the New Testament under Dr. Sanday, and I carry that memory as one of very sweet fragrance, and have ever since felt in it that indescribable impulse that comes from having come into contact with a great scholar.

When one seeks to analyze Dr. Sanday's character there are several features that stand out with distinctness. Perhaps the first thing that struck one was the very great humility and modesty of his manner and approach. There was no aggressive display of scholarship, but, on the contrary, a quietness and unobtrusiveness that might easily blind the unwary to the fact that he was in the presence of a very great Master.

Perhaps the next impression that came to me was that which grew out of his great familiarity with his subject,—a familiarity that made Professor Sanday put what he had to say in a simple and clear way. You came to feel that underneath his Biblical work lay the careful and broadening influence of a wide and thorough course in the Greek and Latin classics. For the producing of a scholar of Dr. Sanday's type a sound course in the classics is almost indispensable, and it is probably true that a very large number of Biblical subjects would be far easier for us to discuss to-day if all our theologians were trained carefully in the classics first.

Another outstanding impression left was that of great candour and eagerness to discover the truth and to follow it at all costs. There was a sense of intellectual honesty that came from him that one found it very hard to escape, and this devotion to truth and this sincere desire to find it must have remained as a precious legacy to all who studied under this great man.

Dr. Sanday's great interest was in the Life of Christ, and he had promised to write on this subject for the International Theological Library. It is with regret that we now learn that that work will never be written. The basis for this great treatise was laid in the article

on "Jesus Christ," written for Hastings' Bible Dictionary, and for other phases of his great subject several other small books were written, the contents of which were to be gathered up into the *"Magnum Opus."* But all that is now still in these fragments. The fact seems to be that, what with developments in Eschatological and Apocalyptic studies belonging to the intertestamental period and other developing phases of New Testament studies, the task had become so large, that this fastidious and careful scholar never could feel that he was quite ready for his great task. But we are thankful for the fragments from this ripe scholar, because they are of more value than the completed structures of most men.

— J. L. Gilmour.

SO LET US SLEEP.

As children, weary at the close of day,
Whom neither direst fears nor dearest toys
Nor visions of the morrow filled with play,
Nor memories of to-day's heartbreaks or joys,
Nor yet their mother's kiss or twilight song
Can keep from yielding to the sleep god's spell
Under whose charm they weave, the whole night long,
A maze of dreams, which, waking, none can tell,
So let us sleep at close of life's long day,
Weary and heavy-eyed with tears and play;
Seek not to call us from our heaven of dreams;
The God of Sleep, who so relentless seems
Is kind to give us rest; doubt not; we'll wake
As children, too, when a new dawn shall break.

(*From The Canadian Bookman, by permission of the author.*)

—Enid A. McGregor, '12.

SUICIDE.

HE theme of this brief dissertation is one which has taxed the capacity of many a great mind, and yet the study has so far failed to lift the veil of mystery. It might, then, reasonably be thought that the present effort will be only too palpably a dismal attempt to re-edit immortal works, such as "The Two Voices," or the oft-parodied "To be or not to be" of the melancholy Hamlet. But, friend, read on. A policy of re-edition is quite as unnecessary as it is foolhardy, for, note, there is still a vast and unexplored area in this somewhat morbid field of thought. A careful examination of all great suicidal literature will convince the reader that this vital phenomenon has invariably been considered from the standpoint of emotion, philosophy or religion; and that the world lacks, though it probably does not greatly miss, a great treatise indited with a view to analysis. Our thought, then, shall be *analytic* rather than *sympathetic*.

The first step must be classification, and a careful analysis reveals that this phenomenon falls under five heads or types, viz., racial, social, moral, political and personal suicide. Now it is evident that a careful study of all five branches of this enthralling topic is quite beyond the bounds of this article, the ability of its author, and the patience of its readers. In view of this, the reader is referred for a study of racial suicide to works on sociology; for an explanation of social suicide, to a consideration of breaches of convention and etiquette; for a tracing of moral suicide, to an examination of drug-addiction and alcoholism; and for an appreciation of political suicide, to ponderous Hansard. For our brief discussion, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to the fifth form, the most striking, the most deadly of all,—personal or physical auto-termination or self-extinction. For such a wholesale abbreviation of our analysis no apology is needed, since it is the function and the mark of all great literature to initiate thought rather than to exhaust it.

This aspect of our subject that we must now press is one by its very nature peculiarly deficient in trustworthy subjective data, hence we are reduced, at once and by definition, to the doubtful evidence of eye-witnesses, and the cogitations of the speculative philosophers of all time. No analysis can safely be begun without a definition, at least tentative. Perhaps the most exhaustive one that we can advance is that suicide is a known means to an unknown end, it is the unlocking of the last open door of the stoic. In a moment of weakness we are tempted to add that it might well be that course of action to which

a normal individual would be driven after prolonged exposure to "Mona Lisa"; and as a definite corollary to this thought comes the recommendation that the altruist who hid that work of art for a span of years be rewarded with the Albert medal for saving life.

Even now, with our definition discussed, it is unwise for us to proceed with an analysis unless prejudice be dropped. We must consider that since our subject is one generally condemned by society, it is more than difficult to make a disinterested investigation, especially in view of the pitiful lack of subjective data. Not only is the bibliography limited, but it is biassed and often sensational. We plead for openmindedness in our readers, we ask them not to condemn too hastily, for be it rememebred that the act of suicide can be defended, at least by the same type of argument as that with which some seek to justify the use of alcohol, viz., that nature supplies it ready to our hand.

We have now secured a tentative definition and a partial justification; our next step should carry us deeper, to the real analysis. We shall find that our study lends itself to treatment under two heads—accidental and voluntary.

"Accidental suicide!" Sad paradox! But the evidences for it are strong, nay, overwhelming. First comes the sad but well-authenticated story of the predatory African who passed out through the agency of the spring-guns in his neighbor's cornfield, and at whose inquest the jury rendered the decision which gives us the title of our subtopic. Second, we note that classic example, that tale dear to the heart of young and old, the episode of the three men who "went to sea in a bowl," of whom the inspired historian and poet writes, with praiseworthy brevity and restraint, "If the bowl had been stronger my story would have been longer." And third is the heart-rending anecdote of the freshman in the University of Timbuctoo, who cut his throat when his knife slipped as he attempted to eat the peas which an uncultured steward had neglected to mash. Surely the evidence here goes to support our partial justification in paragraph four, above, for the motives of all these men were above question—the matter was beyond their control.

On our passing on to a brief glance at the voluntary type, we might expect to find there less highmindedness than before, more sordidness; but no, again and again the same calm nobility evidences itself. And this is more remarkable, in that, while our other division had its initiatives external, this time we must seek them internally, for this is the type which has held the attention of philosopher and

bard. First we call to mind that unknown gentleman who was apparently bathing near a "No swimming" sign, and who answered the policeman's peremptory summons with the immortal words, "I'm not coming out, I'm coming suicide." Noble heart, who preferred death to the disgrace of prison, who would rather die in his ablutions than lose his good name before the Bar. And again, we recall Lionel Sideswish, whom we have seen die upon the screen on three different occasions as a warning to spectators, as an aid in the unravelling of hopelessly tangled plots, and as a means to the reception of a four-figure cheque. Unselfish youth, who would become a corpse repeatedly in two dimensions that the public might be uplifted, and struggling authors supported. And so on, but time and ink fail me.

Surely the result of an analytic survey is this: As it was said of the egg, so may it be said of suicide, it is not wholly bad. Wherefore let us not condemn too hastily where we decline to experiment exhaustively. It has been written, "in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." So if these lines shall add aught to the sum total of human misery, the author's purpose will have been achieved.

—G.

The art of literature stands apart from among its sisters, because the material with which the literary artist works is the dialect of life; hence, on the one hand, a strange freshness and immediacy of address to the public mind, which is ready prepared to understand it; but hence, on the other, a singular limitation. The sister arts enjoy the use of a plastic and ductile material, like the modeller's clay; literature alone is condemned to work in mosaic with finite and quite rigid words. You have seen those blocks, dear to the nursery: this one a pillar, that a pediment, a third a window or a vase. It is with blocks of just such arbitrary size and figure that the literary architect is condemned to design the palace of his art. Nor is this all; for since these blocks, or words, are the acknowledged currency of our daily affairs, there are here possible none of these suppressions by which other arts obtain relief, continuity and vigor: no heiroglyphic touch, no smoothed impasto, no inscrutable shadow, as in painting; no blank wall, as in architecture; but every word, phrase, sentence, and paragraph must move in a logical progression, and convey a definite import.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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Editorial Notes

The eleventh of November . . . . . .

The long poplar-lined road into Tournai is massed with lorries, heavy artillery, mounted troops and marching infantry, all moving steadily eastward. Scattered along the footpath to the right are the returning unfortunates, the *evacuees* from Douai and Lille, whose number is legion and whose grief is untold. . . . . Our little billeting party turns aside from this main road and follows l'Escaut southward to the pretty, peaceful village of Fontenoy. The villagers are gathered in the square behind the church; there are tears of joy upon careworn faces; a wrinkled old lady comes forward, her blue

apron filled with little russet apples as a gift; the village priest reaches up a white flower to the mounted sergeant; the children are singing; the Belgian tricolor is everywhere. Three days ago the invader took his departure; to-day the armistice begins,—Peace has come!

The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month . . .

In London,—in Paris,—what joy, what revelry, what mad celebration!

. . . . . .

All that was two years ago. Has the world found peace? Rather have they been years of contention, strife, greed and gain.

> "On every field, in every age,
> When peace has turned the blood-stained page,
> They carve a statue, they grave a name,
> Pile it with wreaths and call it 'fame'."

Has the war of ideals left no idealists? Has sacrifice left only selfishness? Is there nothing more than empty "fame" for our comrades who have not returned?

. . . . . .

On this second anniversary of Armistice Day there is being laid beneath the nave of Westminster Abbey the dust of an "unknown British soldier,"—one of those countless whose crosses mark the chalk hills of France and the Flemish plains, one of those who have "put the purple of their blood into the breastplate of Britain." We shall never know his name, his rank, or how he met his death,—we only know that he gave his all. This is perhaps the most unique commemoration of all history. This is more than a memorial to empty fame. Here there is enshrined the highest ideal of humanity in the heart of the Empire. That this simple ceremony at Westminster is awakening such a remarkable response of appreciation throughout the nation is one of the happy rays of light in the seeming darkness and forgetfulness of the past two years.

In this issue it is our privilege to publish the record of the life and work of the late Professor Glenn Howard Campbell, whose death took place just one year ago. The writer, Dr. Fox of Western University, is one who knew Professor Campbell very intimately, graduating with him from McMaster with the class of '00, and later accompanying him in post-graduate work abroad. Those of us who knew Professor Campbell will especially appreciate this article, and those who were not in attendance during his work here will receive some idea of his unique personality, and his influence in the University.

The first issue of *The McMaster Graduate* is at hand,—to our sister publication we extend a most cordial welcome. The Editor, Mr. V. W. Price, '11, and the Alumni Executive associated with him, are to be congratulated upon the successful inauguration of their enterprise.

The purpose of *The McMaster Graduate* is fourfold: Firstly, to be a source of up-to-date information concerning McMaster men and women in their various fields of service; secondly, to present the news of the University to its graduate body; thirdly, to promote the formation of local or branch Alumni Associations; and lastly, to serve as an open forum for the expression of graduate opinion on matters pertaining to the welfare of the University.

The interests of this new publication and those of The Monthly should in no way conflict. *The Graduate* will meet a long-felt need which The Monthly, primarily an undergraduate journal, has never been able to fulfil. We believe that *The McMaster Graduate* will find a very real service to perform, in moulding a new and active graduate consciousness which can render most effective and consistent service to its Alma Mater.

What constitutes success? He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.—Mrs. A. J. Stanley.

College News

Around the Hall

Editor: George P. Gilmour, '21.

AS the immortal Pickwick waited in Sergeant Snubbins' outer office, conversation progressed to the point where Dickens records, "At this the Sergeant's clerk laughed again; not a noisy, boisterous laugh, but a silent, internal chuckle, which Pickwick disliked to hear. When a man bleeds inwardly, it is a dangerous thing for himself; but when he laughs inwardly, it bodes no good to other people." Poor Pickwick, no wonder he disliked to hear that laugh. How he hated the superiority and the scorn of that inward chuckle!

Every healthy-minded man hates that chuckle, too; yet we have to call it laughter. It is too bad, but then laughter after all is no hermit in the region of conventional libel, for we are often compelled to call rubber cement "pie," and paperweights "cakes," although we deceive no one. But laughter is a queer card, isn't it, with all the variety of feelings that it can express,—anything from the "one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin," to the most exasperating form of irritation. And Dickens, in his chronicling of Mr. Pickwick's legal experiences, refers to these extremes, the "noisy boisterous laugh" which is the carefree expression of a heart devoid of malice, and the "silent, inward chuckle" that we can picture Satan enjoying as he sits on the safety-valve watching the thermometer rise, or Shylock, as he whets his knife. That chuckle shows us that men degrade their mirth, even as they degrade everything else that God in His wisdom gave us.

Laughter is a lovable thing, not just because of its fattening possibilities, but because it cements friendship, breaks ice, dispels anger,—in short, because it is one of the few things that make life worth while. Surely the man without a sense of humor must be worse off than the man without a country. Laughter, too, is a stepping-stone to success. Men become great, I think someone has said, because they have the gift of sitting back occasionally and laughing at themselves; and there is a lot of truth just there, because a chap who takes himself too seriously becomes either a recluse or a pariah. Self-examination ought often to bring us real laughter,—the laughter of genuine understanding.

Spurious laughter, the laughter of depreciation, we all hate;

yet what a variety of mirth we are tempted to indulge in,—a satirical cackle rattling out of a tight throat, to vent our anger; a snort from between curled lips for our scorn, and again, a genuine, frame-shaking chuckle if we are pleased; or a hearty, contagious roar when some sally puts a straw behind both our ears, and explores with its knuckles the whole area of our ribs. Such a variety isn't healthy; we ought to confine ourselves to the stages of the chuckle and the roar if we would leave this old world better than we found it. Dickens is right; an inward, mysterious, malicious laugh *is* a danger to the community. And he might have carried the thought further, as no doubt he intended us to carry it—that laugh is a form of inward bleeding, it is the hemorrhage that destroys a man's best self. A smile wasn't meant to be sarcastic, a laugh wasn't created to hurt, and he who is content to sit in the seat of the scornful loses his capacity for carefree good-fellowship, forfeits forever the possession of that "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." Let us laugh aright. Not even a moustache can conceal the curl of the lip that frames an ungenerous chuckle, but oh, not even darkness can hide the gleam in the eye of a kindred spirit who laughs with us, not at us. God bless the man who scorns to hurt with his laughter.

This is ever the difference between the wise an dthe unwise: the latter wonders at what is unusual; the wise man wonders at the usual.—*Emerson.*

A Memorial Service

On Thursday, November 4th, our chapel hour was given over to a short service in memory of the late James Short McMaster, who for many years held the post of Treasurer in this University. The service was conducted by Prof. Gilmour, and the large attendance of students showed the desire of our undergraduates to honor the memory of a man who has meant much to the institution that his uncle believed in and endowed. We are glad to have had that service, for it held up before us again the ideal of the Christian gentleman, and set forth afresh the ideals of a Christian University. We hadn't realized, many of us, just what Mr. McMaster has meant to us and to the denomination. We knew him best as the dignified old gentleman in the cape whom we saw in the halls, and perhaps some of us didn't know him beyond that, but even in those brief glimpses of him we could see the geniality that shone in his face, and the courtliness that showed in his every movement. In life we knew him, but not intimately enough to appreciate his loving service and his moderating influence; in death we know him, not just as a

portrait in Castle Memorial Hall, but as an Irish gentleman with a wonderful vision of Jesus Christ, a man loving, loyal, courteous, peaceable; and with that knowledge we ought to press forward with new ambition to the cultivation of "pure religion and undefiled," true culture, sound scholarship, intellectual courtesy.

Banquets—Y.M.C.A.

The Freshmen were the guests of the University Y.M.C.A. at its second annual banquet on Tuesday, October 12th. A. H. Carr, "Y" President, piloted the proceedings. The toast to the Freshmen was proposed by Mr. Harold Lang, M.A., after which Mr. H. E. Wintemute, High Kakiak, welcomed them on behalf of the Student Body, and offered words of counsel to all new students. As Faculty representative, Dr. Gilmour greeted the guests of the evening, outlining many of the principles for which and by which the University exists. Dr. Farmer, and Mr. E. H. Clarke, in brief addresses, also expressed confidence in the latent possibilities of the newcomers. Fulfilling one purpose of this function, which is to present to new men the claims of the various organizations, representatives of the Y.M.C.A., the Athletic Association, the Literary Society, the Debating Union, and The Monthly outlined the policy of their respective institutions, and the opportunities for self-expression which they afford.

> "We may do without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
> We may do without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
> We may do without love—what is passion but pining?
> But where is the man who can do without dining?"

Fresh-Soph

From their experience of last year, the members of '23 concluded that the sentiment expressed above was part and parcel of the "McMaster Spirit." This being the case, duty demanded that dining be added to the curriculum mapped out for the Frosh, and as the most painless method of instruction, the Fresh-Soph banquet emerged on Thursday, November 4th, from the realms of fancy to the more pleasant realms of fact. As French was largely eliminated from the menu, critical conversation and linguistic controversy lagged somewhat, but the loss was never noticed by the exuberant spirits gathered around the festal board at the Walker House.

When the board had ceased to groan under the succession of courses, the surviving guests listened as Mr. H. G. Dyce, President of '23, welcomed the guests and toasted the absent King, and as Mr. K. W. Taylor, '21, toasted his Alma Mater, though neglecting to announce who she was. Professor R. W. Smith, concluding that he

referred to McMaster, responded very appropriately. Mr. E. W. Anderson, '23, while admitting that woman needs no eulogy since she speaks for herself (too true), proposed a toast to the ladies with his customary tact, to which Miss D. Roper, Vice-President of '23, charmingly replied. Then Mr. G. B. Atkinson, '22, reminded us of the superiority of our Faculty over any other, and predicted a new era in McMaster following the appearance of a "New Moon." Prof. McLay responded. The general feeling was that the Freshmen still needed counsel, and Mr. E. G. Hildebrand, '23, was persuaded to orate on the serious side of the verdant life. Mr. A. E. Doolittle, President of '24, being the first to recover his equanimity, responded nobly. At frequent intervals the tension was pleasantly relaxed by a vocal duet by Misses N. Deeton and O. Frise, '23, a reading by Miss M. Pugh, '22, an instrumental solo by Miss L. Richards, '23, and a vocal solo by Mr. W. J. Stiver, '23.

After a time of general goodfellowship, the final scene was staged, wherein the revellers fared forth in search of Fleming's elusive vehicles. "The morning after," a sleepy Freshette, on hearing her name in the roll call, murmured drowsily, "Why certainly; and will you write your name on my card, too?"

Friday Evenings—Open Lit

Bless you no, boy, that wasn't Founder's Night we took you to on October 22nd; that was Open Lit, a sort of semi-dress rehearsal for the other. It's one of those occasions where the Executive does all the work and the rest of us do all the eating and criticizing. Now don't go telling everybody that the Dean in Theology spoke. That tall, dark chap who inaugurated the season in that funny talk about continuing the old, inaugurating the new, and revivifying the mortified, was W. F. C. Nelson—he's President, and he had to do it. You're right about the programme; it was good. W. J. Matthews was the man who played the instrument of ten strings, and Miss B. Bush and Mrs. Lungren were the two ladies who sang so well in spite of the *sotto voce* small talk of that vulgar crowd at the back. How did you like the promenades? Rather exciting, we always find them. Next year we'll have moving staircases and treadmills for the incorrigibles, and straps for those who prefer to stand. Having those talking-machines was a grand idea; it rather lessened our responsibility. The Executive pulled a good one with those eats; we're all behind them now, hoping they're headed for the pantry. I guess the Gileadites and their mouldy bread would have looked pretty sick if they had entered the chapel about 10.30; they'd have displayed real

apostolic zeal in chasing the potent raisin in the elusive fruit-cake. Funny the types that were there, eh? The pushing type on the platform seats, the inert type at the back of the chapel, and the rest—— Shut up now, you nut; ask me in the morning; I want to go to sleep.

Closed Lit

On October 29th, the deputy shepherd gathered our literary flock together to give an opportunity for the wolf of Bolshevism to tear the wool from the backs of the sheep and pull it over their eyes. The National Anthem opened the shearing-bee, after which Miss Kindy of '24 sang twice. Her music was enjoyed by all, her sentimental ditty especially appealing to '22. Then Mr. J. D. Thompson, also of '24, read a very intimate and stormy passage dealing with the loss of a section of his Sunday wardrobe in a September gale. We hope his repertoire contains an account of the recovery of the same—but modesty forbids further comment. After the gale had died down, a voice was heard carolling. It was Mr. J. B. Eck, who plucked his vocal chords twice with due acceptance. Reason and mercy were then banished from the room, and for seventy minutes the harmless flock huddled beneath the blast of Bolshevist history, doctrine, and aims, delivered with praiseworthy courtesy by Mr. M. Spector, our economic free-lance and interlocutor. To close the evening a duet was done with the aim of vivifying a still-born McMaster song, which effort was received with that ambiguous applause characteristic of academic audiences.

Initial Blowout

An internationally constituted inter-year debate was fought out on November 5th, with the assistance of an audience, three judges, and three artists. For some days it had been bruited abroad that '23 and '24 differed on the question of whether "a nation advanced in civilization is justified in the interests of humanity in enforcing its authority on an inferior people." An attempt was made to settle the matter out of court—but they would not; and finally the case came to a head in public words of much sound and fury before a crowd of morbidly curious and violently partisan students, under the jocose chairmanship of Mr. H. A. Webb. True to the theory of limits, the two lines of thought presented by the opposing teams constantly approached each other, but never met, because between them there was a great gulf of interpretation fixed. Mr. J. D. Thompson and Mr. C. H. Briscoe of '24 placed their shoulders beneath the weighty affir-

mation, but ere they could lift it, Mr. E. G. Hildebrand and Mr. G. M. Henry, of '23, accompanied by two of the judges, jumped upon the load, and the resolution stayed down and out. The debate was a good one and interesting, but marred in places by irrelevance, and throughout by a lack of common ground. However, we see a future ahead of these men, as their faults are remediable, and when this shall come, may they sorrow for those who have gone before, may they distend their lachrymal glands, and drop a tear upon the grave where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep (*poco a poco piu animato*) . . . in Flanders' fields (*pianissimo*). The programme was wholly in the nature of an asset. Mr. Crofoot baritoned for us, Miss Ruth Starr pianoed, and Mr. W. K. Brown sorrowed afresh over the immortal Alice and her salamandrian fleas.

A half-witty colleague suggests that we get a tinsmith to tune the piano in the chapel.

Picnics—Sophomore

The sun and the Sophs were smiling on Bloor St. at 2 o'clock, October 14th, and both smiled again a little later as the students escaped from the T.S.R. at Lambton Mills. All males were straightway commissioned by the Social Committee to capture firewood as a necessary adjunct to a camp-fire that was marked on the programme. The woodmen spared the trees, touched not a single bough, but eventually secured several handfuls of twigs. Over such success everyone but the cook was happy, and attention was transferred to the realm of sport. A game of baseball was started, which, however, created such great excitement among the onlookers that someone thoughtlessly fainted, and consented to revive only in order not to miss watching the cook wind the dinner horn. Eating, it must be admitted, was the crowning feature of the evening, and close observation revealed the fact that certain of the men, in anticipation, had abstained from food for many days. Prodigious quantities of Boston beans succumbed to repeated onslaughts; cafe noir mingled with cream disappeared completely; and finally marshmallows appeared, which, owing to the frigidity of the fire, were barbarously devoured raw. After the removal of the fingerbowls, the musical propensities of the company found vent in a spirited sing-song, a howling success. Someone noted that the Ingersoll registered progress, and the guests, sated at last with pleasure, betook themselves with pleasurable sorrow home.

Senior

It is a risky thing, journeying to Niagara for a day's picnic so late as October 20th, and it is hard to get up at 5.30 on a cold, dark, misty morning. But we took the risk and braved the early hour, and at 7.40 a.m. thirty-six sleepy Seniors under the care of Professor New were safely aboard the Cayuga, slipping through the morning mist and the Eastern Gap, and wondering if it were going to be rough. There were heavy mists over the lake, but just as we entered the Niagara River the mists lifted, and for the rest of the day the sun shone out bright and warm.

Dinner was served in Niagara Glen, and it was generally agreed that pork and beans were an improvement on the usual diet of wieners. After dinner the greater number went up to the Falls. While there they had the pleasure of having afternoon tea at the home of Mrs. Burridge. The few who remained behind to explore the wonderful beauties of the Glen were indeed well rewarded in their rambles.

At six o'clock the party was reported "all present and correct" on board our good ship Cayuga, homeward bound, and three hours later we stepped back into the dusty glare of Yonge Street. It was a wonderful day, yes, a wonderful day, and it is not fair to expect an adequate description of it in so small a space.

Theologue

Blessed with good spirits, fine weather and orthodoxy, about forty active members of our Theological Society gat them unto Reservoir Park on October 20th, for their annual picnic. It was a time for much rejoicing, with its soft collars and cuffs, its ladies, its rippling brook and cool greensward, and there wasn't a single copy of the "Inferno" in evidence all afternoon. The hours passed as the Church Militant pursued her way through many sports, and an infallible umpire guided her through a good ball game. And when the sun its beacon red was dimming ere it went to bed, the Church Triumphant gathered around the cook, and admonished her to function as rapidly as possible. As a consequence, a grand dinner was brought on, and after it Dr. Brown and Dr. Farmer did the honors of the toast list.

At the Senior picnic, a Seniorette, seeing the sign in the Glen reading "To the Potholes," exclaimed: "Oh, how nice of them to provide stoves and everything!" Shades of Norton! We recommend that Geology be made a required course, along with the "commercial Hebrew" that one bibulous brother babbles about.

Junior Party

Though Hallowe'en for year '22 came two days late, it came no less surely, and on the evening of November 2nd, some three dozen kindred spirits made their way to the home of Miss Laura Dale. Clad in robes of spotless white, and admitted by the magic password, "Cabbages," these spirits of the night held solemn conclave in the administration of the rites of admission to the sacred order of ghosts. Then, casting aside their saintly garb, they were much entertained with social games, followed by an abundance of good eats. Promptly on the stroke of twelve the extravagant and erring spirits departed, to the economic benefit of the men, and the disappointment of the T. S. R. The Presidents and their wives drove home in a well-known low-priced car,—after they got it started.

Overheard by a reporter in a railway station recently:—Village Socrates (in the manner of an intellectual pioneer): "—And I'll tell you another common name, Smith."

"Haunters of the Silences"

At 12.30 in the evening of October 14th, a solemn delegation visited each new man and extended an invitation of a more or less pressing nature for him to attend an entertainment in the Science Hall, called "The Untamed, a Tale of McMaster the Mysterious." The business of the play is preserved for future companies, and is as follows:

Act I.—After a weird overture has ceased, the curtain is raised for the entrance of the first freshman. The scene is laid in a barber shop. The freshman, on receiving a certificate of health from the attending physician, is given a hair-singe, a spine-refrigeration, a chest-massage, and a hair-raising revolution on a barrel.

Act II.—The freshman ascends to the stage on an inclined plank, and on his arrival is presented to the McMaster Ghost, who conducts him to the skeleton of our first freshman, who gives sage advice for the guidance of the candidate.

Act III.—This act consists of an artistic performance on the aerial ladder,—in which the performer acquires great merit, not to mention grease, shoe-black, tanglefoot and treacle, and leaves the stage in a shower of confetti.

Act IV.—The curtain rises with the chief character raising his voice in song, after which an imitation of a farmer at the local photographer's is given. A repetition of the Johnstown flood follows, and the freshman leaves the stage rapidly. The curtain is rung down amid thunderous applause.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS HELEN CLINE, '22.

Top Flat, Wallingford Hall,
November 5, 1920.

DEAR FOLKS,—Don't be surprised if you don't get letters from me so often from now on. I simply haven't time to write every few days. I am just beginning to learn how strenuous college life is,—in the first year. The girls in the other years seem to be pretty busy, too, but I guess they don't have much more to do than we. The Professors give us *so* much work to do, and of course one likes to keep up the reputation one made in one's home town High School.

But there are so many things to do besides home work, and people seem to think it's funny if you can't go to everything because you haven't got your lessons done. We are having gymnasium classes twice a week now—swimming, basketball and physical drill. I am looking forward to a place on the basketball team. How is the school team getting along at home, and who is their new captain? I have to get a new bathing suit and cap, so I wish you would send me a little extra cash, Dad.

There are rugby and soccer games to attend every once in a while. I don't understand them very well yet, but I go with the girls when year '24 plays. We have wonderful teams, and it shows you are a good sport to turn out to all the games and cheer for your year.

Twice a week we take our lunch to school and have singing practice at noon-hour. We are going to give a concert soon. The instructor was very pleased with my voice, and put me in the front row. He hasn't given out the solo parts yet.

Every week there seems to be something extra going on besides all the regular meetings and everything. This week we had a wonderful banquet. It was given by the Sophomore Class to our year to show us that no matter what they did to us because we were new, they think we are mighty good sports and probably the best class seen here yet. My new dress came just in time, and it is perfectly gorgeous. There was a lot of excitement when the whole top flat of Wallingford Hall was getting all dressed up at once. I flatter myself that I looked as nice as any of the rest, and I had an awfully cute man for a partner, so I had a glorious time. The dinner took an

awfully long time—there were about ten courses—and after that was finally all over they had a lot of speeches and music and everything, and we did not get home until one o'clock. I think they should have begun it earlier or else not let the speakers talk so long. One good thing about it was that every once in a while they let us stand up to drink a toast (no, Billy, that is not a mistake—you really *do* drink this kind of toast) and that gave you a little rest and a chance to take a long breath for the next speech.

What do you suppose the girls here in Wallingford Hall are making us do? Each freshette has to wait on a seniorette for a whole week—make her bed and do anything else she asks. They say it's done in all residences, but I think it is rather a queer way to treat a university student. Even at home I was used to having Billy and Peggy do little things for me—when they would.

The other night Miss Hatch had supper with us and talked to us about girls in India. She told us about a little boy who was learning English and wrote a letter to his family. I will close with the words he used: "Give me love to my bloody relations."

Yours,
Emerald.

Bible Study Notes

In lieu of the former Y. W. C. A. meetings, weekly Bible Study Classes are being held. At these classes the girls are having a chance to meet some of the women of the Old Testament. It is delightful to find how like women of the present day they are, and how much may be learned from them to help in everyday life.

There have been just two classes so far, the first led by Frances Trotter, the second by Elizabeth Burridge. At least more than a bowing acquaintanceship has been established between Sarah, Rebekah and Rachel, Rahab, Achsah and Jephthah's daughter, and those who come together for this hour.

Wallingford Reception

It really did seem as if "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera" on Tuesday, November 2nd, when Wallingford Hall was to be formally opened. Just at the critical moment, however, the sun poked his head inquisitively through the clouds to see what all the excitement was about.

When every available chair was filled, a beautiful dedication service was held. By the time the deed had been formally handed to Dr. Thompson, and Dr. Kierstead had offered the dedication

prayer, the girls began to realize that they were not dreaming, but that Wallingford Hall really *is*.

The service over, the whole building was thrown open for the rest of the afternoon and evening. Every room from "Dew Drop Inn," at the front of the third floor, down to "The Better 'Ole," at the back of the second, was in gala attire. Every room was unique and had its special points of attractiveness for the admiration of the numerous visitors.

We learned from extracts about Wallingford, England, read by Mrs. Cranston at the service, that in its earlier history, it was the scene of many conflicts. May the reign of the new Wallingford be one of peace and harmony!

Women's Lit

The Lit of Friday, November 5th, was given over to the Third Year girls. "Another Good Man Gone," the first number on the programme, proved to be the wedding of Miss Frances Trotter (as bride) to Miss Sadie McLaurin (as groom). All the regular attendants were on hand in fitting costumes, including flower girls, whose floral offerings were almost completely concealed by the six-quart fruit baskets in which they carried them, and the ring-bearer who bore aloft on a cushion the ring which was evidently borrowed from a large-sized curtain pole. One other attendant aroused our curiosity. We wondered why she partially hid her person behind a sheet she carefully held, but later we discovered we had made a serious mistake and that she was the train- or perhaps the veil-bearer. With this remark by way of suggestion, it will be unnecessary to describe the beautiful texture and style of the bride's frock. The "good man gone" seemed to be quite reconciled to his fate, which was just as well, for obviously his blushing bride had made up her mind to see the thing through even to the "and obey"—on the part of the groom. At any rate, the groom stood the ordeal very well,—he even made no objection when the best man lifted him up to receive the salute of his charming spouse.

Current events, by way of a change, were thrown on the screen, various Field Day episodes being pictured in a very realistic style by some artistic juniorette.

The drama of the afternoon, "Macbeth a la Mode," was produced with apologies to the Bard of Avon. With great interest the audience watched the efforts of "Willie Macbeth" to achieve the office of class president. His soliloquy (in the form of a solo to the tune of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle") in which he expressed his hope

of "being elected" and not "rejected" was cruelly interspersed by the rest of the cast with the question, "Willie, does your mother know you're out?" Though Willie was given the office of class jester instead of president, his ambitions carried him on to further noble (?) efforts and, urged on by his scheming, fond parent, Lady Macbeth, he used foul means to oust King Duncan from his position as Rugby Captain. This brought the play to its climax, and the picture of Willie trying to play rugby and keep his hat on, "so he won't get tanned," was really too much. We were left in ignorance as to the final fate of the noble King Duncan, but on seeing him (?) at classes next day we decided that after all the drug was not much worse than it looked. The Juniorettes are to be congratulated upon the production of an original and unique programme.

Women's Athletics

This year promises to open up a new era in Women's Athletics. In the first place, the Executive has at last secured the long-wished-for privileges at the Lillian Massey gymnasium, which is desirable both for its convenient location and its modern equipment. Henceforth McMaster girls will be able to indulge in gymnasium exercise, swimming and basketball two days a week, and great results are anticipated.

Secondly, Girls' Field Day, a hitherto unheard-of event in McMaster's history, was instituted. The Moulton College grounds were secured for the purpose, and on Saturday, October 23, this wonderful event took place. The spectators, we are sure, were only prevented from much show of mirth by the wintry blasts which successfully congealed their facial muscles. The inter-year results were: '24, first with 40 points; '22, second with 24 points, and '23, third with 18 points. Competition for the individual championship was keen, especially after the rumor was spread that the winners would be presented with Laura Secords, the gift of the men in the audience. Miss Emo Gilmour, '24, with 26 points, carried off the medal presented by Miss McGregor, and this five-pound box of chocolates. Miss Corinne Cook, '23, came second with 10 points; Miss Neva Deeton, '23, and Miss Elsie Wright tied for third place with eight points each.

Athletics

Editor: John D. Taylor, '22.

"Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it."—*Goethe.*

AS the season of inter-year sports advances, we find ourselves wishing that even half the men who are now turning out so diligently to practise for their year had tried to make places on the school teams a month ago. Over sixty-five men are now turning out for inter-year soccer and rugby, yet for the first team practices there were never more than twenty-five! However, this is no time for regrets. The best support one can give McMaster in Intercollegiate athletics now is to enter wholeheartedly into the inter-year sports. Do not cede a place on a team to another man because he is large-boned and heavy. Make him work for his place! Several of our men who have hitherto fancied soccer and rugby to be both difficult and "dangerous" are only now finding how much healthy pleasure there is in them. It is in games demanding energy and vigor that we learn what these qualities really are, that we may carry them into our studies as well.

Field Day

The twenty-second annual Field Day of the University was held on Friday afternoon, October the twenty-second, at the U. of T. Stadium. Excellent weather prevailed, which gave the men every chance to do their best. The number of entries for each event was very large, and so much time was consumed in the eliminating that at six-thirty o'clock, there were still two events to be run off. These, the final tug-of-war and relay race, were postponed indefinitely.

It is very gratifying to note that in all but the high jump and the hop, step and jump, last year's records were bettered by a considerable margin. Harry G. Dyce, '23, was the champion of the day, carrying off the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal with 26 points. A. H. Carr, '21, and N. C. Howard, '22, with 15 points each, tied for the First Association Medal. The final score for the various years will not be completed until the postponed events have been run off. As it stands at present, year '22 leads with 41 points, followed by year '21 with 38 points.

The Field Day summary is as follows:

Pole Vault—1, C. S. Farmer, '21; 2, L. D. Dingle, B.A.; 3, G. M. Henry, '23. Height, 9 feet.

Half-mile Run—1, H. G. Dyce, '23; 2, W. Hughes, '24; 3, M. A. Smith, '22. Time, 2 minutes, 16 2-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—1, N. C. Howard, '22; 2, K. M. Stiver, '23; 3, R. L. McBride, '22. Distance, 75 feet, 3 inches.

Running High Jump—1, J. C. Mabee, 22; 2, K. W. Taylor, '21; 3, W. Pyle, '22. Height, 5 feet, 1 inch.

Hundred Yards—1, A. H. Carr, '21; 2, G. B. Atkinson, '22; 3, I. H. Eberle, '21. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

Half-mile Walk—1, R. L. McBride, '22; 2, G. P. Gilmour, '21; 3, P. G. Paterson, '23. Time, 4 minutes, 11 2-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—1, H. G. Dyce, '23; 2, M. A. Smith, '22; 3, W. O. White, '21. Distance, 18 feet, 5 inches.

Shot Put—1, N. C. Howard, '22; 2, J. Dallman, '24; 3, T. J. Jamieson, '21. Distance, 30 feet, 4 inches.

Mile Run—1, H. G. Dyce, '23; 2, W. Hughes, '24; 3, M. A. Smith, '22. Time, 5 minutes, 13 2-5 seconds.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards—1, A. H. Carr, 21; 2, M. A. Smith, '22; 3, I. H. Eberle, '21. Time, 24 1-5 seconds.

Discus Throw—1, N. C. Howard, '22; 2, H. G. Dyce, '23; 3, W. O. White, '21. Distance, 91 feet, 3 inches.

440-*yard Dash*—1, A. H. Carr, '21; 2, W. Hughes, '24; 3, F. R. McLean, '23. Time, 58 3-5 seconds.

Hop, Step and Jump—1, H. G. Dyce, '23; 2, H. J. Bearss, '23; 3, T. J. Jamieson, '21. Distance, 37 feet, 10 1-2 inches.

120-*yard Hurdles*—1, H. G. Doolittle, '21; 2, G. B. Atkinson, '22; 3, H. J. Bearss, '23. Time, 19 4-5 seconds.

Tug-of-War—1, Sophs defeated Theologs; 2, Juniors defeated Freshmen; 3, Seniors defeated Sophs. Finals, Seniors vs. Juniors.

After the last event came the annual Freshman-Sophomore rush with the rough revival of all its old-time vim and vigor. There seems to be no way of deciding who won, since both sides looked so absolutely defeated afterwards. The Freshman banner, however, due to the presence of mind of the Vice-President, came through the fray unharmed.

SOCCER

The opening game of the Intermediate Soccer Series was played on Saturday morning, October twenty-fourth, on the rear Varsity

campus. At first the Varsity defence was kept busy, and had it not been for the exceptionally good play of their full-backs they would undoubtedly have gone down to defeat. As the game proceeded, however, our forward line began to fall away and missed many opportunities to score. Varsity forwards played fine combination, which, together with the constant support of their half-backs, enabled them to score the two goals which earned for them the victory. On receiving a pass from centre, Hackson shot the ball into the net, scoring our only goal. Vose, our right half, played a splendid game.

Varsity II. 2
McMaster 1

The second game between Varsity II. and McMaster took place on Monday afternoon, November the first, on the rear Varsity campus. Because of the slippery condition of the field, there was much loose playing. The fast Varsity forwards scored three goals while our only goal was scored on a penalty kick by Lawrance. Lack of team practice and training was responsible for the defeat. For McMaster Hackson and Van Slyke were the best players. Captain Eberle was unfortunate in wrenching a knee, but finished out the game.

Varsity II. 3
McMaster 1

The line-up:—J. Stiver, goal; Van Slyke, Eberle, full-backs; Vose, Taylor, Carr, half-backs; Lawrance, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Hackson, Batstone, forwards.

RUGBY

When the Junior Rugby schedule precedes the Senior and Intermediate schedules, schools having teams in all three, or even two, series are enabled to play men of higher classification on a Junior team, the rules prohibiting only those who have played either one game Senior or two games Intermediate from playing for a Junior team. Thus any Senior player is available (provided he has never played in a Senior championship game) until he has played one game in his series, and any Intermediate player is also qualified until he has played two games in his series. It is readily seen how by careful management some of these players would always be available to strengthen the Junior team. It is quite legitimate, but it leaves every small school to labor under the same disadvantage, namely that of having no Senior or Intermediate team to draw upon.

To make a favorable showing under such rules would take several things which McMaster just now does not possess,—a large number of determined players, a coach, and a conveniently-located

practice field. After playing the first two games, it was seen that to play further would only add to our defeats, as well as increase our casualty list, and in view of these facts the remaining games were defaulted.

On Wednesday, October the thirteenth, O.A.C. played McMaster on the rear Varsity campus. Lack of signal practice told heavily with us. On half-a-dozen different occasions McMaster got going right and broke through for long gains, but then lapsed back into the old style of waiting until the other fellow had found a clean hole before setting out to stop him.

O.A.C. 28
McMaster 3

Edwards and McMillan were the best for the O.A.C. Borsook, Lloyd and Newton prevented a heavier score by their splendid tackling. At quarter-time it stood 6 to 3; at half-time, 17 to 3; at three-quarter-time, 27 to 3; the final was 28 to 3. Hackson suffered a twisted shoulder.

On the following Friday, October sixteenth, McMaster played Varsity III. at the Stadium. Coming so soon after the heavy O.A.C. game, and being the third game in six days, the team weakened in the second half and Varsity ran up her score. Lloyd in a plucky tackle had two ribs cracked, while both Newton and Smith were hampered by injuries received in the O.A.C. game.

Varsity 27
McMaster 1

The line-up:—Flying wing, Newton; halves, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Smith; quarter, Platus; scrimmage, Howard, Lloyd, Frise; insides, McBride, Houghton; middles, K. Taylor, Jamieson; outsides, Borsook, Paterson; substitutes, Jones, Gilmour. Officials, L. Marsh and T. Jefferies.

HOCKEY

Just a foreword concerning hockey. The Hockey Captain has plans under way to utilize the two weeks of skating weather during the Christmas holidays. The lack of training and condition has been in former years our greatest handicap. An effort this year is being made to have the players stay on a few days after school closes, and to return a day or so early; so that two full weeks of training will be put in before Examination time. If we wait until after the Mid-year Examinations to commence training the other teams will have had three or four weeks' advantage in condition. There will be a general meeting of all players in the near future to make final arrangements for practice hours.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

THE writer of this department sometimes gets into a maze as to his own personality or plurality of personalities. To the Student Body he is Registrar; to The Monthly an Editor; to the Board he is Treasurer; to the Faculty, to the Senate, to innumerable Committees, and to the Alumni Association he is Secretary. The mail that comes to the office is of all descriptions. Sometimes it addresses the Registrar as "Professor" or "Doctor" or "Reverend," or with other impossible titles. Letters addressed to almost any kind of officer, from "Superintendent of Buildings" to "Instructor in Accounting" come, also communications directed to various impossible names, as "Mr. Hall McMaster," etc. We confess, however, that we were nonplussed the other day when a communication came to "The Rev. Mother Superior." Neither of the ladies in the office would recognize the title, and we are still debating whether to pass it on to the President of the Women's Student Body or some one over at Wallingford. Meantime it is a case of "Your favor received and contents noted!"

Out of all this mystery of personality we single out for the time being that pleasant character of the interested spectator, and view the procession of the "old boys and girls" in their activities and accomplishments. And what we see we chronicle for the benefit of our readers.

'82—Rev. W. T. Tapscott has accepted a position as "Pastor-at-large" in Alberta, and should be addressed at Red Deer.

'94—Rev. J. J. Reeve, of Chicago, was married on October 16th to Miss Elizabeth MacNeill, of Toronto, who has been for a number of years assistant to her brother, Rev. John MacNeill, '96, at Walmer Road Church. Miss MacNeill was held in high esteem by the members of the church, who made her a presentation when she left.

'94—Mrs. H. L. Stark (nee Annie McKay) is in the Orient with her husband. They attended the World's Sunday School Convention in Tokio, and will visit China and Korea before returning.

'95—Rev. C. H. Schutt, of Century Church, Toronto, has been appointed Superintendent of Baptist Home Missions for Ontario and Quebec, succeeding Rev. H. B. Coumans, '02, who returns to the pastorate. Mr. Schutt is well qualified for his new duties. He has

had experience in both rural and city churches, and also in denominational activities, such as the Church Extension Board, the Foreign Mission Board, the Provincial B.Y.P.U., the Sunday School Board, etc. He took his preparatory work at Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, and is intimately acquainted with the French-Canadians and their language. His pastorate at Century Church has extended over the past nineteen years, during which time the cause has progressed from a struggling mission to a thriving church.

'99—Major Henry Ware Newman, M.D., and Mrs. Newman returned this autumn to China, where they are to be located at Ho Po, South China. Dr. Newman was engaged with the Russian army in Siberia, and there received his military commission.

'00—Rev. E. N. Armstrong returned from Burma on furlough last spring. He is spending the winter at the University of Chicago.

Ex-'02—Wilson McDonald is now engaged in literary work in Vancouver. His book, "The Song of the Prairie Land and Other Poems" has had a large sale, and a new edition is about to be published. Wilson is also developing as a playwright. "In Sunny France," an opera, of which he is the author, was recently presented in Brantford with a cast of 250.

'03—Rev. A. A. Scott and Mrs. Scott are on furlough from India, and are living in the Mission Home at 103 Ellsworth Ave., Toronto. Mrs. Scott is very ill, and her condition is causing her friends a great deal of anxiety.

'03—J. Alex. Wallace, of Simcoe, has been chosen by the Drury Government as representative of the farmers on the Commission appointed to investigate and report on financial support to Toronto, Queen's and Western Universities. Alex. has had a varied experience in academic, scientific and agricultural lines. For a time he was construction engineer for the DeForest Wireless Telegraph Co. For three years he taught electrical engineering in a technical institute in China. He has proved himself an aggressive and progressive farmer, being associated with every advanced movement, such as cooperative selling, etc. His herd of pure-bred Holsteins has a continental reputation. The other members of the Royal Commission to which he is now appointed are: Rev. Canon Cody, Chairman; Mr. T. A. Russell, of the Board of Governors, University of Toronto; C. R. Somerville, of London, connected with Western University; Sir John Willison, of Toronto, who is a member of the governing body of Queen's University; and Col. A. P. Deroche, of Ottawa.

'05—George S. Johnston and his wife, nee Lillian Senior, '05,

were given a farewell at Whitby High School recently, when they left to take up their new duties at Monteith in Northern Ontario. The Provincial Government has established there an institution to be known as the Northern Academy, to provide Public, High, and Normal School education for that neighborhood; and has appointed Mr. Johnston as Principal, and Mrs. Johnston as Lady Principal. We understand he will teach Agriculture and she will teach Moderns and English. Mr. Johnston has developed Whitby High School very greatly during the five years he has been Principal, the attendance having been doubled in that time. He has also been Principal of the Summer School in Agriculture, held during the past two summers in Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

'06—Ernest J. Chave is pursuing special studies in Religious Education at Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

'08—Rev. William Raithby is remaining with the church in Dunnville for the winter.

'10—Rev. E. D. Ford is now Pastor at Bracebridge, succeeding Rev. W. E. Morrow, '14, who moved to Peterboro' recently. Mr. Ford took his theological course at Rochester. We are glad to have him back on this side of the line.

'10—Rev. N. W. McCausland has moved from Stayner to Chesley, where he is Pastor of the Baptist Church.

'11—Miss Georgina McGill, who is on furlough from India, may be addressed care of George Gordon, Grange Road, Guelph.

'13—Bruce V. McCrimmon and Miss Elsie D. Ashall, both of the class of '13, were married on July 20th last in Toronto. Bruce is practising law wth the firm of Tilley, Johnston, Thomson and Parmenter.

'14—Ralph Freeman is continuing his course at Balliol College, Oxford, as Rhodes Scholar from McMaster. During the past summer he served with the American Y.M.C.A. in Poland. He was with the Poles when they retreated before the Bolshevist onslaught and also when they made their successful counter-attack before Warsaw. For a month he was stationed at Lemberg, and was in danger of being captured by the Reds.

'14—Miss Margaret J. Hair was married at her home in Villa Nova on July 19th last to Clarence Leslie Blayney.

'14—Elmer D. Renaud was married in Toronto on September 8th to Miss Hilda Tyler. They left almost immediately for Brandon, Man., where Mr. Renaud is on the staff of Brandon College.

'15—Miss Isabel C. Fairbairn was married at Clarkson, Ont., to

Fred A. McGregor, '13, on September 8th. They will live in Ottawa, where Mr. McGregor has a position with Hon. Mackenzie King.

'16—H. R. McLarty was married on October 9th at Ridgetown, Ont., to Miss Isabel McDiarmid, of that town. The ceremony was formed by Rev. O. D. Priddle, '17. As reported last month, Mr. McLarty is carrying on graduate work at the University of Illinois.

Ex-'16—Rev. J. E. McCauley, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Goderich, was married on October 5th to Miss Lillian Elizabeth Whiting, also of that town. Rev. J. R. Turnbull, of St. Thomas, officiated.

'17—Rev. O. D. Priddle was married in June to Miss Isabel Patterson, only daughter of Mr. Angus Patterson, Appin, Ont. Mr. Priddle has been Pastor in Ridgetown, but has just accepted an urgent call to South Edmonton, Alta., where he will take up his duties on November 15th. In Edmonton he will succeed Rev. S. Everton, who has become Registrar of Brandon College.

'17—R. Leighton Foster has formed a partnership with Albert J. Lester, '15, and they are practising law under the firm name of Foster and Lester, at Suite 6, Mail Building, Toronto.

'17—Stuart McLean is on the technical staff of the Electrical Engineering Laboratory of the National Lamp Works of the General Electric Co. The laboratory conducts investigations on the various phases of lamp manufacture and related problems. His address is 858 Nela View Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Ex-'18—Captain Gerald W. Guiou, M.C., of Ottawa, was married on June 24th to Miss Huldah Spafford Howe.

'18—Floyd C. Hartley was married in Brantford on July first to Miss Ruth Smith. They are now living in Athens, Ont.

'18—Miss Vera L. Latimer was married on June 30th to Frank E. Foulds, '16.

'18—We find our item of last month concerning Rev. C. E. Dougan, was based on incorrect information. Mr. Dougan is leaving Arnprior the middle of November to take the pastorate of the church in Cornwall.

'18—W. A. Lawrence is conducting most of the classes in chemistry in McMaster this term during the enforced absence of Prof. Walker on account of illness. Mr. Lawrence had been awarded a studentship by the Research Council, but gave it up to serve his Alma Mater. Since graduation he has carried on work at the University of Toronto, receiving the degree M.A. there last spring, and having also covered considerable work toward the Ph.D. degree. In the summer he visited Jamaica at the request of the British Association,

investigating fibrous plants as substitutes for jute. The Journal of the American Chemical Society recently published a paper from his pen giving the results of some of his chemical researches.

'19—Miss Edna Carson is at Wendover, Ont.

'19—A. E. Look is Instructor in Greek at Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa., and is also pastor of Brandywine Baptist Church. He has recently been awarded a $500 fellowship in Hebrew at Dropsie College in Philadelphia. In spite of all these activities he has found time to change his opinions on "Why College Women Do Not Marry," and last May was married to Miss Lillian M. Lupton, a teacher at Bryn Mawr.

'19—Miss Henrietta Wilkins was married on August 23rd, at her home in Toronto, to Mr. Joseph J. Sacher.

'20—Miss Marion Stillwell is in training in the Toronto General Hospital.

'20—Rev. F. S. Weston has resigned the pastorate of Immanuel Church, Toronto, and has begun his duties as Lecturer in Toronto Bible College.

'20—J. Roy Harris was married in June to Miss Annie Laurie Scott, of Toronto, who was last session a partial student in the University. Mr. Harris is Pastor of Humber Bay Church.

'20—L. C. Kitchen was married during the summer to Annie Belle Johnson, of Newmarket. Mr. Kitchen is now Pastor of the Baptist Church in Reaboro, Ont., but will sail on January 10th for India, under appointment as a missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

'20—M. C. Cain was married on July 3rd to Miss Gladys Winifred Graham. They are living in Toronto.

'20—Louis E. Dearborn was married at Toronto on June 2nd to Miss Nellie Lehman.

'20—Henry J. Campbell is now teaching Mathematics in Woodstock College. H. G. Oddy is Science Master on the same staff.

'20—Miss Jean Wylie is teaching Mathematics at Alma College, St. Thomas.

Here and There

Editor: Kenneth W. Taylor, '21.

"Nourish the flame that youth lights in your heart,
  Poetry's fire, still ageless in age;
Strengthen the wings for their measureless flight,
  Poetry's utterance, custom cannot cage.
Sing—and your ardor by song shall endure;
See—and by insight all things shall be new;
Eyes by the vision poetic be clear,
  Life by the ardor poetic be true."

—*Leonard Huxley*

WE do not find that *vers libre* is yet very popular with the more conservative critics, but there can be little doubt but that it is more than a mere passing breath over the field of poetry. It is a real development in literature, and already it has produced flowers of true beauty. Of course there is a great deal of nonsense that is brought forth under the banner of new poetry, which has no poetic merit; but it is absurd to condemn *en masse;* each effort must be judged on its own merits. We cannot pretend that these new forms have reached, or perhaps closely approached perfection; that will come in time.

But after all this new poetry is not very new. In fact it derives much of its inspiration from the picture poems of the ancient Orient. There has of late years been much activity in the translation of Oriental verse. The "Luzumiyat" of Alu'l-Ala, which preceded the famous "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam by several decades has recently been translated into English. A volume entitled "170 Chinese Poems," has come from the pen of Mr. Arthur Waley; two other volumes of translations from the Chinese have been published, and a fourth is in preparation. Japanese verse has also been extensively translated. The following Chinese poem of A.D. 250 has quite a modern sound. It is a satire "On the Birth of a Son."

Families, when a child is born
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

Of course in commending the new departure in present-day poetry we do not condone all that is perpetrated in its name. Mr.

Alfred Noyes recently delivered a well-merited rebuke to certain of "our literary Bolsheviki," who are "unable to write grammatical English, yet take it upon themselves to wipe out the reputation of Tennyson,"—writers who can refer to Shakespeare, Shelley, and Browning as "comic old gentlemen who entirely misunderstood the nature and function of poetry."

One characteristic of the newer poetry is the use of what often appears to us rather fantastic metaphors, whose effect, however, is not unpleasing. "Bell-Buoys," by Leonora Speyer, which appears in *The Nation,* illustrates this perhaps:

> Out in the dim harbor
> I hear the sound of bells;
> Out on the gray-blue meadows of the sea
> I think mild water-cattle graze
> Among the ripples.

Another poem which even the more conservative among us can appreciate is the following by Amelie Rives:

> My cat is not from Persia, or Malta or Korea
> Or the Isle of Man,
> Or indeed from any of the countries
> Preferred by the aristocracy of cats;
> She wandered in to me one night from nowhere,
> A mere, vulgar kitten
> Vulgarly starving.
> Her little hood and jacket are grey like common ashes,
> Her white chemise is like thistledown,
> But she has ways of mysterious regality
> And exotic beguiling,
> And in her eyes are all Egypt and its secrets.
>
> Now in the winter evenings
> She and fire share my hearth,
> Each purring, blinking watchfully at the other,
> Wild, wilful creatures
> Only pretending to be tamed.

There have always been, and probably always will be, two classes of students on the campus. One is the kind that is forever criticizing, yet offers no new plan to replace the old. He is eternally tearing down the structure of student government and enterprise. He is the Bolshevik of the college. No good can come from his perpetual, malicious knocking. The other is the one who fully believes that our officers are doing everything in their power to make conditions here better. He gives them his hearty support and shows his appreciation of their efforts. A new constructive suggestion is his form of opposition to some unfavorable plan. All hail to this kind of

student. He is the one who will put McGill on the map.—*McGill Daily.*

The following little lyric is selected by Wilfred Blair in *The Sunday Times* (London, Eng.) as "quite the best thing that Mr. Maurice Hewlett manages in his new book of poems, 'Flowers in the Grass' ":

On topmost twig the happy wren
Pipes high his views to God and men,
Pufft as a herald and as shrill,
As full in throat and charged in bill:
"Oyez, oyez! It is the case,
My wife being in a state of grace,
Four perfect eggs reward her care;
The which her increase to declare,
Not hesitating to disturb ye,
I now relate *orbi et urbi!* "

The following letter, clipped from the columns of the London *Times,* explains itself:

To the Editor of *The Times*:

Sir,—"Some" in the modern slang sense, like, it would seem, all the rest of modern slang, has Shakespearian authority. Timon says, in Act IV., Scene 3,

"I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden."

Yours, T.W.R.

La vie est breve
Un peu d'amour
Un peu de reve
Et puis—bonjour!

—Leon Montenaeken, (A Belgian Poet.)

"*Matlock District Council* yesterday decided to hide from sight for five years all German gun trophies, with the idea of allowing time for public opinion to soften. The suggestions came first from the local ex-soldiers' union."—*English Daily Press,* August 25, 1920.

The above decision recorded in this interesting item of news implies two distinct schools of opinion about those trophies. There is the school that sent the guns to Matlock with the local residents who were expected to receive them with open arms and mount them in a public place in the town. On the other hand, there are the ex-soldiers and others who, so far from mounting the guns where all could see them, want to hide them. Is there anything more tragic in all the blind tragedy of the war than this failure of the war-makers to understand the mind of the warrior?—*Public Opinion* (London).

A hop vine by the river's brim
A simple hop vine was to him
And it was nothing more.
San Francisco *News Letter.*

It is just three hundred years since the "Mayflower" sailed across the Atlantic bearing to this New World the Pilgrim Fathers. This tercentenary has been fittingly observed both in Old and New England. Alfred Noyes wrote three sonnets on the "Mayflower" for a special edition of the London *Graphic.*

When that tall fleet of plate-ships, homeward bound,
Sighted the Mayflower plunging tow'rds the West,
They signalled her; they learned her desperate quest;
And then, O then, what cynic smiles went round!
They watched the black hull dwindling, well-nigh drowned
In flurries of foam, by each Atlantic crest.
They made the poor fanatic fools their jest
All the way home, from Fastnets to the Sound.

Little they dreamed that, while the blind seas roll,
No ship more famed would tread the sunset way
Than this be-mocked and insignificant keel;
That this was Freedom's winged and conquering soul,
The seedling glory of our English May,
Sailing to found earth's mightiest Commonweal.

The second sonnet asks where a "war-bewildered, bruised, and blinded world" may find "that strange light beyond our light," "the secret hope of all mankind," "their dreams of right;" and the third answers that it is in the spirit of the "Mayflower," for

She shall bring back our dreams. She shall not fail.
God helping us, that insignificant keel
Shall yet return like Spring to this bleak shore,
With blossoming clouds and singing towers of sail,
White as the dawn of earth's one Commonweal,
That realm of God, where war shall be no more.

A jostling, heaving crowd was struggling for the few vacant places on the last bus home. A tired-looking conductor, wearing on his breast the 1915 ribbon, regulated the rush.

"Full up!" he cried at length, effectually barring further progress to a sturdily-built young man who had swung himself on to the platform.

The latter stepped off reluctantly, exclaiming, "San Fairy Ann." The conductor turned quickly and laughed, and the demobilized soldiers on the bus who recognized the barbarous but familiar perversion of *"Ca ne fait rien,"* laughed with him. "Come on," he said, and the man jumped on the moving bus with a smile of understanding in his eyes.

A catchword, universally used in France two years ago, had revived something of the army spirit of camaraderie.—*The London Chronicle.*

A teacher was reading to her class when she same across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew the meaning.

One little girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"Unaware is what you put on first and take of last."—*New York Christian Work.*

The melancholy days have come.
The kind you read about,
Too hot to have the furnace on,
Too cold to have it out.—*Queen's Journal.*

Parson—Surely you haven't caught those to-day?

Little Boy—Yes, that is what happens to fishes what goes chasing worms on Sunday.—*Toronto Telegram.*

1st Wallingfordian: Wouldn't it be great if we had a davenport in the common room?

2nd Ditto: Oh, boy!—*Acta Victoriana.*

A day or so before Caruso gave his recital in Massey Hall last month a number of men in the Residence were discussing how they might hear the famous tenor without spending from four to seven dollars. When it was suggested that they should hang around either the lobby of the building or one of the windows on Victoria Street one man present, and he was not a freshman, remarked, "You couldn't hear a violin that far away!"

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges received during the past month: *The Ubysscy, Acta Victoriana, The Collegian, Queen's Journal, The Dalhousie Gazette, Canadian Finance.*

McMaster University

The Faculty.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D., Chancellor of the University; Principal ex-officio of the University Faculty; Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.

JONES HUGHES FARMER, B.A., LL.D., Dean in Theology; Professor of New Testament and Patristic Greek.

WALTER SCOTT W. McLAY, M.A., Dean in Arts; Professor of English.

PETER SINCLAIR CAMPBELL, M.A., Professor of Greek.

JAMES TEN BROEKE, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics.

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ALLEN J. MOON, M.A., Professor of Latin.

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F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking.

JOHN MacNEILL, B.A., D.D., Honorary Lecturer in Evangelism.

BERT WARD MERRILL, B.A., B.Th., Honorary Lecturer in Religious Education.

ENID A. McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian and Reader in English.

ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A., C.S.R., Registrar.

"He lies with his peers, in the country's sanctuary,
Where makers of Britain trod,
And will hold our pride in faith till reveille sounds
At the call of God."

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The
McMaster University Monthly

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CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Christ was born on Christmas Day;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay;
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

Sing out with bliss,
His name is this: Emmanuel;
As 'twas foretold, in days of old,
By Gabriel.

Midnight scarcely pass'd and over,
Drawing to this holy morn;
Very early, very early
Christ was born.

—*Sixteenth Century Carol.*

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF HEBREW.

N the great majority of theological seminaries Hebrew forms part of the curriculum. Certain institutions, like the Scottish Presbyterian Colleges, even make its study obligatory on their students, but such cases are the exception, and not the rule. The place which it receives in the courses of study provided by McMaster University may fitly be taken as typical. In this seat of learning it is an optional subject which may be included in the course of study undertaken with a view to various degrees. Its presence in the curriculum of a University which seeks to cater for the intellectual needs of a comparatively new country is surely significant. The inhabitants of the American continent set small store by tradition. The sanctity which custom and usage give does not count for much, and unless a course of study can justify itself on its intrinsic merits, it receives short shrift. In these circumstances, the time and effort which are bestowed upon the study of Hebrew and other Oriental subjects in Canada and the United States seem to create a predisposition in favor of the theme which is described in the title of this address.

The explanation of the appeal which Hebrew thus makes to the cultivated mind must be obvious. It is the language in which the major part of the Bible was first committed to writing. It therefore seems to be imperative that an individual, whose life will be primarily devoted to the exposition of the Scriptures and their application to modern needs, should be familiar with the tongues with which their authors wrote, that he may be able to determine with the utmost precision the meaning of the Divine oracles. The importance which such an undertaking must have for Protestants needs no detailed proof. The Reformation consisted primarily in the substitution of the Bible for the Church as the seat of authority in faith and practice. It is consequently imperative that its meaning should be fully known. Calvin was an excellent Hebraist; and the attention which is still paid to the study of Hebrew may be due in no small measure to his circle.

We are living, however, in an age in which no institution can escape challenge. Truth has nothing to fear from reverent and vigorous examination, and it would be no compliment to Hebrew studies if their value were not challenged and tested. In that spirit the question may be raised as to whether it is still possible to justify the retention of Hebrew in a theological course on the traditional ground that its study is necessary to the adequate exposition of the Old Testa-

ment in the pulpit. I am disposed to answer the question in the negative, and for these reasons. The difficulty of the language tends to discourage the student, so that when he leaves the University, he relegates his Hebrew Bible to the "dust and silence of the upper shelf." The same reason also makes it impossible for the undergraduate to gain such a mastery of the language that his knowledge can be of any service to him in the study of the Scriptures, or even in the appreciation of the finer details of exegesis, which are made accessible in the commentaries prepared by experts. It is safe to say that the preacher can expound the Old Testament with all necessary fidelity without a knowledge of Hebrew.

It may be urged that similar criticisms can be made upon the study of Greek. It is perhaps no less easy to master than Hebrew, in view of its vastly greater subtlety, although it is not hard to acquire a smattering of it. Greek, however, seems to differ from Hebrew in the fact that it has been recognized for centuries as one of the great instruments of culture. Its study may be compared to gymnastics. The grotesque movements which the latter comprise never require to be reproduced outside the gymnasium; but the physical strength and suppleness which they induce are invaluable assets in life. In the same fashion the habits of mind engendered by the study of Greek are very helpful. Can a similar claim be made for courses in Hebrew? If its place on the theological curriculum cannot be fully justified on the score that it is necessary for the adequate exposition of the Scriptures, can a case be made out for its value on the score that a knowledge of it will produce results analogous to those produced by the study of Greek? If any vestige of doubt lingers as to the meaning of these sentences, it will be dispelled by a reference to an incident in the career of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. A man once said to that great Headmaster, "What will my boy do with Latin?" "The question," said Dr. Arnold, "is not what your boy will do with Latin, but what Latin will do with your boy." May these words not be adapted to the situation with which we are now dealing? The question at issue is not what our ministers will do with Hebrew, but what Hebrew will do with our ministers.

Various answers have been offered to that question. It has been suggested that the accuracy of detail which is characteristic of Hebrew would engender in its students habits of scrupulous care. Again the rich imagery of Hebrew literature would seem to exercise a beneficial influence on its readers. I do not deny the truth or value of these suggestions, but one feels that the same results can be obtained more quickly, easily and surely by the study of other subjects. The

time which the acquisition of even an elementary knowledge of Hebrew demands can only be described as well spent if it produces results obtainable by no other means. Otherwise the prospective minister might devote his time to other lines of investigation which will better fit him to meet the demands of our complex life.

I venture, then, to suggest that the study of Hebrew by the candidate for the ministry can be defended on two main grounds, which I shall now state and discuss in turn.

On the one hand the study of Hebrew furnishes an obtrusive reminder that the spirit and standpoint of the Oriental peoples are fundamentally different from those of Western nations. The exact claim which is made in that sentence must be carefully noted. I do not maintain that by the study of Hebrew one can understand the genius of the East, for that is impossible. The soul of the Orient must ever be a sealed book to the Occidental observer. But Hebrew can serve a useful purpose in the proof of that proposition, whose truth is by no means obvious. There is no surer or quicker road to the soul of a people than that offered by its language and literature. Hebrew is the easiest of the Oriental tongues, and thus provides the student with an opportunity to find that between the East and the West there is a great gulf fixed.

The value of such a discovery can be justified on a variety of grounds. Its bearing on the missionary problem is obvious. Its necessity for a serious leader of public opinion in an Empire, whose population contains a very large Oriental element must be equally potent. Its connection with general culture cannot be denied, when it is remembered that the majority of the world's inhabitants live on the Eastern side of the Suez Canal, and that we are all debtors to the Orient. The numerals which we daily use are Arabic in origin. Jesus was a Jew. There is at present another reason which further strengthens the case. The determination of the status of the Oriental in the polity of the world is the next great question which will clamor for settlement. Now the cloud is no larger than a man's hand, but its appearance is disquieting, and it must be the prayer of every lover of God and man that the international heavens may never become yellow with wind and rain. I venture to assert that one factor which might help in some small measure to stem that catastrophe is the appreciation, on the part of our ministers, of the fundamental difference between the East and the West.

That is not the only ground on which I claim educational value for the study of Hebrew. I do so also because it is a supreme discipline in the art of religious expression. The significance of that claim will become clearer when we remember that certain languages seem

to be specially adapted for the conveyance of certain groups of ideas or experiences. Thus Latin is the language of law. French is the mother tongue of diplomacy. English is the commercial medium *par excellence,* and other examples might be found. To the list there falls to be added Hebrew as the language of religion. In no other tongue do the emotions and experiences of the pious find such adequate expression. The meaning and truth of that sentence will be apprehended through a short quotation from the writings of George Gilfillan, a Scotch divine who flourished about the middle of the last century. In a book entitled, "The Bards of the Bible," he writes: "The austere simplicity of that remarkable verse of Genesis, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' sounds a fitting keynote to the entire volume. Never will we forget the emotion with which we read these words for the first time in the original tongue." These words should go far to indicate the claim which has been made for Hebrew as pre-eminently the language of religion.

In these circumstances it must surely be acknowledged that the study of such a language must have a beneficial effect on its student's powers of expression, comparable to the way in which the style of a classical scholar is invariably characterized by clearness and crispness. The value of such a discipline on the mind of a minister is very great, for his task is largely one of expression. It has been said that he has been called "to break the silence of man towards God, and of God towards man." He must utter the thoughts and feelings of his congregation, which do often lie too deep for their words. Is it necessary to multiply arguments to justify my claim that the study of the language which God chose as the vehicle of His oracles must be of great value to the man who proposes to undertake the work which I have just described? I have no hesitation in affirming that so rich and full is the expression which Hebrew gives to religious faith and feeling, that even the smattering which the average student acquires will not be without its beneficial effects along these lines.

For these reasons, I claim that Hebrew possesses educational value. For these reasons I claim that Hebrew possesses permanent educational value, for the Orient and the Occident will endure to the end of the age, and so will the need for ministers, who can say for men what they cannot say for themselves. Thus one seems justified in cherishing the conviction that this ancient and sacred tongue will never cease to be the subject of fruitful study, until the day when the redeemed from East and West shall see Christ as He is, and praise Him as they ought.

—H. S. Curr.

CHRISTMAS AT CAMBDEN TERRACE.

One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy,—if I may.—STEVENSON, *"A Christmas Sermon."*

ISS LUCY sat very still this Christmas Eve. Her book had dropped idly to her lap, and her eyes, fixed upon the red coals in the grate, saw them not. A touch of sadness showed about her lips. On the wintry side of fifty years was Miss Lucy,—not very strong, not very large; rather thin and white, in fact, like an exquisitely dainty bit of antique china, I sometimes thought, in keeping with the fittings of her sitting-room. But, always gentle, always peaceful, Miss Lucy was especially quiet on this the evening before the first anniversary of Sir John Cambden's passing.

Father and daughter had been all in all each to the other. Miss Lucy hardly remembered her mother, and she and Sir John, since her earliest childhood, had been mutually and lovingly dependent. As the years went by their souls had been knit with tenderest ties; the father idolized the daughter, the daughter adored the father. And Miss Lucy had known the bitterness of a great loneliness since last Christmas Day.

To be sure, there were her brothers Tom and Jack, both younger than herself. But Tom was very busy in town with his factory, and then, too, he had Ruth and the two children. Tom wasn't really to blame for coming out to see her so rarely. While, as for Jack, he had been in New Zealand now for two years and a half,—and he wrote her letters just as often as he could for one so busy.

Marilla, too, was in a pensive mood,—if cats are ever such. At any rate she lay in a big ball of magnificent grey fur, staring at the fire,—and seeing I know not what. Sleek and cosy was Marilla, her red bow giving her a jaunty air, as she lay in expectation of her supper. And to-morrow would be Christmas.

Jennie's sudden entrance caused Miss Lucy to look up, a little startled.

"Mr. Chadwick is enquiring over the telephone, ma'am, if he may see you at half-past eight this evening," said Jennie.

"Tell Mr. Chadwick I shall be pleased to see him this evening, Jennie,—and Jennie, you may take away the tea things afterwards, and bring Marilla's milk in here."

Somehow Miss Lucy felt even Marilla would be company on this

Christmas eve,—which sentiment, no doubt, Marilla fully appreciated as she lapped her supper before the fire she loved.

Punctual as the stroke of the old clock in the hall, Mr. Chadwick arrived, bustling into the sitting-room, still wiping the wet snow from his face and eye-glasses. Miss Lucy rose to greet him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Chadwick."

"Ah, good-evening, Miss Cambden. You're well, I hope? This snow is abominable,—excuse my mopping my face, will you?—abominable, yes, extraordinarily wet and stickish, what?" stuttered Mr. Chadwick.

Miss Lucy with difficulty concealed a smile. Certainly a lawyer of the old school was Mr. Chadwick. A great and abiding reverence for the law and things legal, a scrupulous carefulness as to dress, and an exceedingly nervous manner combined to make of him a very well-meaning but intensely fussy gentleman. Though somewhat younger than Sir John, he had been his intimate and lifelong friend.

Marilla, too, rose to greet Mr. Chadwick, but in a manner very different from that of Miss Lucy. Her feline back described a graceful arch, all four feet were closely planted, and her bushy tail was erect; while the slipping of her bow to a rakish position behind her right ear combined to give the usually peaceful Marilla a very pugnacious appearance. Something in her Persian ancestry invariably aroused her ire at the approach of Mr. Chadwick. On this occasion, with a most malevolent expression on her face she retired indignantly beneath the table.

Mr. Chadwick laid his shiny black leather wallet on a chair,—the wallet which invariably accompanied him whithersoever he went, and which Miss Lucy found herself ever imagining as having been cut from the same piece of leather as the equally inevitable patent leather shoes which were always upon the barrister's feet. In fact, Mr. Chadwick's attire would have been wholly sombre but for the brilliant red necktie which was as certain as the wallet and the shoes. He now seated himself opposite Miss Lucy, having withdrawn the handkerchief from the mopping process in order that it might play its part in a violent blowing of his nose.

"You have come about my father's will, I presume," began Miss Lucy, with a slight tremor in her voice, and a nervous gripping of the arm of her chair. "You have—found a buyer for Cambden Terrace?"

"Yes," muttered Mr. Chadwick, between blows.

Miss Lucy shrank a little from the shock of that expected affirmative, and then enquired:

"May I ask the buyer's name, and how soon he wishes to take possession?"

Mr. Chadwick had by this time ceased his trumpeting and adjusted his glasses anew.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Cambden, I didn't ascertain the buyer's name. You see the negotiations have come through the firm of Batsworth, Cox and Emory, and I don't recollect the name being mentioned. Ah,—as a matter of fact, you know, the will of the late Sir John requires the sale of his house and grounds not later than one year after his death, but what with the price of the estate being so high, and money so tight of late, buyers for a place of this kind are scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. So, since the time expires to-morrow, Christmas Day, I have been worried to death over the thing, until Emory called me up this afternoon and said he had a client for the place, willing to pay the price asked for, too. Mighty lucky, I call it. I certainly expected we'd have to knock off a thousand or so,—and for a long time, too, it looked as though we'd be lucky to get a bidder. So, what I came out for to-night is to see if we can come here to-morrow morning, at say eleven o'clock, and fix up the papers and get the matter settled once and for all."

And, with the air of having made as happily as possible a rather unpleasant announcement, which, nevertheless, duty compelled him to make, Mr. Chadwick leaned back in his chair, and renewed the wiping of his glasses. Miss Lucy said nothing; but continued to gaze at the fire—and see it not. The silence was disturbing to Mr. Chadwick, and he felt it incumbent upon him to add something.

"Ahem,—I know, Miss Cambden, this is going to be very hard for you, yes, very hard. Ah,—born and raised as you have been here at Cambden Terrace, you do not—er,—relish the thought of leaving it. But really, you know, Sir John could not have done otherwise. In fact, you know, he acted very wisely, very wisely, indeed. It's a painful subject, of course—ahem—but you are as well aware as am I that your father left almost nothing but this estate. In fact, speaking quite bluntly, my dear Miss Cambden, you have er,—practically nothing with which to keep it up. To attempt to do so under such circumstances would be manifestly absurd. Do not misunderstand me, my dear Miss Cambden, you are by no means in straightened circumstances. In fact, after the sale of Cambden Terrace, you will still have abundance with which to live in comfort all your days. So that, after all is said and done, the only course which is open to us is really the best one, too."

And Mr. Chadwick ceased his somewhat protracted effort and again betook himself to his pocket handkerchief.

Miss Lucy still gazed fixedly into the grate, and said nothing,—in fact, Mr. Chadwick began to doubt whether she had even heard him. His errand completed, however, and feeling rather uncomfortable, he rose, picked up his wallet and started to take himself off as rapidly as possible. Then only did Miss Lucy give evidence that she was aware of his presence. She rose as he was leaving the room.

"I shall expect you then at eleven to-morrow. Good-evening, Mr. Chadwick."

"Thank you, ah—good-evening, Miss Cambden," and the lawyer was gone.

Marilla came forth from under the table and resumed her place before the fire.

Miss Lucy sat very still and very late that Christmas Eve. It had come at last. To be sure she had expected it for a whole year, but down in the bottom of her heart she had hoped that a buyer for her home would not be found until the New Year at least. The thought of signing away her father's estate,—the home so dear to his heart,—on the first anniversary of his death was, well,—as Mr. Chadwick had said,—a little hard. To-morrow, Christmas Day, Cambden Terrace, for the first time in its history, would belong to one of another name. Yes, it would be hard to leave the only home she had ever known, and ever wanted to know. A sweet fancy of her childhood had been that she should spend all her days at Cambden Terrace among the lawns, the gardens that she loved,—and of which Sir John had been so passionately fond. The quaint old house, too, with its memories so tender and sweet,—yes, it would be very hard to leave Cambden Terrace.

But it was late. She must leave these thoughts which caused her only pain. Marilla was already asleep and purring rhythmically in front of the glowing ashes in the grate. . . . .

Miss Lucy rose and breakfasted at an early hour Christmas morning. She admitted to herself that she had not rested as well as she usually did; but then, too, Tom would no doubt be here for his Christmas morning call. And precisely at half-past ten, in he came, bluff and hearty as usual.

"Well, Lucy, my dear," was his greeting, "Merry Christmas to you, and why so pale on this beautiful winter morning?"

"Merry Christmas, Tom. I am glad to see you this morning,"

said she, ignoring his question. "And how are Ruth and the children?"

"Happy as larks this Christmas morning, and wishing me to give their love to Aunt Lucy," replied Tom, as he patted Marilla, who was energetically rubbing against his leg and purring with delight.

"Thank you, Tom, and you may give them my love in return, will you please? I am very glad you have come this morning, Tom, because I am expecting Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Emory very shortly. They are coming—er,—we are going to sign the papers for the sale of Cambden Terrace this morning, Tom," and Miss Lucy choked slightly and stared at the floor.

"So they have found a buyer at last," said Tom, "Well, well, I hardly expected they would after searching in vain so long. Well, well, so the poor old Terrace is going to be sold."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Jennie to announce the arrival of Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Emory.

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Cambden, good-morning, Mr. Cambden," said Mr. Chadwick as he bustled into the room, wallet under arm as usual. "Miss Cambden, let me present Mr. Emory of Batsworth, Cox and Emory. I believe you are acquainted with Mr. Cambden, Mr. Emory."

"Good-morning, Mr. Emory," said Miss Lucy, somewhat timorously, won't you sit down?"

"Merry Christmas to you both," called Tom; and while he and Mr. Emory exchanged pleasantries, Mr. Chadwick, always business-like, began to extract papers from his wallet and to lay them on the table. Marilla haughtily retired to her accustomed hiding-place.

"Now then," interrupted Mr. Chadwick, in his most professional voice, as he seated himself before the table and adjusted his glasses, "Shall we—er, come to business, and get this matter over with so we can return to our various holiday festivities, what? Miss Cambden, your name in full, if you please?"

"Lucy Elizabeth Cambden," replied Miss Lucy, in a voice which she thought could hardly be her own.

There was a silence while Mr. Chadwick inserted this in the proper place.

"And your client's name, Mr. Emory?"

"Thomas Lewis Cambden!" shouted that individual himself as he jumped to his feet and slipped his arm about Miss Lucy's shoulders.

"Well, upon my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Chadwick, while Mr. Emory

bade fair to damage the buttons on his waistcoat as he shouted with glee.

"Oh,—" was all Miss Lucy said, as she buried her face on her brother's shoulder, and gave expression in tears to the joy that knows no other vent.

"Just a little Christmas present, Lucy dear," said Tom. "You see, Ruth and I decided that after all the town was no place to raise a couple of healthy youngsters like ours, while Cambden Terrace is an ideal spot for just that purpose. Besides, since the formation of the new company I am going to have a lot more time on my hands in which to enjoy the old home and its associations. Then, too, we want to have you with us; I do, Ruth does, and so do the children; and it seemed such an awful pity for the Terrace to be sold to anybody but a Cambden. It wouldn't really be Cambden Terrace then, would it, Lucy?"

"No, Tom, it wouldn't be Cambden Terrace without a Cambden," smiled Miss Lucy. "You are a very dear brother!"

Meanwhile Marilla had ventured from her hiding place and was fast asleep in the arm chair. She, too, had decided to take up permanently her residence at Cambden Terrace.

—Harold Lang.

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

—Dickens' *Christmas Carol.*

NOËL.

Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche;
—Cloches, carillonez gaîement!—
Jésus est né; la Vierge penche
Sur lui son visage charmant.

Dark is the sky, the earth is white;
—Ring out, O bells, your chimes of joy!—
Jesus is born;—and o'er her boy
The sweet-faced Virgin bends to-night.

Pas de courtines festonnées
Pour préserver l'enfant du froid;
Rien que les toiles d'araignées
Qui pendent des poutres du toit.

No draperies with festooned folds
Enwrap the infant as he dreams;
But drooping from the rooftree beams,
Him spiders' webs preserve from cold.

Il tremble sur la paille fraîche,
Ce cher petit enfant Jésus,
Et pour l'échauffer dans sa crèche
L'âne et le boeuf soufflent dessus.

Upon the fresh straw of his bed,
Trembling the little Jesus lay;
The ox and ass beside him stay
And warmly breathe upon his head.

La neige au chaume coud ses franges,
Mais sur le toit s'ouvre le ciel
Et, tout en blanc, le choeur des anges
Chante aux bergers: "Noël! Noël!"

Down from the thatch snow fringes fell,
Yet Heaven above it opened bright
While angel choirs in vesture white
To shepherds sang: "Noël! Noël!"

—From the French of Theophile Gauthier,
translated by the late Professor Glenn H. Campbell.

CLARENCE A. GAGNON, A.R.C.A.

A Quebec Village Street in Winter.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

BATHS.

THIS is not a dissertation on the magnificent palaces in which the Imperial Romans performed their luxurious and oily ablutions, or the vast open-air lavatories of the ancient Egyptian monarchs, or the white marble basins, filled with rippling water, that graced many a green Attic or Theban glen above the blue sparkle of the far Aegean. Neither do I wish to speak learnedly of some great movement towards installing public baths in our country towns to the astonished admiration of the oldest inhabitant; nor to enlarge on the wonders of modern plumbing; nor to set down a learned medical treatise on the action and reaction of mud baths, tub baths and all their ilk,—far be it from me! My theme is much more simple and demands much less erudition,—though perhaps more experience. It is to set down some of the various places and circumstances in and under which a touring missionary enjoys his bath.

Any "odd fish" who is lukewarm on the subject of baths should be sent for a sojourn to this land of charm and perspiration, where he will soon be drawn, as it were, into the whirlpool. As the "padre" is often away from his white-plastered home for long periods, it naturally follows that the background of his ablutions is somewhat varied. But first let me pay a tribute of praise to the bathroom of an Indian bungalow. It is adequately and gloriously "splashable." The floor is of cement or tiles, one end sunk a little lower than the general level, and the walls of plaster. The furniture consists of a large earthen pot of water, a tin tub, a tin mug and a cake usually of Pears' soap. Here with plenty of elbow room one may disport himself like an elephant in a tank, with nothing that will suffer from immersion, effusion or showering. Other lands may boast their porcelain tubs and glazed tiles, their shining appointments and scientific plumbing, but there is no place where man can so fling himself, regardless of consequences, as in an Indian bathroom. Imagine the joy of coming in from a hot morning's work in the blazing sun and pouring the floods of cool, caressing water over grateful epidermis, splashing and blowing, and sending the showers flying in every direction, while the walls echo to Tipperary or some tripping Telugu lyric, sung in joyful fortissimo!

No less grateful are the purifications undergone in more straitened circumstances, when, far from home, one reaches some miserable, shivering, rainy-season village in the darkness of nine p.m. and a steady downpour, the tent and impedimenta following afar off and not likely to arrive before midnight. Happy then if you have

an enterprising deacon with a good tiled house who rushes out to meet you, spirits away the tired horse for a rubdown and feed, and for the rider has a couple of pots of hot water set in the little kitchen under the sloping roof. Here, under the smoke-blackened rafters (one or two sudden contacts with which warn you to keep stooping), with the rain drumming on the tiles overhead, and surrounded by shining brass pots and vessels, what bliss to lose the mud, the wet chill and weariness of the long grey journey in waves of hot water, aided by a cake of—Pears' soap, which you did not expect to find here! Then you rise to enjoy the kindly if simple hospitality of your friend's curry and rice with an outer glow that the said rice and curry, if not toned down for your special benefit, very soon more than duplicates in your inner man.

I hope no one will misunderstand me when I say that once I indulged in a bath on a station platform! To those who may have visions of Turkish bath cabinets standing about on the platforms at the Union Station, or worse, I hasten to explain that, like the desired city of the patriarch of old, "it was a very little one." Furthermore, it happened at dead of night, the lights all extinguished, and only the "lantern dimly burning," as at the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna. I had come in on my bicycle twenty miles in the early afternoon of a bright May day,—one of those foolish things a missionary does, because there is no very good way to get out of it. As the genial warmth of an Indian hot season is indescribable, I will let it pass, My lunch of chicken sandwich, carried in a tin box, had so suffered from the sun en route that after one furtive sniff, I consigned it to the pariah dogs,—a red-letter day in their calendar! I sweltered around until my cart arrived in the cool of the evening,—that is, the then comparative lack of heat, or "fire," as the natives expressively term the hot season sunshine. Pretty soon darkness fell, the local rumbled in, paused, and passed on, the last stragglers trailed away and the station master departed for his evening meal. Then,—ah, how good it felt, under the lee of the friendly crotons, to loose the stream from the big hydrant which stands on all station platforms out here, and enjoy the "cool silver shock" with all the zest of a Browning's David, though not perhaps in such poetic circumstances. What the sun had failed to accomplish by way of "making the face to shine" was achieved by the gladdening stream, and, freshly attired, and pleasantly full of the supper the faithful "boy" had meanwhile achieved from practically nothing, I spread myself in an armchair from the waiting-room to await the midnight train,—for all trains arrive at midnight out here.

But there is nothing equal to sea-bathing in India or elsewhere. Vizagapatam, one of our stations, has a splendid beach of fine hard sand, with the whole Bay of Bengal behind to rush into. It is reputed to contain sharks,—but what of that? So does the Bay of Fundy, according to news despatches. Well do I remember the occasion when the Rev. Archie (alias "Airchie") Gordon and myself were spinning down in the rickshaw along the steep, red, sunken roads early one morning to take away, among the curling breakers of the Coromandel Coast, the taste of some rather dry committee meetings. Who can describe the delights of the first splashing rush, the sense of buoyancy as the big waves rush under you, breaking into foam about your ears, now on a crest, with the whole panorama of the palm-set Eastern town beyond the blue, and again in the trough, nothing visible but sky and the broad back of the next wave.

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,"

and the breeze is as fresh and the water as salt and life-giving as in the English Channel or the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

After such a dip, it would be cruelty to drag the reader inland again, to hear more about baths in fishing boats and tents, involuntary ones in canals or tanks; so we will say farewell upon the breezy beach at Vizagapatam, before going up again, our energy undampened by the dip, to cast more light, according to our ability, on the building problems of the Mission.

—J. B. McLaurin, '05.

You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars.

Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God (as misers do in gold and as Kings in sceptres) you never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the whole world and the stars are your jewels,

Till you love men so as to deserve their happiness with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own.

Till you delight in God for being good to all—you never enjoy the world.

The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it;
It is a temple of majesty, yet no man regards it;
It is a region of light and peace, did not men disquiet it.
It is the Paradise of God!
It is the place of angels, and the gate of Heaven.

—Traherne.

"MOTIONLESS, UPON HER BED."

Motionless, upon her bed,
By pale roses garlanded,
Little Dorothea lies,
Incommunicably wise
With the wisdom of the dead.

'Twas but yesterday she wed:
Now her golden, girlish head
Wears another bridal guise,
Motionless.

Were her slumber mine instead,
She could not be comforted:
Streaming tears would blind her eyes . .
Yet, when Dorothea dies,
Silent I wait, with doubt and dread
Motionless.

(From The Atlantic Monthly, by permission of the author.)

—George Herbert Clarke, '95.

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Editorial Notes

Christmas cannot be defined. It is more than a commemoration of an historical event, a religious festival laid down by creed.

> "It's what one feels and cannot say,
> Even when one sings,
> Though that's the nearest way.
> . . . It's all those things."

Christmas calls up all the happy memories of childhood. We see once more the cold, white December morning, and the woods where the little evergreens peep above the snow like children round their tall parental pines. We remember the wonderful adventure when we chose one of the sturdiest of the little ones, hewed it down and

dragged it home upon the sled. Christmas is a memory of candles and toys upon the little tree, a mother and father bringing gifts, a house called home, an open fire, Sunday School concerts of long ago,—kindliness,—generosity. Christmas is "all those things."

The Christmasses of childhood, with their glamour and simple wonder, soon pass away, yet their memory should be one of unfailing freshness. Lest the day now lose its reality and joyfulness, lest it grow common in the rush and business of life, lest we start in the way of old Scrooge in the Dickens' story our hearts must light their own candles, burn their own Yule logs, ring their own bells. Christmas will mean the renewing of our warmth, our kindness, our generosity and sympathy.

This month it is our privilege to publish Professor Curr's address, "The Educational Value of Hebrew," which made such an impression when first delivered at the Autumn Convocation. The article, "Baths," by the Rev. J. B. McLaurin, '05, is the first of a number of short articles which we hope to publish from McMaster men and women now serving in the foreign field.

The McMaster Monthly
extends to its readers
Hearty Christmas Greetings
and all Good Wishes for
the Coming Year

Around the Hall

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EDITOR: GEORGE P. GILMOUR, '21.

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas-blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let Sorrow lie;
And, if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry!"—*George Wither.*

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,
. . . . . .
O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."—*Tennyson.*

THE cheery song of steel-shod wheels on frosty mornings, the bracing sting of blustering north winds, the strange shyness of afternoons that fear to outstay their welcome,—they are here again, and Christmas, 1920, comes apace. The joy of little people bubbles over in dancing eyes and quiveringly whispering lips; the eager crowd hurries hither and yon, and shops grow unwontedly gay: this is Christmas, the season of Christendom's perennial childhood. Yes, too, it is the time when fields grow bleak and when everyone awaits that hoped-for flurry of softest snow that somehow always seems to bless Christmas eve, noiselessly-descending flakes that smooth over the brown roughness of God's open spaces and blot out the ugliness of man's work, and restore to all things a peaceful friendliness that matches marvellously the work of the Spirit of Christmas as it in its turn smoothes out our little differences and shames our querulousness into reverent silence. Now we sing again the wondrous hymns that seem to pierce to the very centre of all sacred thought, purifying, sanctifying . . . The Spirit of Eternal Love is abroad among men, and the glorious song of the heavenly host brings its promise anew to waiting hearts. . . . And of us who seek in this University the vision of the Holy

Child may it not have been said, as it was said of the unexpectant Shepherds long ago,

> "Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
> Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep."

A Freshman has just been reported as suffering from lung-trouble, which reminds us that there is latent in the approaching Mid-year examinations an inexhaustible supply of editorial humor. There has never yet appeared an editor strong-minded enough wholly to pass over this opportunity of forcing a sickly smile out of worried candidates, although it may justly be pointed out that jocularity on this score is rather like the grim humor of the individual on the way to the guillotine, who said to the driver, "Don't hurry for me, I'm not afraid of being late." Upon some of us doubtless the axe will fall, but this is no cause for despondency, for be it remembered that many have immortalized themselves in like circumstances. In reading up the French Revolution we have been much struck with the quiet way in which those about to die composed obituary epigrams which survive to this day; so, to perpetuate our spirit of *camaraderie* within those who also suffered under a Terror, we would urge all students to compose a few pithy sayings *at once*. These may later be appended to manuscripts, or spoken gracefully as the candidate leaves the Examination Hall.

We have come to the conclusion that the difference between the graduate and the undergraduate is, after all, not one in kind, but only in degree.

Intercollege Debate

The Agrarian party suffered an academic setback on November 16th, when McMaster debated Victoria on the subject, "Resolved that a Farmers' party should be welcomed at Ottawa." By a disconcerting anachronism that conclusively demonstrates how greatly debates affect the body politic, the same evening that our men were giving the farmers the cold shoulder, federally speaking, East Elgin returned a Baptist to Ottawa as a Farmer member. This debate inaugurated the intercollege series for 1920-21.

Harold Carr and Ernest Orsborn were selected for McMaster and Mr. Annis and Mr. Swan for Victoria. Mr. Annis, opening the affirmative case, undertook to prove that things were come to a crisis socially, politically, economically. We sadly verified the economic aspect by an exhaustive search through our pockets, our sometime repositories for currency. These lamentations sobered the erstwhile joyous throng with the knowledge that perilous times were come; but how

this pessimistic outlook affected the situation under discussion Mr. Annis failed to make clear, a fatal omission. Mr. Orsborn, opening for McMaster, dissembled the gloom and clarified the issue by dividing the negative case into attacks on tariff and taxation. Speaking on taxation, he showed, in the farmers' proposals, the inefficacy of the inheritance tax, the inutility of the land tax and the injustice of the income tax. In Mr. Orsborn's case, the revelance of his matter, the clarity of his arrangement, and the concentration of his manner, made him the most effective speaker of the evening. The next speech, by Mr. Swan, was of a dual nature—a phillipic against Chilliwack, B.C. (My! he had been there), and an apologia for modern mining methods. He shared the shortcomings of his partner, a failure to relate material vitally and forcibly to the matter in hand. His dynamic was admirable but excessive—"let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Mr. Carr closed the case for the negative, showing the tariff measures of the U. F. to be immoderate and ill-timed. His fault seemed to have been vast preparation, with insufficient digestion, but his matter was relevant.

The decision was a close one, but awarded to the negative by the judges, Prof. Jackman of the University of Toronto, Controller Ramsden, and J. C. Falconbridge Casey. The musical programme consisted of a solo by a Vic undergrad, and a series of choruses from the visiting (but distinctly noticeable) McMaster delegation.

> "Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Such were the strains that flowed from a charmed violin. But not for long did placidity reign supreme. Tales of wrongs, injustices and vile oppressions stirred our sympathies. Stories of religious persecution roused our zeal. Accounts of industrial expansion commanded our respectful admiration when compared with adjacent lethargic attempts at progress. Yes, all this and more happened when Dr. T. T. Shields gave his address on Ireland to the Literary Society on November 12th, and Mr. Paul Hahn charmed the violin as aforesaid.

Literary Society

Voluminous references to personal interviews with dock-laborers and national leaders served to outline the causes, the objects, the workings and the strength of the revolution. In an educational system that fosters the rehearsal of the cruelties of the ages, that steeps its students in the history of Irish persecution, with a consequent hatred of Britain and all things British; in a system that draws support from the most perfect and efficient organization of the world, the

Catholic Church: *here* we find the molten centre of the volcano of sedition. And here appears also the solution of the most acute present-day problem, a problem not merely of Irish or of British significance, but one of world-wide consequence, since the basis is a religious struggle between the two great religious faiths. Hence, not until the secularization and modernization of the Irish school system is achieved, can peace abide in Ireland.

We read recently of a Polish chess wonder who plays about forty-three games at once, but after all, that is a paltry achievement. The other night, one of our men went out and played five hundred.

Founder's Night

Wal, by Gummoe, I was out to the Barnes the other night feeding the Cowies and the Groats when along come Levi and sez are you going to this 'ere Foundries Night wot is goin' to be put on at old Mac? Wal, sez I, I don't Spector. This 'ere Farmer is too Mesley to let us hired Helps Doolittle else but work. Wyman, you Hicks make me sick working the Hull time, sez he. Wal, Mabee, I sez, I 'll ask the old Crofoot, but I suppose he'll raise Cain, coz we got no Small Pyle of work on hand. Anyhow, I'll write me Best girl and see if I can Roper in on this.

Wal, wen I got to town I had an awful job to Hunter up and then I didn't know whether to Walker or Trotter, but finally decided to McNab a Carr. So I got a Brisco or a Dodge or a Russell. I dunno which, but anyhow it weren't no Forde though it did sound like a Longmore and certainly weren't nothing to Crowe about. Still I was scared the Hale would make marks on her New creation of many Hughes, wot the Taylor made special. Wal, we finely got to the Hall all Wright and, great Scott! wot a time we had. The orchestra sure did Hooper up with the old Harmon-y; and I never knew How'ard one man could blow a Horne till I heard the Row during the promenades. The grub come from Coles and their Cook sure Frise her doughnuts nice and Brown. She's some Baker! I consumed a couple of Platus of them and a Pitcher of Moonshine. Kozinets! how that stuff does Groh on one; my head felt like some Mason had dropped his Hodd on it. So I shouts a Hack-son! And we drove up Hill and down Dale beneath the Starrs, and after we got to her place I produced the Goldring under the *Holley. Oh Hubert sez she, but you must cut the Dyce! Good-bye big Dick, sez I to myself, she's got me in her Webb; I'm no longer a Freedman.

*Editor's Note: For Holley read Mistletoe.

When I got home I sez to myself, well, better go to Bedson; but first I went out to the Henry to see if any of the Step-hens had McLay-ed but they were nearly all Moulton, and the only two eggs there were Ruttan.

Was it due to malice aforethought that, the morning after Founder's Night, we sang in Chapel, "Fiends may look like angels bright"? If this be the case, we believe that next year each gentleman may be required to say to his partner, in the apt words of the late John Milton, "Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?" This will insure against disillusionment.

The report of the Committee on the State of Dialectic among McMaster debaters is here appended:

Debating Union

"The Debating Union has not as yet affiliated with the O. B. Union, though it is in sympathy with its controversial propensities. The attendance so far has proved that though mental preparation is necessary before one can participate effectively, this is one of McMaster's popular societies. The policy of choosing not only graduates, but also Seniors as judges has met with approval, and it is encouraging to note that all meetings are characterized by the keenest interest, especially on the part of the Freshmen. The Conservative and Liberal parties are now well-organized under the leadership of the Rt. Hon. A. S. McGrath, D.V., and the Hon. M. Dallman, F. H. B., respectively. It is further stated that through the doctrine preached by the honorable member from Nelson, B.C., notes have practically disappeared, and the Union has been greatly helped by very pertinent and unsparing criticisms. Your committee unanimously fellowships this organization, and applies for twenty-five dollars in addition to room rent."

Men's Chorus

On Wednesday, November 23rd, the Men's Chorus was organized, with Mr. W. O. White as President, and Mr. D'Alton McLaughlin as the genial and expert leader. Rehearsals are now being held every Monday and Wednesday. The organization is at present "as an infant crying in the night," but it is firmly believed that the infant will grow and that its inarticulate cry will develop into the sweet strains of a little prohibition song entitled "Drink to me only with thine eyes." It is expected that this song and others will survive the ordeal of being rended in private, and will at some future date be rendered in public for the edification of all who will attend. This will be after the examination results are known in all their cruel

detail, when the Men's Chorus hope to soothe many "savage breasts." Cheer up, folks, and be ready to buy your ticket!

Fyfe Day

The first Fyfe Missionary Day of the year, held on November 17th, under the direction of Mr. A. H. Carr, Y.M.C.A. President, was of exceptional interest and wide vision. In the morning session, Mr. Gordon Atkinson, Miss Burridge and Mr. Harold Lang presented reports of the Cobourg Conferences held during the past summer. As each report was a personal view, the inspiration of the whole conference was brought to the students in a vivid manner. A particular feature of the morning was the address of Rev. L. C. Kitchen, a graduate of Year '20, who is leaving for India in January. Mr. Kitchen's subject was "Why I am going to India."

The afternoon session was not lacking in appeal. The claims of the mission fields were strikingly impressed on the minds of those present by the illustrated lecture of Rev. J. S. Hall of Sudan, on the needs of the vast portions of Africa untouched by the Gospel. The usual devotional periods and singing of sacred solos and duets increased the spiritual ardour and receptiveness of all for the addresses of both sessions. A very helpful Fyfe Day was brought to a close by the various year prayer meetings.

Senior Parties

On Saturday, November 6th, Wallingford Hall was the scene of a delightful children's party. Early in the evening six little girls, dainty in crisp white frocks, assembled in the Reception Hall to await the arrival of some little playmates, who, after the fashion of youthful visitors, were not tardy in arriving. Wallingford has never sheltered a more interesting gathering—little girls ecstatically clutching dolls and teddy bears; and mischievous boys, who soon discarded their unwonted shyness and "showed off" in the most approved style. The evening was spent in the old-time games of Rachel and Jacob, Nuts-in-May, London Bridge, etc., punctuated with outbursts of ingenuous laughter. When little legs were tired, little mouths were given wholesome refreshments (cf. ads. for jell-o) and after supper another romp was allowed, until at an hour when children are usually asleep, fond parents came and took the youngsters home. Loss of sleep makes children cross, so next day it was easy to see that the revellers were the Seniors who in response to an invitation from the '21 girls in residence had exchanged their gowns and grave demeanor for the garb and the frivolity of earlier youth. *Sic semper bacchantes.*

The other nite on Nov. 20, we jerneyed to Mrs. Loney's were she was giving a handout for the bunch in the 4th yere, wich being an annual event evry yere is the sorce of much pleshure. They having the fernas on we took off our coats and leaned vs. the door-post from wence we sez to all new arrivels O your late wich being obvious there was no reply. We played ping pong wich is hard on the chandeleers, and beanbags wich is hard on the beans, and gessing games wich is hard on the bean. Then Dobbie and Mac begun to pass cawfee with 1 hand and direct traffic with the other, wich was just the beginning of a most delightful mele like we never get at old McM. Then W. F. coaxed a joke or 2 into the circle, and finely we thanked and sang our fairwell song about all our deeds, wich I hope is still safe in the strongbox.

That Yell! Listen!

Another of those phenomena known to doting maiden aunts and other pestilences as "class cries" has been found. Its language savors of the pentecostal, but its general drift and its declamatory qualities are quite evident. The Freshmen intend to advertise their presence with the following:—

Sina—ma—jinks—a—gee,
Sina—ma—jinks—a—jo,
Sina—ma—nory—pory,
Ikey swikey, swikey ikey,
Chicka—go—ala—ma—nory,
Boomalacka, chickalacka,
Rip—ziz—boom,
Nineteen Twenty-four!
Give us Room!

EDITOR: MISS HELEN CLINE, '21.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS FRANCES TROTTER, '22.

"So now is come our joyfulest feast
Let everyone be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."

WITH the so-called "Christmas" examinations two weeks farther off than formerly, what Yule-tide joys may be ours this festive season! For at least a few days, forgetting text-books, notes and lectures, we can

". . play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

From Wallingford Hall will go a crowd of happy girls, to their own homes or to the homes of friends. All will depart with mingled feelings of relief and excitement. Each one will gladly return after the two weeks' change to the ringing of bells, the noise and rush of our busy life.

Perhaps it will be just as well not to forget examinations in the midst of our Christmas frivolity. An ancient Christmas custom of Bulgaria invites an application to our present needs. As part of the ceremony the house-father must "wish" and "advancing to the hearth, where logs are burning in readiness, strikes them till sparks fly out, with a good wish for the horses, another for the cows, another for the goats, and so on through the whole farming stock, winding up with an extra blow for a plenteous harvest." How the sparks would fly and the flames leap up if we followed this old custom and struck the logs on the paternal hearth one good blow for "Pol Econ," another for French, others for Biology, Mathematics and Philosophy. Many a Christmas fire might be in danger of complete extinction, especially when we wound up with an extra blow for a plenteous crop of firsts.

"While stars of Christmas shine
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words,
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad,
For love's dear sake."

W. L. S.

The afternoon of November 12th was marked by an excellent address on "Child Welfare" by Mrs. Powers. She emphasized the pressing need of hearty cooperation in this ever-broadening field of service. The war brought home to us the fact that "the manhood of the nation is its greatest asset," and we have found our educational system utterly inadequate to cope with the situation. The speaker opened up the various fields in which university students could be specially used. One and all felt deeply interested and owned a fresh responsibility in regard to others. Helen Gilmour sang charmingly, adding to an enjoyable afternoon.

"A wet street, and a leaden sky,
A wind that follows fast."

"Lit" Reception

Yet many of McMaster's loyal friends found the weather not so uninviting as to prevent them from presenting themselves in Castle Memorial Hall on the afternoon of Friday, November 19th. After being duly "handed down the line," which consisted of Mrs. Findlay and Miss Marjorie Starr, the guests were ushered to their seats by imposing personages who resembled Seniors in dignity, but were found to be mere Freshettes.

According to their characteristic desire to oblige, the members of the Junior year once more agreed to forsake their dignity, and gave, for the second time, their farce—"Macbeth à la Mode." We compliment the actresses on their ability to refrain from laughter in hopelessly ridiculous moments. The guests were profuse in their expressions of admiration and praise, thus once more it was a case of "united effort going not unrewarded."

The Freshettes continued to prove useful in their newly-found haughtiness, by distributing the ever-acceptable delicacies always to be found at receptions. A comfortable social hour was enjoyed, after which the poor deluded Freshies discarded every vestige of departing dignity and forthwith proceeded to wield the dish-cloth right mightily. Every Bloor St. Baptist cup was appropriately

wrapped in a Bloor St. Baptist calendar and the whole deposited in tubs. Equally noticeable was the rapid disappearance of all the aforementioned delicacies hitherto unconsumed.

Tea in the Ladies' Room—In view of the fact that many of the girls had not yet had the privilege of personally meeting Mrs. Trotter, our new Dean, an afternoon tea was held in her honor in the Ladies' Room on Tuesday, November 9th. Mrs. Trotter spoke to the girls in a very sympathetic and understanding way, and her wise words of counsel will, we are sure, help us through many a difficulty in our school life. Much hesitancy was at first exhibited in the matter of disposing of the refreshments served, but, "ex consuetudine," not a crumb remained to tell the tale at 9.15 the next morning.

Freshette Tea

Wallingford Hall should mean something to every McMaster girl, whether she lives in the building or not. Monday, November 22nd, Mrs. Trotter invited the non-resident Freshettes to meet with her and with the residence quartette for afternoon tea.

After chatting, laughing and nibbling olives together in the reception room, surely the members of '24 will not hesitate to go often to Wallingford and "lift the latch and walk in."

Bible Study

The Bible Study classes as begun last month have been continued during November, and under the leadership of Florence Marlow and Ethel Wilson, respectively, we have renewed and extended our acquaintance with first, Delilah and Deborah, and second, Ruth, Naomi and Orpah. Our attention has been directed particularly to the loyal bravery of the woman judge, Deborah, to the strange mingling of fidelity and treachery in Delilah, to the firm faith of Naomi, to the patriotism of Orpah, and to the wisdom of Ruth who "chose the better part." As our knowledge of these women is increased, our sympathetic interest in their motives, their deeds, and their influence is stimulated and in each we find a peculiar message for her sisters of to-day.

Women's Athletics

November has witnessed the first stage of the new development in Women's Athletics. It has required considerable effort and tact on the part of the Athletic Executive to gain admission to Lillian Massey, but the result has been well worth the effort since we have one and all entered enthusiastically into the enjoyment of our new privileges. The athletic game is much like a penny-in-the-slot

machine. You pay your fees (Oh! that they were a penny!), and take your choice. If you so desire, you may disport yourself in the Arctic waters of the tank, or, imagining that you are an English peasant, assume graceful attitudes on the gymnasium floor.

In addition to all this, there is basketball. This month we have played five games,—two with both Faculty and Meds and one with Moulton. The score, 27-2 in favor of Meds, can give no idea of the relative ability of the teams, since it was conceded that with the exception of Meds' forward, our team was every bit the equal of the other.

In the first game against Faculty McMaster won by a considerable margin, and was granted the next game by default. The score was Faculty 9, McMaster 22.

McMaster failed to come up to her usual standard in the game with Moulton and the first two thirds showed rather spiritless playing. However, in the last third, we played up much better and saved the game with a score of 18-14 in our favor.

The second game with Meds showed some splendid playing, and although we were again defeated it was by no means an unevenly contested game. The score was 30-5 in favor of Meds. Line-up for McMaster: Forwards, Alice Macdougall, Winifred Mallagh; defence, Emo Gilmour, Jeanette Reddick; side-centre, Neva Deeton; centre, Marie Smith; spares, Jean MacArthur, Ruth Starr, Jean Putnam, Nell Curtis, Jeanette McKee. Coach, Holman Doolittle.

The final game in the baseball series was played off between the Seniors and Sophettes. The Seniors carried off the victory by a score of 19-15.

Athletics

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

"The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blenches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of Victory."—*Burke.*

E face another winter's hockey,—some of us gleefully, some dubiously, but most of us hopefully. The records show that in 1904, 1906 and 1912 McMaster faced off for Provincial honors. It is now time for us to see results from the strenuous efforts to revive athletics after the lapse of the war. We find that in the past nearly every defeat was due to "lack of condition" or "slowing up in the last period" while our opponents have come up from behind and won the game by a margin. We believe that we have a team of able players for this winter,—but ability alone cannot last sixty minutes of fast hockey, it is *condition* that counts. Our team must get into and keep in condition.

The final Field Day results for the various years may now be announced. Year '22 in winning the tug-of-war still maintains the lead with 46 points; then comes year '21 with 41 points, year '23 with 33 points, year '24 with 12 points and finally Theology with 3 points.

SOCCER

On Thursday, November 4th at Ramsden Park the Seniors held the Juniors scoreless and scored one goal for themselves. A general lack of knowledge of the game caused much loose playing, and in this regard the Seniors were just as guilty as the Juniors. The line-up:

Juniors 0
Seniors 1

Seniors—Goal, C. S. Farmer; full-backs, Doolittle, Jamieson; half-backs, White, K. W. Taylor, Racicot; forwards, Donaldson, Carr, Eberle, Gilmour, McLay.

Juniors—Goal, T. Eberle; full-backs, Smith, Howard; half-backs, Pyle, G. Atkinson, F. Brown; forwards, J. Taylor, Jones, Batstone, K. Brown, Platus. *Referee,* Vanslyke.

After playing ten minutes overtime in the game on Wednesday, November 3rd, the Freshmen and Sophomores went at it again on November 5th at Jesse Ketchum Park. The game was well contested, neither side having a great advantage over the other. Until well on in the second half the tie remained unbroken. At this time Lawrence scored the only goal in the game. His fine shot caught the

Freshmen 1
Sophs 0

Sophs off guard and having thus gained the advantage, the Freshmen played carefully, holding the Sophs scoreless until the final whistle. The line-up:

Freshmen—Goal, Helps; full-backs, Hale, Doolittle, Morris; forwards, Lawrence, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Gregory, Crofoot.

Sophomores—Goal, J. Stiver; full-backs, Bearss, Anderson; half-backs, Paterson, Vose, Dick; forwards, Henry, R. McLean, Dyce, Segsworth, K. Stiver. *Referee,* Watson.

Theologs 2
Freshmen 2

On November 8th the Freshmen defeated the Theologues 2-0. Early in the game year '24 scored their two goals and continued to press strongly throughout the second half. If the Theologues had been able to use some of their oratorical wind to keep up the pace set by the Freshmen they might have made a better showing. The line-up:

Freshmen—Goal, Helps; full-backs, Hackson, Wilkinson; half-backs, Hale, Doolittle, Morris; forwards, Lawrence, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Crofoot, Gregory.

Theologs—Goal, H. N. Stephens; full-backs, Van Slyke, Barnes; half-backs, Burgess, Cowie, Hillyer; forwards, Wilson, Mallory, Shatz, Watson, Dingle. *Referee,* Batstone.

Freshmen 1
Seniors 0

On November 15th the Freshmen successfully finished the series by defeating the Seniors. The game was fast, by far the most interesting one played. As each team was eager for victory there were many tense moments. The Freshmen scored rather unexpectedly when Hackson, on a long pass from Hughes, drove the ball into the net. There was no further scoring during the game. The line-up:

Freshmen—Goal, Helps; full-backs, Hackson, Wilkinson; half-backs, Hale, Doolittle, Morris; forwards, Lawrence, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Gregory, Crofoot.

Seniors—Goal, C. Farmer; full-backs, Doolittle, Jamieson; half-backs, White, K. W. Taylor, Racicot; forwards, Donaldson, Carr, Eberle, Gilmour, McLay. *Referee,* Batstone.

The Inter-year Soccer series brought out several promising players—and next year's First Team should have ample material to draw upon for both regulars and scrubs. We congratulate Year '24 upon their victory; theirs is an admirable start in the realm of athletics.

RUGBY

On November 9th the Seniors won a fairly easy victory over the Juniors. The Seniors made full use of a number of plays bordering remarkably close on interference. They scored three touchdowns, one in each of the first three quarters. None were converted. In the third quarter Atkinson got away on an end run and covered the intervening twenty yards to the touch line before he was downed. The try was converted. This was all the scoring done by the Juniors. The Junior wing line did not stand up, and Platus at quarter had his difficulties getting the ball away. McGrath and Doolittle were the best for the Seniors. Smith played a fine game for the Juniors.

Seniors 15
Juniors 6

On November 11th Ramsden Park was the scene of another struggle in mud. The Freshmen ran up 18 points and at the same time held the Sophomores scoreless. The Sophomores were not on to their signals and against the well-drilled Freshmen they found it hard going. Hackson and M. Hughes divided the glory between them on points, Hackson scoring two touches, while Hughes secured a touch, kicked so as to force a rouge, and kicked again to the dead-line. The Sophomores played a clean game, but were ineffectual because of lack of practice.

Freshmen 18
Sophs 0

On November 23rd the Seniors played a close game with the Freshmen. There was considerable "near-swimming" done when a scrimmage was played near one of the several large ponds which covered the field. The Freshmen scored two kicks to the dead-line in the first quarter and the Seniors were unable to score until the third quarter, when Newton broke away on an extension pass and scored a try which was converted. The Freshmen played well in the third quarter. For the Seniors Doolittle and Newton gained most of their yards. White tackled well throughout the whole game. The line-up:

Seniors 6
Freshmen 2

Seniors—Backs, Groat, Doolittle, Newton; Quarter, Gilmour; flying wing, Carr; outsides, Webb, McLay; middles, Taylor, Jamieson; insides, Eberle, White; scrimmage, Harmon, G. Farmer, Frisc.

Freshmen—Backs, W. Hughes, M. Hughes, Dick; quarter, Hackson; flying wing, Borsook; outsides, Morris, Crofoot; middles, Hale, Dallman; insides, Houghton, Doolittle; scrimmage, Chapman, Brisco, Williamson.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

LAST month we spoke of the quaint and curious titles by which mail is addressed to the Editor of this department. During the month these have been all cast into the shade by the weird language and message of a letter from the Gold Coast, which we pass on for the entertainment of our readers. The correspondent is evidently of an Ethiopian hue. He writes as follows (we preserve his punctuation):

"Winnebah, Gold Coast, 13-10-20.

"My Dear new Friend:

Having once reading a newspaper called; The British Esperantist. "I came across your lovely name and address. I should be very "pleased to deal correspond With you. Please When at first I Saw "your name I Was very glad; but We like too much to Write to "those abroad. So I am Writing this to Acquire you love. Please "on the receipt of this letter, kindly reply me by the returning of "the Same mail Boat and enclose me Pocket Watch and handker-"chief to Show your love. And I Will also Send you a present next "mail.

"I am yours Sincerely

_____."

A pocket watch! Evidently he has been reading Ryrie's advertisements which assure us that wrist watches are to go out of style in favor of the pocket article. Presumably he thinks the chap with "the lovely name and address" is a Rockefeller. Perhaps he took us for Santa Claus! Though we cannot afford to play that part to this modest Gold Coast enquirer, here's a Merry Christmas to all the readers of this column.

PERSONALIA.

'94—Professor George Cross has returned to his duties in the Rochester Theological Seminary after an extended visit to the mission fields in Japan and India. He is "on fire" for missions, and is in demand as a special speaker at missionary gatherings. Even the Jewish Synagogue in Rochester has invited him to speak. In the spring he is to give the Nathaniel Taylor lectures in Yale.

'96—Dr. A. G. Baker has been appointed Professor of Missions in the University of Chicago. About twenty years ago Mr. Baker went to Bolivia under the Baptist Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec. He has been in Chicago for some time, but remained on the

staff of the Mission Board until last month, when he resigned to accept the appointment referred to.

'96—Rev. B. W. Merrill has resigned his position as Director of Religious Education at Jarvis St. Church, Toronto, and has accepted a similar position at Walmer Road. The friends of Jarvis Street Church presented him with a purse of $1,200 as a token of their esteem, and the Sunday School showed its appreciation in the gift of a bicycle.

'99—Professor E. W. Parsons entered on his second year as the Acting Minister of the large East Avenue Baptist Church, Rochester. Last year, under Dr. Parsons' direction, this church subscribed over $185,000 for the Baptist Forward Movement.

'00—Mr. Perrin E. Baker was married in Vancouver, B.C., to Miss Edna Brown, formerly Society Editor of the Vancouver *World*. They will make their home in Lethbridge, Alta., where Mr. Baker is farming. He is prominent in the U.F.A., and is one of the chief officials in Burlington rural municipality.

'02—Rev. T. E. Meldrum, of the Standard Publishing Co., formerly of Beamsville, has accepted a call to Cheltenham.

'02—Rev. H. B. Coumans, for the past three years Home Mission Superintendent, has accepted a call to Collingwood Church.

'05—Rev. E. R. Fitch has moved to Duluth, Minn., where he becomes Pastor of First Baptist Church, succeeding Rev. R. E. Sayles, '01.

'06—G. R. M. Wells is now Professor of Psychology in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, Hartford, Conn. This is an interdenominational institution, preparing students for work as directors of religious education in church or social organizations.

'10—Miss Laura Craig is now Principal of the Girls' Boarding School at Cocanada, India, where there are about two hundred girls. She reports an enthusiastic McMaster community in Cocanada: Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Benson are in charge of the High School, and Miss Muriel Brothers is studying the language.

'10—Rev. L. C. Whitelaw, with his wife and children, has returned to China after a year's furlough. In the absence of information to the contrary, we presume that his address will be as before, care of the China Inland Mission, Szenan, Kweichow.

'11—Rev. H. Dixon Smith, who is on furlough from India, is spending two years at the Central Technical School, Toronto, taking special training for the industrial work which he is to open up in connection with the Mission on his return. At a recent meeting of the Foreign Mission Board Mr. Smith presented the cause of missionary industrial training in a masterly way that commanded the admiration

of the Board members. Mr. Smith's Toronto address is 108 Benson Avenue.

'12—F. G. Poole is Director of Boys' Work for Windsor, under the Y.M.C.A. Recently a successful Father and Son Banquet was held in Bruce Avenue Baptist Church (Rev. O. C. Gray, '05, Pastor), under the auspices of the boys' organization of that church. Lloyd Houlding '15 of London was the speaker.

'12—Rev. P. B. Loney, Theol., of Tillsonburg has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Lindsay.

'13—Miss Christine Fraser is on the staff of Parkhill High School.

'13—Rev. Walter M. Turnbull, Dean of the Missionary Training College, Nyack, was one of the special speakers along with Dr. Massee and Dr. Riley, at the "Fundamentals" Convention in Rochester. He has been invited to write the Sunday School lessons for *The National Labor Tribune,* a leading American labor journal.

'14—Rev. N. W. D. Davis is home from his mission field in Nigeria, having been compelled by the ill-health of Mrs. Davis to return to Canada before the expiry of his regular term.

'14—A recent issue of *The Vernon News,* Vernon, B.C., contains an extended and meritorious poem from the pen of T. F. McWilliams. It was published during the Referendum campaign and is a strong plea for prohibition.

'14—Gordon Davies is with the Ford Motor Company at Ford, Ont.

'14—The Westminster Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N.Y., has the distinction of having Baptists, both as its acting minister and its assistant minister. The eminent Baptist preacher, Dr. John R. Brown, Professor at the Rochester Theological Seminary, is the acting minister, and Mr. James D. Morrison (McM. '14), who is a senior at the Seminary, is the assistant. When it comes to baptizing the babies, however, they have to call in a Presbyterian minister to perform the ceremony. J. D. Morrison has been elected President of the Student-Body at the Rochester Theological Seminary. This is probably the first time that any one other than an American has been elected to this office.

'15—Miss Dorothy Grant is in Toronto taking a library training course in the Public Library.

'15—Lloyd M. Houlding is Director of Boys' Work for the Protestant Sunday Schools of London, Ont., also Boys' Secretary in the Y.M.C.A. His work brings him in touch with about 1,200 'teen-

age boys. Mrs. Houlding (Muriel Draper) is a Director of the Y.W.C.A., and spends much of her spare time there.

'15—Miss M. M. Cline has obtained her M.A. degree at Columbia University, New York. She has now been appointed Director of Religious Education in the Watchung Avenue Congregational Church, Montclair, N.J.

'16—Miss Clara B. Hellyer is in New York City attending the White Bible College at 541 Lexington Avenue.

'16—We discover that our announcement of H. R. McLarty's marriage last month was premature; not only so, but we got him married to the wrong girl! His marriage—to the right girl—will be announced in due course. In a recent copy of *The Canadian Baptist* there appeared a notice of a wedding of a McLarty of Ridgetown, by Rev. O. D. Priddle, and with all this circumstantial evidence we overlooked the fact that the Christian name was "Ernest," and not "Harold." The Editor tenders his regrets for the error.

'17—Rev. R. J. Smithson, of Victoria Place Baptist Church, Glasgow, Scotland, has won a prize of $605, known as the Crichton Supplement, awarded for the best essay on a present-day religious topic. The competition is held every three years, and is open to Baptist ministers in Scotland who have been in the ministry not more than twelve years. Mr. Smithson's topic was "Church Unity and Church Reunion."

'17—Miss Marion Grimshaw is Recreational Director for two Toronto exchanges of the Bell Telephone Co.

'19—Miss Lois MacLaurin is in Toronto taking a course in library training in the Public Library.

'20—Rev. L. C. Kitchen has been appointed by the American Baptist Mission Board for work in India and will sail on January 10th. We understand he is to have a position in educational work in Assam.

'20—Rev. H. S. Bennett has moved from Vittoria to Campbellford, Ont.

Here and There

EDITOR: KENNETH W. TAYLOR, '21.

Mine'd pies, roast beef,
With other cheer,
And feasting, doth
Conclude the year.
—*Poor Robin's Almanac*, 1677.

THERE is no other season of the year around which there has gathered so much of legend, custom, and tradition as around Christmas. Some of these customs, such as the hanging of the Druidical mistletoe, or the burning of the Norse Yule log, have come down from ancient pagan sources, and are older than Christmas itself. One of the most charming of these popular customs, which centre around this season of the year, is that of the Christmas carols.

Early and mediæval carols are nearly all of the ballad type, and deal not only with the birth of our Lord, but also with His childhood, and many curious legends are preserved in some of these old carols. There is for instance, "The Cherry Tree" carol in which Mary, walking in an orchard with Joseph, begs him to gather cherries for her. He refuses and immediately the tree bows itself so that she should gather for herself. Another describes the Child Christ as he goes out to play at the well. The children at the well will not play with this Child, who is "but a maiden's child." He returns, and his Mother is angry—

"Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town,
And as far as the holy well,
And take away those sinful souls,
And dip them deep in hell."

The Boy Jesus will not hear of this revenge. All sinful souls, He replies, are crying for His help. Gabriel, seeing in this power of love and forgiveness a proof of divinity, suddenly appears.

Then spoke the Angel Gabriel:
Upon one sure set steven,
"Although you are but a maiden's child,
You are the King of Heaven."

Of the more modern carols undoubtedly the most famous is Charles Wesley's

"Hark, how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings."

The more usual version of these two lines—

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

is incorrect. It is not the herald angels who sang; it was a multitude of the heavenly host, and they sang, "Glory to God in the Highest," not "Glory to the new-born King."

But for most of our other modern carols we are indebted to translations and adaptations from mediæval Latin Christmas hymns, such as *"Adeste, fideles."*

Christmas this year falls on a Saturday, and if we were to accept the beliefs expressed in the following stanza, which is taken from the *Harleian MSS.* in the British Museum, we would find it hard to make this season one of rejoicing:

If Crystmas on the Saterday falle,
That wynter ys to be dreden alle,
Hyt shall be so fulle of grete tempeste
That hyt shall sle bothe man and beste,
Frute and corne shal fayle grete won,
And olde folke dyen many on;
Chyldren that be borne that day,
Within half a yere they shall dye par fay,
The summer then shall wete ryghte ylle;
If thou awght stele, hyt shel the spylle;
Thou dyest, yf sekenes take the.

But we are not given to worrying. One thing that we learned overseas was the foolishness of worrying. The soldiers of every army delighted in a sort of happy fatalism. One often heard such a train of reasoning as this:

You always have two chances,—either you are drafted or you are not drafted.

If you are drafted, you still have two chances,—either you will go to France or you will not go to France.

If you go to France you still have two chances,—either you will go up the line or you will not go up the line.

If you go up the line you still have two chances,—either you will be hit or you will not be hit.

If you are hit you still have two chances,—either you will die or you will not die.

If you die, well, even then you have two chances.

Mr. Pryde, the English artist, is as brilliant with his tongue as with his brush. It was he who remarked of an impecunious friend

that he was "here to-day and gone to borrow." Likewise is he the "onlie begetter" of that most excellent perverted proverb, "Where there's a swill there's a sway."—*Sunday Times* (London, Eng.).

He dropped a penny in the plate
And meekly raised his eyes,
Glad the week's rent was duly paid
For mansions in the skies.
—*Public Opinion.*

Two amusing anecdotes are told of the late Professor Boys in the November issue of *The Trinity University Review.* On one occasion he found a "Kelley's Key" in the lecture room. The next lecture he asked one of the men, "Is this your book?" On the answer, "Yes, sir," he said, "Ah! The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." On another occasion he was asked his opinion as regards "plugging" on Sunday, and he replied, "Well, you know, it is lawful to pull an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath Day."

Our first Christmas tree! We well remember it, we can still see it, but we would have found it hard to describe it adequately. Mr. Friedlaender in *The Spectator* comes to our assistance, giving us what oft we thought but ne'er could well express.

When may I ever hope to see
A sight like my first Christmas tree?
I came in from the dark and cold
Prepared for gifts and games foretold,
But not for that new sense in me
Of brightness and immensity.
Sweeter than frankincense and myrrh
The burning sharpness of the fir;
Each lighted candle was a dart
Piercing with unimagined art;
The sugar angel at the top
Attacked my heart and made it stop;
The drawing-room became a place
Swimming in hushed and starry space.

Time scatters dust on me and mine;
The tree—the tree is still divine!
Can earth repeat that rapturous gleam,
Or heaven prove such a heavenly dream?

We quote the following letter from the Toronto *Daily Star* as evidence of the insidious depths to which Socialistic propaganda is penetrating:

Sir: Hadn't you better stop sneering at the ladies. We may be dull and all that sort of thing, but we're most of us too smart for you mere men. My husband thinks I'm going to vote Tory

because he's one, the poor simpleton. He doesn't seem to realize that I'm a Socialist and intend to vote for the Socialist candidate, whoever he or she may be. I always read the social columns every day and don't see how any woman with a proper interest in her sex can do otherwise. Yours etc.

It was a stage rehearsal. The principal lady came upon the stage in walking costume and started to sing her great song. "My dear," cried the manager, "you are surely not going to sing with your veil on?" "Of course I am," she replied. "I want to hurry off as soon as I finish. I have to meet a friend." "But singing with a veil on!" expostulated the manager. "Well, well!" he added, in a resigned tone, "I can't help it if you want to strain your voice!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

"But, Locke," she said,
"Was not consistently empiricist."
I wondered wearily:—
"Why do philosophers persist?"
And:—"Surely she were better dead."
So then I rose
And strangled her . . . . .
And now the evenings pass more cheerily.—*T.C.D.*

As a recent example of mixed metaphors we might quote the following from a speech by one of the English labor leaders a few weeks ago: "With the aerial world at our feet, we are making no effort to grasp it."

Professor in Quiz—"What is As_2O_3?"
Freshman—"I have it on the tip of my tongue."
Professor—"Well spit it out, it's Arsenic."—*Western U. Gazette.*

Florist—"We have some lovely mistletoe."
Girl—"Thanks, but I really don't need that."

Willie found his dad's home brew,
Thought he'd see what the stuff would do.
He took two drinks and climbed a tree,
And never came back to normalcy.
—*Iowa Frivol.*

We have been pleased to receive the following exchanges during the past month: *Acadia Athenæum, Acta Victoriana, The Argosy, Canadian Finance, The Collegian, The Dalhousie Gazette, The Gateway, The Philomathean Monthly, Queen's Journal, The Sheaf, T.C.D.* (Dublin), *Trinity University Review, Western U. Gazette, The Wheaton College Record, The Ubyssey.* We take this opportunity of extending to them and to the student communities they represent our best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

McMaster University

The Faculty.

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JONES HUGHES FARMER, B.A., LL.D., Dean in Theology; Professor of New Testament and Patristic Greek.

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ENID A. McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian and Reader in English.

ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A., C.S.R., Registrar.

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MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.

Winter.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the
Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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BLANCHE BISHOP.

IN THE MONTHLY of December, 1917, the Editor of *Our Graduates* recorded the death of Blanche Bishop on October 16th of that year. Even at this late date THE MONTHLY owes it to her memory to add something to that bare statement of fact. A glance over the early volumes of this magazine will show how greatly indebted THE MONTHLY was to the late Miss Bishop for a number of charming and thoughtful poems. Though she obtained the degree of Master of Arts from this University in 1894 and thus was a member of the first Graduating Class, she was never an undergraduate in attendance here. She graduated from our sister institution, Acadia University, in 1886, and, after perfecting herself in Modern Languages by some years of travel and study in France and Germany, came to Toronto to join the staff of Moulton College. By reason of her proximity to McMaster, her intimate friendship with the late Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, then Chancellor of the University, and her sturdy Baptist convictions, she was an ardent supporter of our denominational University in its critical first years and showed her loyalty by enrolling as a candidate for the Master's degree and by enriching the pages of THE MONTHLY by frequent contributions of both prose and poetry. For her sincere support when such support was specially valued, and for her five years of efficient service as a teacher at Moulton College, the University owes her memory grateful remembrance.

From an article in the *Acadia Athenaeum* of November, 1917, we have learnt a few facts concerning her life after leaving Moulton. For a short time she aided the late Mrs. Wells in conducting Harding Hall, a school for girls in London. Later she taught French and German at Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, N.S., and did so with "conspicuous ability and marked success" until failing health compelled her to relinquish that task. The writer of the article in the *Athenaeum*, presumably one of her pupils, says that the secret of her success as a teacher lay in the truly winsome lovableness of her personality. "Rar-

ely qualified by natural gifts and broad culture, she was able by the grace of her personality to evoke the best in her pupils and awaken in them a love for the subject she taught." We are sure that her former pupils at Moulton College would confirm that verdict from their experience. They and those who knew her at McMaster will be glad to read the following tribute from "E. D. Y." in the *Athenaeum*:

"And yet her best gift, during the time of her preparation for life, her period of service as a teacher, her interest in and contribution to community work while laid aside from her chosen profession, was the rare essence of a beautiful, lovable spirit. Utterly unselfish and devoted, keenly humorous, fully appreciative of the meaning and value of tragedy in life from her own experience of suffering, she believed and practised continuously the benediction of a faith in humanity and the power of an eternal life in God. A new appreciation and interpretation of the mystery and significance of what we call "life's fretful fever," was gained by all who knew her. And now that she has passed to where beyond these voices there is peace, we say, 'She was not found by us who sought to see her.' She walked with God and passed from the sight of men and women who loved her and love her still. God took her."

The late Miss Bishop possessed genuine poetic gifts of insight, feeling and expression. The late Dr. Rand recognized these by including several of her poems in his widely-read *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*. For the benefit and pleasure of the present generation of undergraduates we quote the following poems from The Monthly of 1897-98:

THE BRIDE O' THE SUN.

In a veil of white vapor, hushed stars moving through,
She comes, when the tremulous morning is new,
The bride o' the sun;
Green, green is her robe, tipt with crystalline beads,
Where it drips with the dews shaken off as she speeds,
The bride o' the sun.

There's a slim virgin moon swaying low at her side,
But the frost at her heart is not meet for a bride,
The bride o' the sun.
There are stars in her train, but they pale to the least
When open the light-shedding doors of the East
To the bride o' the sun.

Lo he cometh, the bridegroom, in garments of gold,
And his glances are flashing, bright, beauteous, bold,
On the bride o' the sun;—
Till her heart it leaps up, like flame unto flame,
Unfolding to flower o'er all her fair frame,
Sweet bride o' the sun.

O glorious bridal of fire and earth!
O ancient of miracles new as at birth
Of the bride of the sun.
All creation doth wear a more rapturous face,
For the joy of the earth as she circles thro' space,
Ever bride o' the sun.

WINTER FLOWERS.

When tree and bush are comfortless,
And fields are piteous bare,
A garden blooms upon my hearth,
And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length
Burst the bright flowers of flame,—
Like the far flashings of the stars,
Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy tipt,
Their petals softly blow;
Now clear as water in the sun,
When the blue sky lies below.

And daintily they toss and sway
To the breath of soundless airs,—
The memories of wooing winds
That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun
Shares with the burning tree!
Elusive sweet as the witching flow
Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,
And lo! it hath no form.
I only know 'tis dark without,
And here 'tis light and warm.

THREE POEMS OF COLERIDGE

THE blossoming-time of Coleridge's poetic genius is confined almost entirely to the two years 1797-8. His earlier poems are filled with the transition from Gray and Collins to the glorious outburst of new song in the *Lyrical Ballads*. They show "the old manner joined to the new intensity." They are filled with exaggerated imitation, "ebullient" phrasing, vain attempts at sublimity, though here and there are lines of fairy beauty, prophecies of the nobler verse to come. The close of these two fruitful years is like passing from the green wealth of summer foliage into the well-nigh naked woods of autumn. The poet turns from art to the realms of German philosophy and theology. His poems are few in number and lacking in spirit. The Muse is silenced and the imagination is clouded. The growing habit of opium-eating is the cause of this untimely decline.

The year 1797 found Coleridge in a cottage at Nether Stowey in Somerset,

> "On seaward Quantock's heathy hills."

He had won the friendship of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, who visited him at Stowey, and, attracted by his society, settled at Alfoxden, three miles distant. The three were constantly together. They walked all day, over the blue Somerset hills and through the meadowy hollows and wild, tangled woods. Their joys were the same. Each awoke the best in each:

> "Life went a maying
> With Nature, hope and poesy."

It was out of these associations that the *Lyrical Ballads* were born. Coleridge had a great influence on Woodsworth, but Wordsworth's influence on him was still greater,—the influence of a more original, of a simpler and steadier soul, one who had already tasted of the deep sources of poetry. A new Coleridge was awakened: not a philosopher, not a pious Unitarian, not a fervent Pantisocratist, but a fairy poet.

It was during these happy days at Stowey that their "twofold theory of the essence and functions of poetry" was developed, and received such notable illustration in their joint volume of verse, the *Lyrical Ballads*. "My endeavors," says Coleridge, "were to be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes

poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us, an exhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes which see not, ears that hear not, and hearts which neither feel nor understand."

Such was the twofold division of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth lent the charm of imagination to the real, Coleridge lent the force of reality to the imaginary. Coleridge was a master of poetic harmony, he knew the spell of that unique music of verse. But whenever he rises into this exquisite melody in its perfection, he also rises into a mystic, imaginative world of thought, half-supernatural, half-natural, that world where man and nature are of "the stuff which dreams are made of." The music and sphere of his poetry are beyond this world of ours.

The poetry of Coleridge during these two marvellous years is like that of no other man. The society of the Wordsworths, though stimulating, could not have altered a man's genius as that of Coleridge was altered. Only the opium could have produced such a change. Now in its early stages, the habit stimulated his poetry; later it enslaved his will and destroyed his career. There are three poems of this period which especially give evidence of his wonderful genius. These are *The Ancient Mariner*, published with the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1797 and *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel, Part I.*, both of which remained in *MS* until 1816.

It was in November of 1797, on one of those long walks with Wordsworth, that *The Ancient Mariner* was planned. A dream by a friend, Mr. Cruikshank, supplied the germ,—a vision of "a skeleton ship with figures in it." Wordsworth suggested the mariner's crime, the shooting of the albatross, also the navigation of the ship by dead men. Coleridge himself clothed the theme from his own marvellous imagination. Such indeed was the singular origin of Coleridge's greatest and only complete work of length,—a poem originally written to pay the expenses of a tour to Linton; surely the most sublime of "pot-boilers" to be found in all literature.

The Ancient Mariner defies classification. "He who could define it aright," says Swinburne, "could 'unravel a rainbow,' and he who could praise it aright would be such another as the poet." It is first of all romantic; with it modern romantic poetry was born; it stands as the symbol of romance in English poetry. Romance seeks

for things impossible, beyond experience, supernatural, eager to describe them in a way at once novel and beautiful, eager to sing them to some undreamed-of air. But *The Ancient Mariner* goes further; it does and outdoes all that romance ever aimed at or achieved. The reader is carried to remote, mysterious seas, the line between the earthly and the unearthly vanishes, and the poet leaves him to discover for himself whether the spectral shapes are merely the visions of the calenture, or a glimpse of the world of spirits.

The greatest achievement of the poem is the simple, realistic force of the narrative, the "procuring for these shadows of imaginations that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." The story is told in pictures, vivid in their imagery, vigorous in their description. The skeleton ship, the dicing demons on the deck, the setting sun peering "through its ribs, as if through a dungeon-grate,"—all this seems to live before our very eyes. We willingly suspend our disbelief and live in another world of imagination.

The romantic atmosphere is increased by the unique execution of the poem. Advantage has been taken of the old ballad form, already popuiarized in the eighteenth century by Lamb, Gray and Percy. The ballad is a form of peculiar mediaeval and romantic charm. Coleridge gives it a new life with beautiful similes and quaint marginal commentaries which alone are the reach of his genius.

Though the poem is so long, the story never drags for a moment. Its felicities of diction are perpetual, seldom is it marred by a single weak line. How vivid is the coloring of the word pictures,—the "snowy cliffs," the "fogsmoke white," the "hot and copper sky," the "bloody sun," the water burning "green, blue and white!" How wierdly imaginative is the description of the ice:

> "It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
> Like noises in a swound."

How strikingly descriptive of the instantaneous descent of the tropical sun:

> "The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
> At one stride comes the dark."

At times the music of the metre is like the singing of a bird:

> "Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
> I heard the skylark sing,
> Sometimes all little birds that are,
> How they seemed to fill the sea and air
> With their sweet jargoning.

And now 'twas like all instruments
Now a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

"Then comes," says Mrs. Oliphant, "the ineffable, half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralizings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. . . . . This unexpected gentle conclusion brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet."

The absolute novelty of the poem was naturally a shock to the critics of the day. Southey called it a "Dutch attempt at German sublimity." "I dislike all the miraculous part of it," wrote Lamb. "The strangest story of a cock and bull on paper," said the *Monthly Review*. Wordsworth appreciated its passion as "of the highest kind," its verse as "harmonious and artfully varied." It soon found its rightful place as one of the most unique and charming poems of the language. Nothing has been or ever will be written like it. Coleridge, at a stroke, had created and closed the career of a new poetry.

Christabel was started during the winter of 1797-8 and was never finished. In its fragmentary character lies its charm. We hear the fairy song, but only in part: the rest is untold, and we are left in a charmed mystery. This poem, too, finds a surpassing beauty in the vividness and grace of its word pictures, drawn from the world of the poet's imagination. The oaks, the red leaves, the moonlight, the forest, are only indicated, but they form a vivid background. Geraldine, appearing to Christabel beneath the oak, the hall that "echoes still, pass lightly as you will," the scene in Christabel's chamber, all are word-pictures which live and move. The music of the poem is impossible to analyze. It belongs to the imagination as much as the vision of the poem itself. It is romantic as only the poetry of Coleridge can be romantic. We feel the same thrill in reading *Christabel* as we would feel at night if lost in a forest.

Coleridge always intended and felt confident of his ability to complete the poem, and in 1800 he did add the second part, but got no further. It is almost a pity,—save for a few passages,—that this second part was ever written. Coleridge saw the vision as a whole in

1797. It was then that he should have completed his poem, while he still lived in that dim mysterious country, and still heard the fairy music.

The third poem, *Kubla Khan,* is also but a fragment, yet of surpassing beauty and melody. It was written one day in the summer of 1797, when Coleridge, in poor health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse near Porlock. "An anodyne had been prescribed,"—by S.T.C. himself, no doubt,—"from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed by a wall." The sleep continued for three hours. "The images rose up as things, and a parallel production of the corresponding expressions." On waking he seemed to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. He had only started when there came "a person on business from Porlock." The spell was broken. Of the two or three hundred lines composed in the dream only forty-eight were written. The rest had vanished "like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but alas! without the after restoration of the latter."

Kubla Khan is but a fragmentary glimpse of another world, a world in which arises Alph, the sacred river, the gardens and forests of Kubla Khan, the deep, romantic chasm, holy and enchanted, the dome of pleasure, and the Abyssinian maid singing of Mount Abora. In metrical completeness and unique movement of verse this poem stands alone in English poetry. "For absolute melody and splendor," says Swinburne, "it is the first poem in the language." *Kubla Khan* gives but an idea of what romantic poetry could be, if it would. To read a volume of the same merit as these few lines would be to dwell in the land of the Lotus Eaters.

By 1801 Coleridge was lost to poetry. The opium seemed to have completely mastered him. The stimulant had become the tyrant. He turned his mind to metaphysics, lectured, dreamed, made notes, planned much but accomplished little. His power of imagination was gone. He mourns his

> "Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain."

Upon the moon and sky he gazes:

> "I see them all so excellently fair,
> I see, not *feel*, how beautiful they are."

Finally, in 1816, he voluntarily placed himself under medical care with Mr. James Gilman, at Highgate, near London. There, after a struggle which would have disheartened most men, his will asserted itself victoriously,—but his triumph was too late for his genius. He died in 1834. His poems of those two marvellous years, 1797-8, with their perfect music, their romantic wonder, will ravish the imagination of men while the world lasts.

—McD.

MY SHIP.

I am a sailor on a sea
  Whose shores are wide;
And as I sail there comes to me
A sense of nameless mystery
  Across the lift of tide.

Eternal morning gilds my way,
  The billows rise and sink;
The ancient sunsets fade away
In purple splendors of the day
  Along the western brink.

On this my trembling courage stands,
  When stubborn doubts dismay:
I am the captain who commands
My ship toward the rocks and sands
  Or to the sheltered bay.

—Robert James Lang, '16.

THE TOKYO CONVENTION*.

ANYTHING I write these days is bound by force of circumstance tc be very scrappy. This Convention is a wonderful event and bound to be of inestimable good to Japan, yet it has its disadvantages. Everything is at sixes and sevens, our schedule is all upset, we eat and sleep when and where we get the chance, and I have not had supper at home once in the last two weeks. In a few days, however, we hope to have things running smoothly again.

Owing to the burning of the Convention Hall, the first two sessions had to be held in the large auditorium of the Y.M.C.A. In the meantime, however, the Japanese had rallied, and some of the big men of the city secured the Imperial Theatre, a wonderfully beautiful place and quite modern in every respect. It seats about two thousand people, and though too small to accommodate all the folks who wished to come, it was in other ways even better than the Convention Hall would have been.

The burning of the Hall proved a sore blow to Mr. Furuhashi, the young architect, who had given all his time and energy to the building for months. Then, just three hours before the grand opening was to have taken place, it was burned. According to the peculiar Japanese code of ethics he was responsible for the disaster, and we were very much afraid that he might commit suicide, which, in their belief, is the only way to make reparation. Let me tell you of a couple of instances of this. A few months ago one of the mail-carriers of the Postoffice Department got tired and discouraged because he had to carry so much mail and threw some of it into the river. Of course it was discovered and trouble ensued. Then the Postmaster, a most efficient official, and in no way, of course, responsible, felt it his duty to resign. Fortunately some wiser heads prevailed and his resignation was not accepted. But even more tragic was the case of a young student here. He had loaned his bicycle to a friend of his small brother. While this young lad was riding across the car tracks he was struck and so badly injured that he died soon after. The student then felt so despondent that he went to the same place and threw himself in front of one of the fast elevated trains. He was instantly killed and his body horribly mutilated. But his teacher and even his own father commended his action,—he had made reparation for his carelessness in loaning his wheel to a small boy. That is one of the things we have to face here.

*A letter from P. P. ZIEMANN '16, Waseda University, Tokyo, Japan.

But to return,—the Convention was a huge success. Yet I cannot go into details about it,—I only heard two of the speeches, for I was so busy behind the scenes with the pageants. Of these there were four, three of them being produced by Tokyo people, and in these I had very important parts to play. By special request,—which amounted to a command—we repeated our first pageant before the Patrons' Association in which were some of the nobility and members of the Cabinet.

I was a little dubious about pageants when first I heard them mentioned. Now I am quite an enthusiatic convert. The last one, I think, was the most wonderfully effective of all. It opens with a frieze of the prophets as arranged by Sargent. Then comes the vision of Isaiah, with wonderful electric effects. The Spirit of Christianity is now seen summoning the Spirit of Education and the Church Militant. These come with their attendants. A great group follows representing all the nations of the world. A wail is heard and a hooded figure staggers in seeking the light,—Education points the way. A woman with a little child, representing the womanhood of the world, comes in,—the Church cares for her. Then to the "Hallelujah Chorus" two hundred Japanese girls march in, wearing bright kimonos and bearing aloft palms and lighted torches. When all are in position a cross behind the throne where the Spirit of Christianity stands flashes out its pure white light and the massed choir sings. The cross turns a blood-red and a hymn is sung about the sacrifice. The 300 people who have been kneeling on the stage rise as the cross changes to gold, and all sing, "In the Cross of Christ I glory." Then comes another strain from the "Hallelujah Chorus," all the participants hold aloft their palms, torches and flags, and the curtain goes down. I do not know of anything that has ever thrilled me quite so much. Wonderful is no name for it. The last time the chorus sang was especially thrilling. There were over five hundred grouped on the stage with the great Naval Orchestra in the centre. They sang the "Sanctus" and the last of the music rises in a grand crescendo with the word "Hosanna." I thought as they neared the end that they had reached the absolute limit of their lungs, but as the leader raised his arms and baton, the volume of sound rose and increased until it seemed the very heavens would split. Then suddenly it ceased. The effect was beyond description. I never expect to hear anything better this side of heaven.

The hospitality and generosity of the Japanese left the delegates breathless. They were quite worn out with receptions and sight-seeing. The Japanese are perfect hosts. Everything to the last detail was looked after with marvellous efficiency for such a huge organiza-

tion. The different cities gave civic receptions. Here a regular banquet was given in the open air. Public entertainments were provided. In some cases entertainers who had only appeared before the members of the Royal Family were responsible. Manufacturing concerns also took advantage of the opportunity to advertise by distributing samples of their wares. Some presented boxes of chocolates, others copies of some rare prints. Then there were little boxes of soap expressly made for the occasion bearing the map of the world, with clasped hands uniting Orient and Occident, and texts from Ecclesiastes 12: 1 and John 3: 16. There were chop-sticks, a wonderful lunch-basket filled with lunch, digestive pills,—a subtle present in view of all the feasts,—drinking glasses with Convention design, cards from various stores promising twenty per cent. discount on presentation, tons of literature, flowers, medals, badges, and everything man could conceive, and some that he could not. Street car companies presented every delegate with passes on any and all lines, good until October 31st. The Government Railways gave several trips on its lines. Parks and exhibitions were thrown open that otherwise could never have been seen. Everything was done so beautifully and bountifully that it will be almost impossible to come back to the ordinary routine of living again.

A few of us had a Canadian party one night. We went to one of the most beautiful "Gyunabe Houses" in Tokyo. A "Gyunabe" is a dinner which you cook right in the room. Ordinarily the cooking is done over a charcoal brazier, or "Hibache," but in this place they had electric plates in each room. A sauce called "Oshoyu" is put in the hot pan. Its taste defies description, as there is nothing in the Occident to compare with it,—but it is good. Then thin slices of beef are put in, followed by "Tofu," a sort of curd, another substance made from buckwheat and resembling vermicelli, and finally Japanese onions, which are not at all strong. The whole thing is cooked together over the hot fire in an open pan. The mixture is placed on top of rice served in small dishes, and eaten with chop-sticks called "hashi." To accompany this are numerous varieties of pickles, some of which are decidedly unpleasant at first, but taste for which can be acquired, and finally comes the ubiquitous green tea unsweetened and without milk Our shoes were left at the door, and our entrance,—there were seven of us,—caused no little flurry and amusement. We sat on the floor, of course. Our maid, or "Neisan," had even more fun than ourselves, for she was terribly amused to see some of the folks trying to use chop-sticks. Those of us who have been here for some time found no difficulty, but the others had a most discouraging time. It was amus-

ing even to us to see them vainly pursuing an elusive piece of meat, only to drop it midway on its journey to the mouth.

We went to the "Chrysanthemum Show" later. The huge Wrestling Arena, seating about ten thousand people, was transformed into a veritable fairyland,—forms of bridges, airplanes, battleships, house-boats, all covered with chrysanthemum blooms. Beyond were the pots of blooms and wax figures, with vari-colored flowers forming their dresses. In one section were seven huge cherry trees just covered with blossoms and the walls in the rear were painted to give the idea of acres of cherry blossoms beyond. The Niagara district is beautiful in peach-blossom time, but the cherry blossoms here are even more beautiful. It would take pages and hours to tell of this wonderful place. I have been there twice and am going again as often as I can. Nothing I have ever seen at home even approximates its beauty.

Oh, the exquisite charm and beauty! The artistry and originality! The infinite patience and absolute accuracy of detail in their art and imitation! They cannot be described and cannot be duplicated at home. There are many unpleasant things here, many that one does not want to hear or see or smell, but when there is such grandeur and beauty these inconveniences can be overlooked. But, here, I have been raving like a school-boy, and I must close.

Next week we commence our annual fall vacation. This year we will have about two weeks on account of the opening of a new shrine which has been under construction for seven years. I am planning to take a trip to Nikko and Lake Chuzenji, for they are among the most beautiful places not only in Japan, but in the whole world.

—P. P. Ziemann '16.

Most of us are doomed to go through life without communicating the mysteries of our experience.

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

It is the privilege of the artist in any medium to enrich the general life with the consciousness of the world that he alone has experienced. He gives us new kingdoms for our inheritance, makes us the sharers of his visions, opens out wider horizons, and floods our life with richer glories.—Alpha of the Plough.

EX LIBRIS.

THERE is a traditional bookishness about our antecedents of the Old World that is pleasant to dwell on. Perhaps it emanated chiefly from centres of learning like Oxford and Edinburgh, but it has developed into a deep national culture that is evident in all classes. It reveals itself in the nation-wide patronage of public libraries; in the prevailing habit of browsing among the book-stalls; in a resultant outpouring of cultural literature that is unequalled by any other nation. It is a habit which we Canadians have not made our own. We, in our university environment, are more closely in touch with literary matters than most; and yet, how many among us can be styled "well read"? How many of us can reckon true book-lovers among our friends?

There is a culture of letters that we lack that comes only from the actual handling of the books. Life is too short and too complicated for even the most ardent reader to read all or much that has been written, but the person who has formed the habit of spending his spare moments in the presence of the great writers, or of even reading the titles and casting his eye over the table of contents of their works, must find his mental life much the richer for it.

I was surprised, recently, to hear from a librarian who is somewhat familiar with the workings of most of the Toronto college libraries, that ours is practically the only one that employs the open-shelf system. The McMaster library may not appear very alluring to one who always views it from beyond the Reading Room grating, but to whoever has the necessary price-sufficient curiosity to cross the threshold, it offers an infinite variety of treasures, from huge parchment-bound quartos, dating back to the sixteenth century, down to the last issue of the new Canadian forum, which made its first appearance among us last October. There is a wonderful collection of the works of the old Latin and Greek "fathers," four hundred volumes strong, that would be hard to duplicate on this continent. Our English section has received high praise from connoisseurs from other greater institutions; and recently some generous donations, from Mr. Albert Matthews and others, have enabled us to acquire many of those works by present-day writers that everybody ought to know; here are merely a few of them: John Drinkwater's famous "Abraham Lincoln;" the new edition of Kipling's verse that the critics have spoken of so favorably; fiction by such writers as Archibald Marshall, Johan Bojer, Leonard Merrick, and J. C. Snaith; that clever group of political biographers published a year or two ago under the title, "Uncensored Celebrities," by E. T. Raymond; J. M. Barrie's charming story of the life of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvie." Two of the

recent books that discuss the Modern and Free Verse movements in poetry in a most readable fashion, are here: William Lyon Phelps' "Advance of English Literature in the Twentieth Century," and Marguerite Wilkinson's "New Voices," and we have a few volumes by the Tasmanian essayist, Mr. Boreham, that cannot but attract one by such titles as "The Golden Milestone," or "The Silver Shadow."

Surely we can afford to spend a little of our time among such books, for "they disengage us from ourselves,—they constrain us to the acquaintance of others, and they show us the web of experience, not as we see it for ourselves, but with a singular change—that monstrous, consuming ego of ours, being, for the nonce, struck out."

—E. A. McG.

"*THE ARMY AND RELIGION*," a book of some interest which was recently placed in the McMaster Library gathers together a large area of evidence regarding what British soldiers in the late war thought of Christianity. Many things of deep interest are here found, and some things that are also rather startling as to the extent to which the ordinary man seems to be in ignorance of the main facts and aims and spirit of Christianity. But, on the other hand, there are some encouraging facts given as to the really vital things that have called out the interest and enthusiasm of the men. One of these matters that rather startled Christian workers in the army was the way in which the appeal for Missions was responded to in most unexpected quarters. The following extract from the book itself will indicate something of this situation:—"Great movements for social justice and the moral reformation of society have brought together on a common platform and united in a common brotherhood men in all the Churches, who, fifty years ago, would never have dreamed of such strange fellowships. Movements for the peace of the world have enlisted those of still more widely-varied Christian communions. Most powerful and hopeful of all has been the association of men and women from many races and communions in the common aim of evangelizing the world. The missionary ideal is, in fact, above all others, that which has been active in the transformation which has already begun. It has brought back to the Churches the idea of the Kingdom of God which is over them all. To it, more than to anything else, we owe the re-awakening of Christian optimism and the spirit of unity. It is certain, therefore, that the whole future of the Christian Church in our country depends on the broadening and deepening of the missionary ideal, with its generous humanity and its call for faith in the living God."

—J. L. G.

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Editorial Notes

"McMaster wins as usual!"—"McMaster maintains her traditional prowess!"—Such were the welcome reports which came over the wires from Rochester following the debate of January 6th. This victory brings honor to McMaster,—in the realm of debating she has achieved a unique international reputation. It also brings honor to Canada and Canadian scholarship of which we may well be proud. To Mr. W. F. Nelson, '21, and Mr. G. P. Gilmour, '21, our victorious representatives, we extend our joyous and most sincere congratulations!

The debate was held in the Alvah Strong Hall in the presence of some three hundred invited guests with Professor William C. Morey, of the University of Rochester, the Hon. Nathaniel Foote and

the Hon. Arthur E. Sutherland, two eminent jurists, formerly of the Supreme Court of New York, as judges. The resolution was as follows: "Resolved, that the Anglo-Saxon Commonwealths of North America and Australia should exclude Oriental immigrants." The decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of McMaster's defense of the negative.

By this victory McMaster becomes the first holder of the "John Harvard Castle Cup," a handsome silver trophy presented by Mr. Kendal Castle, barrister, of Rochester, and other members of the Castle family, in memory of their father, the late Dr. Castle, who is honored among us as the first Principal of Toronto Baptist College.

Of the kindness and hospitality shown by their Rochester hosts, Messrs. Gilmour and Nelson speak most highly, and especially the warm welcome of the McMaster men at the Rochester Seminary, Prof. George Cross, Prof. Ernest W. Parsons, and Mr. J. D. Morrison, '15, President of the Students' Council. We hope this debate may become an annual event, and that next year we may have the honor of entertaining Rochester representatives here at McMaster,—as for the Castle Cup, *"requiescat in pace!"*

Although in the pages of the issue of last March our tribute has already been paid to John Drinkwater's *"Abraham Lincoln,"* the recent presentation of this remarkable play in Toronto leads us to speak of it once more. During the first week of the New Year it was the privilege of a large number of McMaster men and women to see this play with Mr. Frank McGlynn's wonderful portrayal of the great President. Toronto adds its approval to the general verdict that this has been perhaps the most noteworthy literary and dramatic contribution of the decade.

The past six years have shown a most phenomenal growth in the colleges and universities of this continent. Columbia has this year over 16,000 students for degrees; the University of California, 11,000; Boston University and the University of Illinois over 8,000 each; Wisconsin over 7,000; Northwestern over 6,000; and Chicago, Cornell, and Harvard over 5,000 each. A survey covering some 210 institutions shows in 1914 a total enrolment of 187,000, while in 1920 this total was 294,000. If they increase by the same number of students annually they will have 471,000 in 1930 and 831,000 in 1950. If they increase by the same percentage annually, they will have 659,000 in 1930 and 1,138,000 in 1950.

Though it is highly improbable that such an increase will be maintained, the burden of deficit and maladjustment is already worthy

of serious consideration. The heaviest burden falls, as usual, upon the professor. Emphasis cannot too often be laid upon the fact that the status of the university professor has undergone, in various respects, a steady deterioration in the past fifty years. This is especially true as regards to salary. In 1876 the salary of a professor at Columbia was fixed at $7,500, and that of a tutor at $2,000; in 1919 the salary of a professor in the same university was fixed at from $6,000 to $8,000, and that of an instructor at $2,000. Other universities show similar conditions. Lucky the professor in the large universities who has received as much as a fifteen per cent. increase in his salary since 1914, and who has to teach only thirty per cent. more students than he then taught.

I find I never weary of great churches. It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never as happily inspired as when it made a cathedral: a thing as single and specious as a statue to the first glance, and yet, on examination, as lively and interesting as a forest in detail. . . . . Though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons, I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. 'Tis the best preacher itself, and preaches day and night; not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past, but convicting your own soul of ardent sympathies; or rather, like all good preachers, it sets you preaching to yourself,—and every man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: GEORGE P. GILMOUR, '21.

"There must have been some few occurrences in the past year to which we can look back with a smile of cheerful recollection, if not with a feeling of heartfelt thankfulness. And we are bound by every rule of justice and equity to give the New Year credit for being a good one, until he proves himself unworthy of the confidence we repose in him."—DICKENS.

"Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps it may turn out a sermon."—*Burns.*

THERE are ever with us those students who aver that their course has not enriched their mind as startlingly as it ought to have. To this we heartily agree, but we cannot permit them to place the blame on the course or on the University. A statement like that usually comes from a man who has skipped the maximum of lectures, has never troubled to read the textbook, and has forgotten that a lecture is not necessarily a pre-digested education, but rather a guide to reading. To a man who blames lecturer and textbook rather than his own supine attitude, a lecture is often a hopeless jumble of answers to questions he has never asked, whereas the student who gives his professor credit as his superior may find therein germs of thought that he hopes to develop now that he has discovered them. Every University has its problems, and after a recent Student Conference, we believe the large University has more than the small one. There never was a dining-hall that could not be criticized. There is no college staff, howsoe'er selected, but has one vacuous chair. Oxford in its early days had no glass in its windows. If a man truly sets himself to learn what a small University offers him, he will enrich himself beyond his rosiest dreams; but the mere superfluity of pearls that some other place might offer would not necessarily satisfy the rank pessimist. Distant pastures always do look green—even the Sahara has beautiful mirages hanging over it.

Does the twentieth century come of age this year? Some scientist or hypercritic may say not, but we reserve judgment, remembering that our chronology is a few years out anyway. For practically all our University circle the experience of seeing a century reach the "twenty-one" stage is a novel one. How often it *has* happened we

cannot say, as estimates vary from sixty to three million times, and either figure is "beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant." The century has not had a quiet youth, and if now with the sagacity of manhood it shall combine the turbulence of infancy, strong hearts and hands will be needed. University men have played big brother to several centuries already, so up, ye men of McMaster, for if we spare the rod, so will the tree incline.

Orsborne—Howe: At Haliburton, Ont., on Tuesday, December 28th, 1920, Ernest Orsborne, Theol., to Miss Violet Howe of Haliburton. We extend heartiest congratulations.

Guelph Conference

December 29th to January 2nd were the dates of the recent national student gathering at Guelph, when the new Mills Hall residence, Macdonald Hall, and other buildings were, through the courtesy of the Ontario Agricultural College, opened to delegates from colleges in all parts of the Dominion. The occasion of the conference was the discussion of the possibilities of a Student Christian Movement in Canada, to link up religious work among students generally, and to facilitate co-operation between men and women. It is impossible, and here, at least, uncalled for, to give an adequate account of the proceedings, but one or two thoughts will suffice. The Student Christian Movement, as decided on by the conference, will be a loose federation of all college religious bodies, which retain complete local autonomy, but which head up their common affairs in a general committee of their own selection. The plan has its difficulties, but it recognizes that no General Committee can induce spirituality or prescribe intelligently for local needs. The biggest need was felt to be, not extension of organization, but intensification of personal example and Christian work in existing societies. One noticeable feature was the conservative attitude of nearly all the men, who were not prepared to follow what was regarded as the rather precipitous course of the women's organizations in seeking new leadership. Most colleges were satisfied that existing plans, such as Y.M.C.A. supervision, had not been utilized fairly. The delegates were an inspiring crowd, and there is a challenge before the Christian workers of McMaster to give up life more fully to the guiding of the Holy Spirit, knowing that others from Nova Scotia to British Columbia are doing the same thing. But more anon.

Literary lights of a certain feeble candlepower delight to find in Shakespeare things he never intended or thought. Not to be outshone by our contemporaries, we offer the following:—

We had felt that the position of McMasterites in the fourth year of five-year courses was unique, until we found this in "Love's Labor Lost":—

> "This *senior-junior*, giant-dwarf,
> Dan Cupid."

Literary Society

A very fine address and a very poor attendance were the outstanding features of the Literary Society meeting of Friday, December 10th. Such toll was made upon the members of the Faculty and Student Body by the varied attractions of the city,—educational, social and otherwise—that less than three score of the faithful remained to register their appreciation of the executive's efforts in providing a splendid programme. These, however, were, without exception, more than delighted with Professor Curr's address on "University Life at Edinburgh and Oxford." Having spent some eight years in these educational centres, Professor Curr spoke from a wealth of experience which enlivened his subject throughout and made his address one of uncommon interest. Each University was characterized in clear and concise fashion, while the interesting and charming details which had come under the keen observation of the speaker were related in such apt and witty fashion that the whole became a very vivid picture in the mind of his listeners Edinburgh, said Professor Curr, he had learned to respect but not to love; but the indefinable charm of Oxford, "a land in which it seemed always afternoon," and where, as in no other place, one caught something of the *spirit* of culture, had so gripped the speaker that his audience, too, could not but feel its fascination. To us who may never see these great British Universities, Professor Curr has done a real kindness in bringing this unique picture; and for such we thank him. A reading by Miss Mabel Pugh, and two vocal solos by Miss Ida Grant, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, were also enjoyed by the very select audience present; while a unique interpretation of the National Anthem by Mr. G. M. Farmer concluded the programme.

Y. M. C. A.

The McMaster Y.M.C.A. welcomed the new students at the beginning of last term by letter, by banquet, and by the presentation of a booklet containing pointers for conduct, and reserved seats for telephone numbers. Following this, President Carr introduced a devotional programme of the first order.

An able speaker led our devotional meetings almost every Tuesday evening of the term in our weekly prayer meetings. Professor Hallam

of Wycliffe College inspired us with his conception of "The Master Passion,"—love of Christ being the great magnet around which our service should centre; Dr. Graham of First Avenue Baptist Church showed us why Christ is "The Way, the Truth and the Life;" Rev. Mr. Chute, returned missionary, appealed to us to cultivate a wider outlook in which we could disregard the non-essentials of our various denominational beliefs; Professor Moon conveyed interesting information regarding "The Religions of the South"; Dr. Gilmour appealed for the cultivation of a deeper devotional life in the Student Body; Professor Curr threw light on the passage, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and Dr. O. C. J. Withrow lectured on some general problems of sex hygiene. Missionary enthusiasm was increased by our Fyfe Day programme, while the social night at the Central "Y" gave us the necessary opportunity to relax our minds during a week's cessation of the devotional bombardment.

Soph Treat

On the evening of November 16th the Sophs feasted all the resident students, except those of the first year, who supplied the funds. The gathering was distinctly informal, and was held in the Ladies' Room, from which, after eleven o'clock, songs more loud than sweet drifted to the absent Freshmen. Ere long, the yammer of many tongues ceased at the appearance of viands; and tea, salmon sandwiches, Chelsea buns, apples and chocolates shuffled off this mortal coil. A few chosen guests then rendered numbers of some merit. Long discussion, comparison, and exhortation on the virtues and vices of moustaches were indulged in by Sid, Harley, Barnes and Co., after which certain students were summoned to explain obscure points of conduct, while still others regaled the assembly with jokes of ancient and modern vintage. The genesis of the banquet savored of false pretence and petty larceny, but all the beneficiaries voted the session a very edifying one.

Soph Party

The first impetus was given to the social proclivities of Year '23 when a crowd of gloom-chasers met at the home of Miss Cowan on December 7th. The evening opened with a contest, the result of which was very demeaning to Sophomore self-esteem, and which was finally won by dint of gnawing vigorously at a fountain-pen and beating the devil's tattoo on the sideboard. Relaxation followed this exertion, in the form of lantern-slides shown in the darkened drawing-room,—a delightful circumstance. Enthusiasm reached its height

in the dining-room. There real, "dreamy" coffee was served with cakes camouflaged as vegetables, and following the sudden demise of these delicacies, the party repaired again to the living-room for a game of consequences. These were looking rather serious for one young ministerial student on a shopping tour, when the conventional hour struck, with *its* usual consequences.

Frosh Party

O Wallingford, stronghold of McMaster femininity in general, and of charming hostesses in particular! Five of the most charming of these hostesses (from '24) received on the evening of December 11th. Of the decorations it need only be said that a fragile freshette conquered a retiring disposition and ensnared from behind a barbed wire fence the finest mistletoe obtainable. Of the evening's wondrous medley of amusements there linger in memory still a breathless game of "Jacob and Rachel," and the less vigorous diversion of musical chairs. Then, too, at one point, a pair of ministering angels of mercy descended upon the company and dispensed coal oil, mothballs, etc., from very deceptive receptacles. Refreshments and a sanfest were indulged in successively. Freshmen parties in common with sermons and "Laura Secords" have an end, and by the witching hour of twelve the occasion had become a memory.

There was a young Freshette from Castor,
Who went out every time someone asked her;
She never said "Nay,"
And, needless to say,
She failed in Maths 1 at McMaster.

"But facts are chiels that winna ding
An' downa be disputed."—*Burns.*

Inter-College Debate

The evening of Friday, January 7th, found two of our debaters, Mr. G. W. Siegner and Mr. G. M. Farmer, enthusiastically supported by the Honorary President, several Professors and a large number of students, in the Chapel at Wycliffe College. The debate itself was interesting and warmly contested. The Wycliffe men, Mr. Barfoot and Mr. Wasson, were annoyingly persistent in setting forth their claim that "the present system of immigration to Canada, as it applies to Chinese and Japanese, is in the best interests to the country." They argued that the present system is elastic and supplies the labor market through selective restriction, and that the late emergency order, by prohibiting all immigration, should satisfy those who argue for prohibitive restriction. On the other hand, Mr. Siegner and Mr.

Farmer showed us that, on the whole, the class of immigrants we get is hurtful to the country, and that the emergency act becomes absolutely inoperative in the face of previous agreements with China and Japan, as evidenced by official statistics on immigration. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Barfoot pointed out that the Act itself states that it applies to the Chinese and Japanese as well as to other peoples. We believe that it was mainly this *technical point* that was responsible for the unanimous decision in favor of Wycliffe. The defeat was rather a surprise, but our men need not be ashamed of it. They were exceptionally well prepared and easily listened to, Mr. Farmer's material and style especially being of the highest order. Professor Ferguson, Mr. Keachie, and Dr. Porter, as judges, gave the decision, but, because of the lateness of the hour, made no criticism. Again we sorrow and refuse to be comforted.

Inter-Year Debate '21-'22

"Resolved that cartoonists are of national importance and ought therefore to be subsidised" occasioned the second inter-year debate, held on December 3rd, in our whispering gallery. Mr. G. M. Farmer led to battle the Junior host, Mr. G. W. Siegner; while for the Seniors Mr. K. W. Taylor assumed the title role, supported by Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Farmer attempted to establish the national importance of cartoonists in peace and in war. His case was carefully prepared and vigorously presented without reference to notes. Mr. Ferguson then deliberated with himself with a view to establishing the negative, after which Mr. Siegner argued the necessity of subsidies for impecunious cartoonists. We wept at tales of privation about men with only ten thousand berries to feed to the wolf, and only a shack on St. Clair to keep the rain off their Stetsons; yea, the emotion was a thing grievous to behold. Mr. Taylor, who is disconcertingly practical, smashed the affirmative with a few pertinent questions. "Is any cartoonist in Canada underpaid? Can a Government aid men working for party gain?" and so on. Mr. Taylor's material was good and his speaking is constantly improving. Mr. Farmer's spirited rebuttal was marred only by the inherent weakness of his case. While the judges cogitated, Mr. J. D. Thompson, our Palestinian interpreter of Stephen Leacock, read a detective story. Professor Curr then declared unto us a mystery, and the Seniors translated the verdict as favorable.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—

Professor (writing "Chthomic" on blackboard): "I shall not attempt to pronounce this."

Obliging Freshman Class (in chorus): "Ch———th ———"

Although I live within forty miles of some six former schoolfellows, I see them so seldom that they might as well be out of the country altogether. Just yesterday, however, I met an old classmate down at the Union Depot, one George Robertson Brown. George never missed an opportunity of signing his name in full while at school, thus his own constant use of it rendered it better than a nickname.

A Reunion

"Well, George Robertson Brown," I said, "you're looking well. Not too busy to come up for dinner and spend the evening with us, are you?"

George agreed that he wasn't, and promised to meet me at the office at five o'clock. A hearty old-time handshake and we parted. At once the problem presented itself as to what was the best means for celebrating this auspicious occasion. There must be something reminiscent of our school days. I must provide an atmosphere which would stir the tender memories of our good old times together.

A brilliant idea, at length! We would have a dinner typical of the old school diet. How we had revelled in it as youths, and what a bond it had been in our friendship. I wonder if another twenty years will find the recollections still as bright.

Those breakfasts, shall I ever forget them? On Sundays, the squirtless grape fruit,—which Mr. Irvin Cobb recently commends in a delightful article in *The Saturday Evening Post*—the oatmeal served hot or cold, no matter, the recipe for which has since formed the basis of the Le Page millions; the triangular toast, cut thick and done slowly to promote its tile-like properties, and as a chaser, a little prune, a little plum, a little marmalade.

Then how delightfully old-fashioned was that habit of having dinner at noon. Sometimes it would be a little ham cooked at home in the wash-boiler, especially for the boys; or roast elephant ear; or perhaps some *chien pétrifié* served *à la pâté* or *en saucisse;* and always *crême* of codtails on Fridays. I see I've omitted the soups, but they were all of the variety, "To the water add." You know the kind. Isn't it strange that if one says one likes something one gets it all the time? That was the way with our cabbage salad (cut shoe-string length with mayonnaise)—somebody said they liked it. And how welcome were those delicate desserts: rice puddings cooked with a nicety to the consistency of B.B. shot; laundry pudding (ten raisins, add one cup of sago, couple of buttons, and starch to taste); often tapioca pudding, cooked over a quick fire, with the proper scorched flavor, and adhering in a gluelike mass to the bottom of the dish. I thought, too, of

sinker pudding, but I remembered that George didn't eat anything with specific gravity over 2.7.

The suppers were, of course, very light lunches served only for those recluse individuals who remained at home to study of an evening. All others were expected to thrust themselves upon friends for this evening meal. When we were favored with the presence of some distinguished guest, pineapple concord was served in his honor—a dish composed of rhubarb, apple-sauce, peaches, pears, green bananas sliced, with sufficient pineapple to dominate the flavor, and the whole served lukewarm. Bully beef and bologna appeared at frequent intervals, and on a cold morning we would be delighted to see flannel cakes served with syrup, "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." But, to be hailed with joy and greeted with delight, the inevitable *piéce de résistance* of many an occasion was HASH.

. . . . . .

George came. My dinner was a huge success. Yet I am left with one regret. I could not find a merchant who sold Klim, and we had to drink to our dear old Alma Mater with ordinary milk!

—J. D. T. '22.

The Theological Society is considering the discussion of the topic, "Are carriage-dogs the result of natural selection?" The claim of one heterodox brother is that the original dog was white, but that by running under axles he became spattered with grease. The distinctive design suited, and stayed.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Helen Cline, '21.

Asst. Editor: Miss Frances Trotter, '22.

AN ARTICLE recently published in a women's magazine, called "A Study of College Girl Characteristics" no doubt attracted the attention of many college girls. The article discusses seven prominent women's colleges of the United States and the seven types of girl graduates which they produce. The idea that different colleges may be represented by individual types naturally leads McMaster women to ask themselves, "What type of girl is the graduate of McMaster University?" Is she "enterprising, adventurous, conservative, practical, a doer, a student, or a social philosopher?" These are the seven average types assigned to the seven American colleges mentioned.

It would be difficult to decide on one characteristic peculiar to McMaster women graduates. It is interesting, however, to learn just what our graduates are doing, and the Alumnae Association has recently prepared a list of the occupations of its members. Their investigation shows that sixty-nine of our graduates are married, sixty-one are teachers. Eight are missionaries, or missionaries in training. We have five librarians and five chemists. Five are in business courses and four are musical. There are four deans, four journalists and two nurses. The civil service has claimed two, one is in insurance and one in law. There is one supervisor of religious education, one social director and another in social service. One is a professor and one a dietitian. There are thirteen whose occupations are unknown.

Whatever may be the particular stamp of the McMaster girl we feel quite safe in concluding from this information that our graduates are women of the present day, able to find their proper places in the world, and not behind-hand in taking advantage of the widening spheres of activity for University women. We all look forward to joining the ranks of our graduates, and to finding some place of service, however insignificant we may fear it will be. Should we not remind ourselves that we are now in training that we may uphold the record of those who have graduated before us.

"For now the field is not far off
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words."

Women's Lit

Momus, God of Laughter, invaded Castle Memorial Hall on Friday afternoon, December the tenth, at the instigation of the girls of year '23, who had charge of the programme at Women's "Lit." For several days a poster had announced the production by the Sophettes of "All the World Loves a Lover," and "Year '23 Follies," so the appointed hour found a large audience eagerly awaiting entertainment. To introduce the programme a charming vocal trio invoked our attention to the actions to follow. In the first number, "Year '23 Follies," a chorus of six girls rendered in song realistic accounts of diverse recent happenings of interest involving two or more people. Then, in skilfully planned scenes were humorously portrayed some of the perplexing and harassing experiences of "green" Freshettes in their efforts to find Wallingford Hall and Mrs. Trotter upon their first arrival in the great city.

During intermissions a Combical Orchestra provided music, and before the final number, Helen Mabee on behalf of the girls of year '20 presented to the Women's Athletic Association a shield, a trophy to be bestowed annually upon the year which excels in that line of activity. The gift was gratefully acknowledged by Mary Clark, the President of the Association, whose remarks were seconded by the hearty applause of every girl.

The rising of the curtain revealed a room in Miss Peabody's Select Finishing School and several incessantly chattering maidens lamenting their isolation in that "foul dungeon." Exciting diversion comes apace, however, for soon, like the naive little country lass Angelina (Olive Frise) we begin to "smell romance." Marjorie Vane (Winnifred Mallagh) is in love, and the forbidden sweetheart "Phil" (Dorothy Hallford) gains entrance to the school awkwardly disguised as a prospective pupil. Unfortunately, Miss Peabody (Jeanette Reddick) discovers the dreadful secret, but the horrified teacher when reminded that "all the world loves a lover" condescends to forgive the unlucky victims of Cupid's arrow, and an untroubled atmosphere is finally restored

The enthusiastic enjoyment of the audience found expression in the singing of "Thy Praises," and everybody felt that the Sophettes had achieved their purpose in dispelling care and filling hearts with laughter.

Women's Athletics

Our thoughts should be turning towards hockey! How can they when there is no ice? With no hockey games to report up to the time of going to print, our only alternative is to look back at the finals in interyear baseball. Fourth year were the victors with a score of 15-13 against Second year.

The girls of St. Michael's challenged us to a tournament with a basketball as their choice of weapon, and turned out themselves with songs, yells and cheer-leader complete. It was in the score that we played an important part, for at the end it stood McMaster 22, St. Michael's 5.

One of the series of interyear basketball games was played before Christmas between first year and third. The Freshettes went home happy. The Juniors consoled themselves with thinking of the future prowess of the "Mac" team when the Freshettes grow up.

Vocational Talk

The oft-recurring question to many a girl is "What shall I do when I graduate?" and she is bewildered by the number of doors opening before her, and knows not which to choose. So many of them are strange and new. Because of this we have been eager to hear the various Vocational talks which are a part of the programme for this year.

On Friday, December 3rd, Miss Ford, a leader in Y.W.C.A. work, spoke to us. She told us of the history of the work and of its present activities, and the need of still greater effort in order to measure up to the ever-increasing calls. An important new branch is the foreign work,—teaching these "stranger girls" in our midst Christ's ideals of living.

The Y.W.C.A. is sending out a call for girls with any gifts whatsoever to devote themselves to helping to lead other girls to a fuller, richer life. Surely there are some who will find in their hearts a response to this call for service and leadership.

Bible Study

The Bible Study Class finished its term's work with no abatement of interest or enjoyment. On December 1st "The Ideal Mother and the Woman of Tact" was the subject. Mabel Giles gave us a glimpse right into the heart of Hannah and made us long for the sweet and gracious tactfulness of Abigail.

The last one of the series was on December 8th, and while Vashtai and Esther were already more familiar to us than some of

the others. Sadie McElroy threw new sidelights upon their characters. Has the Bible Class been worth while? Assuredly, yes!

Christmas Party

'Twas the night before Christmas,—well, no, I don't mean that the calendar said so, but such it did seem to those living at Wallingford that memorable eve, when from each other's presence about to take leave. The Hall had looked festive for many a day, with holly and ribbon in gala array. No wonder the young hopes were running so high, as Friday the seventeenth really drew nigh. Then round the grate fire we joined to partake of such unheard-of dainties as ice cream and cake (to say nothing of that chicken salad!). The maids having carried the dishes away, we sat down to hear our new orchestra play,—(one of the syncopated variety, with a wildly flourishing director). All too soon they had ended; then with dull, swishing sound, down the chimney came Santa and out with a bound. He went to the fir tree that stood in the corner, and each smiling girl with a gift did adorn her. Last the Jazz Babies gave their final selection, and ended an evening enjoyed to perfection,—the best time we Wallingford girls have had for many a day.

Wallingford Hall During Vacation

If any visitor had come to Wallingford towards the end of December, he (or she) would have wondered what under the shining sun had happened to the place. Under the spell of silence, he (or she) would tiptoe into the hall. What was the matter? As she (or he) would enter the reception room, light would break—why, of course, why hadn't he (or she) remembered? Christmas holidays, to be sure. Eagerly he (or she) would question the fair and rather solitary inmate upon whom he (or she) had come to call!—"How do you like Wallingford when all the girls are away? Isn't it dreadfully lonely?" "Lonely! I should say not! We have the grandest times! Only four or five of us at liberty to roam through the whole big house—girls *do* talk a lot, you know—and to have sprees and stay out late. And we can even study when we want to, and be alone if we want to. Residence life is so exciting all the time with so many girls around and everything." "I suppose you're right," the visitor would return, "Girls are queer, anyhow."

Athletics

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

"Autumn in his leafless bowers
Still waiting for the winter's snow."

THE game between Osgoode and Milton some weeks ago is an eloquent example of what systematic training can do in hockey. On the victorious Osgoode team were three old McMaster players, Lepofsky '17, Pearce '20, and Dingle '20. The fine game these three men turned in was highly commended by all the Toronto dailies. Pearce scored four for Osgoode, Dingle scored two, and Lepofsky, in goal, kept the Milton score down to three. These men played only ordinary hockey when with McMaster; now they have shown what they can do when given a chance under a good coach. We have men on the McMaster team to-day who are as good as or better than these when they played with us. *We must have organized, systematic coaching this year!*

The Junior O. H. A. schedule is as follows,—all games at the Arena:

Saturday, Jan. 8th, 3.00 p.m.—Varsity III. at De la Salle.
Wednesday, Jan. 12th, 7.30 p.m.—McMaster at Varsity III.
Tuesday, Jan. 18th, 4.00 p.m.—De la Salle at McMaster.
Saturday, Jan. 22nd, 2.00 p.m.—De la Salle at Varsity III.
Thursday, Jan. 27th, 4.00 p.m.—Varsity III. at McMaster.
Tuesday, Feb. 1st, 4.00 p.m.—McMaster at De la Salle.

The tennis series was not completed in the fall owing to bad weather. The present standing is as follows:

	Won	Lost
Theologs	3	1
Seniors	2	2
Juniors	1	1
Sophs	2	1
Freshmen	0	3

The rugby results for the interyear series give the final standing as follows: Seniors, first; Juniors, second; Freshmen, third, and Sophs, fourth.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

AGAIN the printer calls insistently for copy. It seems as though we no sooner get the news of one month all nicely written up in our best hand and choicest language, than another month begins to loom on the horizon, and before we realize it, that month is calling for attention. Yet it is a satisfaction to the Editor of this department, that no matter how often the months recur, there is always something to record. The graduates are very accommodating in this respect; they are always achieving successes, making advances, getting married, or performing other exploits worthy of announcement; and as the Editor turns to his file he always finds a number of items that have accumulated since the last issue. It is doubtless true that many more items would be included if all the news worthy of inclusion came to the Editor's desk. But McMaster men and women are as modest as they are capable, and it frequently becomes necessary for the Editor, through this column, to ask that they send in information as to their doings.

This month's resord is set out below. It includes an interesting variety of news. Ministers are moving and taking up new pastorates; other graduates are securing new positions, some of this continent, and some abroad, still others are pursuing further studies and achieving distinction; some have entered the state of matrimony; and two of our honorary alumni have been honored by the King.

Particular attention may be directed to the activity of the Hamilton Branch Alumni Association. Their example is worthy of emulation before the public and before prospective students.

'88—(Theol) Rev. S. J. Arthur, for the past three years at Avon-by-the-sea, has become Pastor of East Sixth Street Church, Erie, Pa. The city is rapidly growing and there is a demand for the erection of a new church building, $40,000 having already been subscribed for this purpose.

'96—Rev. B. W. Merrill has taken up his work as Director of Religious Education for Walmer Road Church, Toronto. On severing his connection with Jarvis Street Church he was most generously remembered by his friends. The Church and congregation presented him with an illuminated address and a purse of $1200; the Sunday School gave him a bicycle and an address, while other gifts came from

the Won-by-One Bible Class, the Young Men's Bible Class, the boys of Jarvis Street School, and the boys of Oakham House. Mrs. Merrill was also remembered by the girls and young women of the Sunday School and one of the classes.

'00—Rev. Judson Macintosh has resigned his position in Sterling, Ill., and accepted a call to the First Roselands Baptist Church, situated in a growing residential section of South Chicago.

'01—Rev. E. A. Brownlee has been compelled, particularly on account of the physical condition of his son, to postpone indefinitely his contemplated return to China. He has therefore been made permanent Secretary of the China Inland Mission, in Toronto, a position which he has held in a temporary capacity since his return from China some time ago. Mr. Brownlee is a Deacon of Jarvis Street Church.

'05—Rev. John B. McLaurin has moved from the Avingadda field of the Canadian Baptist Mission to take a position as instructor in New Testament Exegesis, also Comparative Religion and Psychology, on the staff of Ramapatam Theological Seminary, at Ramapatam, Nellore District, India. This seminary has been for fifty years under the direction of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society; it is now becoming a union seminary under the joint direction of the Northern Baptists of the United States and the Canadian Baptists. Mr. McLaurin is still in the employ of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board and is the Canadian contribution to the staff of the institution. Advanced students in theology from McLaurin High School will in future go to Ramapatam for special instruction.

'06—Rev. W. A. Cameron has been attracting such large evening congregations at Bloor Street Church, Toronto, that it has been found necessary to transfer the services to Loew's Uptown Theatre, where the seating capacity is three times that of the church. Services have been held in the theatre since the first Sunday in December, and the building has always been filled; several times it has been necessary to turn many people away. Mr. Cameron was recently voted an in- of $1500, making his salary $6,000 a year.

'07—Rev. Norman MacNaughton, New Westminster, has been completing graduate study at Yale University. He returned to New Westminster about a month ago.

'09—Rev. G. S. Jury is enjoying his work in Judson College, Rangoon, Burma. A letter from him appeared recently in *The Canadian Baptist,* giving a graphic account of a conference of American and native workers recently held at Mandalay.

'10—Rev. John Clifford, who accepted the LL.D. degree in 1910, was the recipient on New Year's Day of the Companionship of Honor, a distinction conferred by the King, but which carries with it no title or precedence.

'11—C. S. Robertson is the energetic Secretary of the Hamilton branch of the Alumni Association. This Association recently provided an excellent entertainment of musical and elocutionary numbers. Sir John Gibson acted as Chairman. Readings were given by Mrs. Lancefield (Etta Pugsley '10), who took her selections from the works of Bernard Trotter '15, Wilson McDonald, ex-'02, and the late Chancellor T. H. Rand. We understand that the arrangements for the concert were made by Dr. R. E. Guyatt, '01, Mrs. Lancefield and Mr. Robertson. The proceeds, which netted $80, were devoted to Wallingford Hall.

Ex-'11—Rev. A. L. Tedford is now Superintendent of Baptist Missions for Saskatchewan. Western papers speak highly of the work he is doing in conducting evangelistic services. He carried on a very successful campaign recently in the church at Swift Current.

'12—Rev. C. K. Morse, formerly of Winnipeg, who received the degree B.A. *ad eundem* in 1912, has become Secretary of the Near East Relief Fund in Canada, with headquarters at 99 Dundas St. East, Toronto.

'12—T. R. Wilkins, of Brandon College, was recently elected a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In conjunction with Professor Milliken, of the University of Chicago, Mr. Wilkins has been investigating research problems, especially in the nature of helium. It is in recognition of this work that he has been honored by the Association.

'13—Rev. Harvey Merritt, of Whitby, has accepted a call to the pastorate in Preston, and has already begun his work there.

'14—Ralph E. Freeman has taken the B. Litt. degree at Oxford, for research work in Economics. The subject of his thesis was "The Problem of Transport." It will be remembered that Ralph went to Oxford as Rhodes Scholar from McMaster, but that his course was interrupted by war service. Since demobilization in January, 1919, he has been in residence at Balliol College. During the past summer he spent three months with the American Y.M.C.A. working with the Polish army.

'15—Miss Dorothy Grant and Miss Lois MacLaurin, '19, are now on the staff of the Public Reference Library, Toronto.

'15—C. S. V. Hawkings is at Kenagami, P.Q., where he has been working in the pulp and paper industry for about a year. He now

has charge of the chemical laboratory at the newsprint mill of Price Bros. and Company, Limited. He reports that he is a considerable distance from civilization, but is enjoying his work.

'17—Rev. O. D. Priddle concluded his ministry in Ridgetown, Ont., the middle of November, and has now got settled in his work as Pastor of Strathcona Baptist Church, Edmonton, Alta. Reports from the west indicate that he is making the success that we would have anticipated, and that he is fitting into the life of that country.

'18—Rev. J. C. Carlile, of Folkstone, England, who accepted the D.D. from McMaster in 1918, has been awarded the C. B. E. in recognition of war services. Dr. Carlile came to America in 1918 and did valuable work for the British Government, both in Canada and the United States.

'19—P. V. Rosewarne has joined the staff of Woodstock College as Teacher of Science.

'18—Miss Ruth Baker has returned from Saskatchewan, where she has been teaching for the past six months. She will spend at least a couple of months at her home in Ringwood, Ont.

'19—Fred W. Field was ordained in November last at Batavia, Ill., where he is now Pastor of the Baptist Church. The Ordination Council was presided over by Rev. C. T. Holman, '08, Pastor of Normal Park Baptist Church, Chicago, of which church Mr. Field was a member until accepted in his present pastorate.

ex-'19—Harry E. Groom was married on Christmas Day to Miss Bessie Pearl Scott, of Petrolea. The ceremony was performed at Petrolea by Rev. A. C. Bingham, of London. Mr. and Mrs. Groom will make their home at 23 Marchmont Road, Toronto.

'20—Miss Jean F. Cameron, who graduated at Brandon College, has been accepted by the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board as missionary to India, and expects to sail next autumn. Mr. John Hart, of the present graduating class at Brandon, is also under appointment for India.

'20—H. G. Oddy has resigned his position as Teacher of Science in Woodstock College, and is returning to the University to take up M.A. work in Chemistry.

ex-'21—Rev. Emory Shank was married on Christmas Day at Dunnville, Ont., to Miss Addie Siddall, of that town, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Wm. Raithby, '08.

Here and There

Editor: Kenneth W. Taylor, '21.

Zosima, quae solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

ZOSIMA, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty." Of this epitaph upon the grave of a Greek girl, now quite unknown save for these two brief lines, Dr. Samuel Johnson in his Essay on Epitaphs, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1740, writes, "It is impossible to read this epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, 'The poor cease from their labors, and the weary be at rest.'"

The writing of epitaphs was considered, at one time, a real branch of literary art. In addition to Dr. Johnson's essay, there is another essay on the art and science, the forms and rules, of epitaphs, written by no less a person than Wordsworth (Essay upon Epitaphs, *The Friend*, 1810). Even to-day, collections of epitaphs are not infrequently seen in bookstores; though, to be sure, these are more often of the clever, witty, epigrammatic, quaint, or humorous kind of "sepulchral inscriptions." Both Wordsworth's and Johnson's essays, on the other hand, treat of the serious side of this art. Wordsworth censures epitaphs which contain anything that "shocks or is inconsistent with the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind." He believes the origin of epitaphs to be almost coincident with the origin of writing, for the sense of immortality, and so a respect for the dead, is probably "a coexistent and twin birth with Reason." Mounds of earth and rude stones mark the burial places of the dead among the most savage peoples, who are quite unacquainted with letters.

There are many very ancient Latin epitaphs, but one of the earliest in English is the following, dating about 1300:

"Bonys emongg stonys lys full steyl gwylste the sawle wanderis were that God wylethe."

"Bones among stones lie full still, whilst the soul wanders whither God willeth."

There is an instance, in the churchyard of Godalming, Surrey, of

an epitaph being used as an advertisement. This tombstone marks the resting place of one "Nathaniel Goldbold, Esq., inventor and proprietor of that excellent medicine, The Vegetable Balsam, for the cure of consumptions and asthmas." We hope that this practice will not become general, and that the monuments to Mrs. Lydia Pinkham and the venerable Dr. Chase will not become sullied by references to vegetable compounds and nerve food!

Probably one of the most quoted of those quaint epitaphs, so much in favor with our forefathers, is the famous,

Her won't come back to we,
But us will go to she.

The following verse, clipped from the correspondence columns of *The Sunday Times* (London, Eng.), makes a very neat epitaph:

"Clarissa reigned the Queen of Hearts,
Like sparkling Diamonds were her eyes;
But through the Knave of Clubs' false arts,
Here bedded by a Spade she lies."

A French couplet which usually provokes a smile is,

"Ci-git ma femme. Ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien."

As to the most amazing epitaph, there are several claimants for pride of place, but one in Dundee seems to outdistance all competitors. Legend has it that this was the joint composition of four town councillors. The story goes that these magnates agreed to write one line each, and the epitaph itself supports the tradition:

"Here lies Andrew, provost of Dundee.
Here lies him, here lies he.
Hallelujah, Hallelujee,
A B C D E F G."

However, on the vast majority of tombstones the policy of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is followed, and we are not surprised at the remark of Charles Lamb, who, when a very little boy, walking with his sister in a churchyard, suddenly asked her, "Mary, where do all the naughty people lie?"

In a recent issue of *T.C.D.* there appears a brief review of "India," a volume of poems by Capt. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. "Zebunissa," which the reviewer quotes in part, and is indeed very good. Its rhythmical form and haunting refrain show a high standard of technical excellence.

"The princess lay on tiger skins
Beneath a roof of sheeted gold,
They brought a youth by secret ways
To play with her, to play with her!"

The unexpected approach of the Emperor complicates matters, and the youth is hidden in a large brass jar which happens to be in the apartment.

"The cold dark eyes of Aurungzebe
Bent sternly on his daughter's blue:
'Who came into your bower to-night?'
'Not any man, not any man!'

The cold dark eyes of Aurungzebe
Surveyed the walls of white inlaid,
And rested on the pot of brass,
'And what within? And what within?'

'Water from the holy Jumna's stream
To bathe my limbs at break of day.'
'Then, Zebunissa, need you fear
If water boil, if water boil?'

She smiled, "Tis as my lord shall please."
The Emperor called to certain slaves
To make the fire, the youth within
Had heard it all, had heard it all.

A youth of Rajput blood, he kept
Silence—he felt them at their work.
He felt—ah, centuries have gone!
'Tis all the same, 'tis all the same.

The Emperor smiled as if he knew,
But walked away and said no word,
The Princess on the tiger skins
Lay down to sleep, lay down to sleep."

Yale undergraduates have voted to discontinue singing "Bright College Years" because of its German associations, it being set to the tune of "The Watch on the Rhine." For generations the song has been familiar to Yale men, who sang it at the big football games and at gatherings of graduates.

Our attention was called to the following lines which appeared a few weeks ago in the Toronto *Globe*. Their author is Bert Leston Taylor, who is responsible for a column of "A Line O' Type or Two" in the Chicago *Tribune*. They appeared originally in *Everybody's*.

Behold the mighty Dinosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore,
Not only for his weight and strength,
But for his intellectual length.
You will observe by these remains
The creature had two sets of brains—
One in his head (the usual place),

The other at his spinal base.
Thus he could reason *a priori*
As well as *a posteriori*.
No problem bothered him a bit;
He made both head and tail of it.
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,
Each thought filled just a spinal column.
If one brain found the pressure strong,
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipt his forward mind,
'Twas rescued by the one behind;
And if in error he was caught,
He had a saving after-thought.
As he thought twice before he spoke,
He had no judgments to revoke;
For he could think, without congestion,
Upon both sides of every question.
Oh, gaze upon this model beast,
Defunct ten million years at least!

A writer in one of the New York dailies quotes the following rather pathetic poem, "Not Understood," prefacing it thus: "Unfortunately, I cannot recollect the name of the author, but I fancy he was an Australian in poor circumstances, this poem bringing him into notice shortly before his death. I quote the poem herewith:"

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the year; we marvel, and we wonder
Why Life is Life. And then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressious;
And thus men die and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Often measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
Which lie between the surface and the show
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go,
Not understood.

In two days we have taken lunch with four doctors of philosophy and are well stocked with merry prattle. For instance, one of our companions being a college president, we apologized for not being a

Ph. D. ourself. "Ah," said he, "you should take a course in dairy farming at a State college, and get the degree *honoris causa*."—N. Y. *Evening Post.*

Geraldine, so debonair,
Your twinkling eyes and auburn hair
  Have won me truly—
Gay as a butterfly on the wing,
And clever, too, you've made to sing
  My heart unruly.

For many years I've sought to find
A lady who your traits combined
  Your ways and tricks,
And now I fear you too must pass
And leave me lonely—for, alas!
  You're only six.

—LIEUT. in the N.Y. *Post.*

Announcement was made lately of the finding of a Roman coin in this country bearing the date "B. C. 150." A thoughtful person to whom this remarkable discovery was mentioned observed that the report could hardly be quite accurate, as, if the coin was a Roman one, the inscription thereon would be 150 A.C.—"ante-Christum"—not B. C.—*Westminster Gazette.*

We received rather a shock on reading in a local paper recently, that "sailors with plain knitted bands of wool are smart," for it was several seconds before we discovered that we were perusing the women's fashion page. This incident reminded us of a story, told in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* of a school girl who, in reading a composition on General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, related how Lee wore his sword and was handsomely attired in full uniform, while Grant "had on nothing but an old ragged Union suit."

An even more striking paragraph appeared in *Ubyssey,* which, a few weeks ago, announced that "the basketball teams will wear their new shirts on Friday evening. The trousers have not yet arrived."

The following poem by "D. E." in the Christmas Literary Supplement of *Ubyssey,* illustrates something of the spirit of Modern poetry, —that is the ability to find beauty, to find something responsive, in our cities with their grey streets, smoky skies, and grim department stores, to the sensitive soul of the poet.

I love the Rain
Upon the city streets
In Autumn evenings,
Quietly falling through darkness
Into the light of the street lamps.

I love the Fairy Folk
That dance in shallow pools,
Clapping their tiny hands
To an unheard tune.

I love the polished blackness
Of the Asphalt,
The gleam of softened light
Upon the car-tracks.

I love the silent hurrying
Of the water in the road-trough,
The gurgling maelstrom at a grating,
The musical fall of hidden waters
To hollow depths.

But oh, I love the Rain upon my face
And the peace it brings me.

Soph: "I got nine on my French exercise last week."
2nd Ditto: "Honest?"
1st Ditto: "Oh, no; in the usual way."—*Brandon Quill.*

A Paris report to the effect that many divorce suits that had been entered for trial were being withdrawn, gave the following curious reason for this return to marital stability. "Where is one going to live after separation? It is impossible to find a flat. Therefore divorce is growing in seriousness." This incident moves "Lucio," in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, to the following effusion:

God bless the virtuous builders' pact!
Let all his critics now retract
Those sneers, those jokes so freely cracked.

Pursuant to his pious plan
The bricklayer, that moral man,
Does just as little as he can.

He counts his bricks, resolved to lay
(But not exceed in any way)
His eight (or is it ten?) a day.

And why? Because the sight of houses,
Empty and tenantless, arouses
Forbidden hopes in erring spouses.

"Ah, ha!" they whisper with resource,
"A house—the very thing, of course!
Now, what about a nice divorce?"

Whereas the worst domestic brawl,
The fiercest matrimonial squall,
Is better than no roof at all.

So let us praise the men who stand
(With trowel clasped in idle hand)
As guardians of our happy land.

New homes, perhaps, they don't erect;
But, any way, they do protect
Existing ones with great effect.

Certain types of characters are common to nearly all communities. Certainly the type portrayed below is not peculiar to Trinity College, Dublin. This epigram, taken from *T.C.D.*, might well be dedicated to one or more of our McMaster men:

If Medals were ordained for drinks,
Or soft communings with a minx,
Or being at your ease belated,
By Heavens, you'd be decorated;
And not Alcmena's chesty son
Have room to put your medals on!

Parson—"How is it I haven't seen you at church lately?"
Hodge—"I ain't been."—*Farmer's Sun.*

Overheard at Hunt's as the consomme was served: "Well, this is the greasiest looking tea I ever saw."—*Managra.*

He made a run around the end,
  Was tackled from the rear;
The right guard sat upon his neck,
  The fullback on his ear.
The centre sat upon his legs,
  Two ends sat on his chest;
The quarter and the half-back then
  Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
  A tackle on his face;
The coroner was next called in
  To sit upon his case.

—*Varsity.*

Overheard after the first international schooner race:
"Big gale to-morrow."
"How's that?"
"The American boat won."—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

Freddie: "Huh! my father is richer than yours. He's rich enough to buy all New York."

Eddie: "That's nothing. I heard my father tell my mother at the breakfast table this morning that he was going to buy New York, New Haven and Hartford."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Soph—"What did you do all summer?"
Fresh—"Blacksmith in a restaurant."
Soph—"Blacksmith in a restaurant?"
Fresh—"Yes, shooing flies."—*The Gateway.*

To the seven wonders of the world
Add this as number eight;
Her hair grows curly in the front
And in the back grows straight.
—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

Him: "Wonder what kind of a sundae this is?"
Her: "Dunno, what would you call it?"
Him: "Guess it must be an Hawaiian Sundae."
Her: "Why?"
Him: "Cause it ain't got nothing on it."—*Queen's Journal.*

Student: "How near were you to the right answer in the Chemistry Exam?"
Sophomore: "Only about two seats."—*Queen's Journal.*

The following exchanges have been received since our last issue. They prove welcome additions to the University reading-room, whither they find their way after submitting to our editorial shears: *Acadia Athenaeum, Acta Victoriana, Argosy, The Bison, Brandon College Quill, The Bucknellian, Canadian Finance, The Collegian, Dalhousie Gazette, The Gateway, Managra, Oberlin College Magazine, Philomathean Monthly, Queen's Journal, The Sheaf, T. C. D.* (Dublin), *Teacher's Monthly, Ubyssey, University Monthly* (Fredericton, N.B.), *Western U Gazette, Wycliffe Magazine.*

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Photographed by Richardson.

A TREE GARDEN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

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NEW FORESTS.

REFORESTATION is a term which is becoming quite common in literature which deals with our natural resources. In Ontario the term is often used rather loosely. It sometimes means the regulating of timber cutting in such a way as to protect the young growth in order to insure a future crop. It is used more frequently to indicate the securing of a new crop by means of planting either seed or young plants.

Used interchangeably with this term is another word which appears in two forms, namely, afforestation and re-afforestation. Afforestation dates back to the time when kings and nobles set aside large tracts of forests, more for the hunting and fishing which they afforded than for their timber wealth. Re-afforestation was simply the re-establishing of such areas, or, as it is sometimes used, the foresting again of such areas with the same meaning as reforestation.

In the minds of many, this work is a new movement, brought into prominence chiefly by men from the soil who recently have taken a more active part in politics than heretofore. In reality reforestation, as it forms part of the science of forestry, dates back many hundreds of years. Germany led the way, followed closely by Switzerland, Austria, France and Belgium. In these countries wealth locked up in trees and their influence on stream flow were soon appreciated, and steps were early taken to conserve that which would require thousands of dollars and many years to replace.

Two of the most interesting undertakings of reforestation are in France. One is on the steep mountain-sides of the Cevennes, where the forest had been cut from thousands of acres, leaving steep slopes exposed to the erosion of wind and water and subjecting the villages in the valleys below to torrents and intermittent water supplies. To overcome this, a system of reforestation was adopted requiring that these rough mountain-sides be carefully terraced and

then planted, in order to insure safety to the surrounding country. The other area, in Gascony, is known as the Landes. Here the battle was against drifting sand and poor stagnant soil. But with rare patience and perseverance the work went forward until that large area of 1,750,000 acres in which it was scarcely fit for a human being to live, was turned into a forest of beauty, valued in 1907 at $100,000,000, and giving work and substance to hundreds. It was from areas such as these that France harvested much small timber for trench work during the recent war.

When settlers first came to this continent, they found limitless tracts of forest, waiting to be subdued. Trees were man's common enemy. They only prevented him from reaping the fruit of the soil, and in the competition to subdue the forest, many thousands of acres of land were cleared which were meant only for tree growth. This has been demonstrated in an interesting way throughout many parts of New England. One finds there to-day more forested land than there was fifty years ago. The reason for this is that when the western States were being settled the young people left the New England farms for more fertile plains and valleys. Fields once used for crops were seeded by trees, with the result that many fine stands of timber have grown up on land which was meant only for their kind.

With such a wealth of timber on this side of the ocean, it is scarcely to be wondered at that reforestation has not until recently met with any great sympathy. However, as far back as 1832 there are evidences that men with a wide vision realized what would happen if the exploitation of timber areas was not supplemented by planting. At that time agricultural journals advocated the planting of trees, and the following of their advice has yielded some valuable returns to-day.

It was the pleasure of the writer to visit some of these older plantations in Massachusetts during the past year, and the results observed were very encouraging, although it may be said that the value of such planting is more a monument to the foresight and wisdom of a few than its monetary worth. Many of the plantations are too small to be called forests and have been so well cared for that they are virtually tree gardens. I remember talking to the owner of one of these plantations, an old man in his seventies. As we chatted he told me how at one time the site had been occupied by a peach orchard. The peach trees kept dying, and as the soil was not the best for crops, his father, influenced by *The New England Plowman*, had set it out with trees. He remembered the date well, because it was a half-holiday in honor of the completion of the laying of the trans-

Atlantic cable, and his uncle had come down from Boston to help with the planting. That was in 1858. To-day he has a beautiful stand of white pine. People often argue—very selfishly—what is the use of planting trees, the one who plants them will never reap the benefit! The foregoing is an answer.

Tree planting in Ontario does not go back more than twenty-five years. Most of the systematic reforestation work dates from 1907. Nevertheless, the results have more than justified the wisdom of such a venture. Many land owners are exceedingly thankful because they were able to secure help in tree-planting, if only in a small way. For often in the case of sandy soil the problem is not only one of poor and sterile fields, but also a problem of soil drifting, which is a menace to the adjoining fields of better worth.

It is estimated that southern old Ontario has 125,000 acres of waste land in seven large areas. These are suitable only for tree-planting, and no matter under what name such work is carried on, whether it be reforestation, afforestation, re-afforestation or tree gardens, the benefits of such areas when forested, both æsthetic and monetary, are sufficient to enlist the enthusiasm of every resident of the Province.

—Arthur Herbert Richardson, '15.

REQUITAL.

She played with me in her skilful way,
  And I—I played the lover
At least, we laughed and called it play,
  And lightly passed it over!

Now I sit and dream by my lonely fire,
  And sadly I discover
My wiser heart has but one desire
  To dream the old dream over!

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

RUSSIA IN THE SHADOWS*

E must needs be a rash man who at the present time would presume to tell the world the "truth" about Russia. Any account from any pen is deluged with criticism and correction almost before its ink is dry, and Mr. H. G. Wells' latest book, "Russia in the Shadows," has been no exception to this rule. Reliable information about Russia is very scarce. Travellers returned from Russia and careful students of the Russian situation express radically divergent views. This, of course, is not to be wondered at, partly because Russia is in a state of almost complete disintegration and conditions vary so greatly that accurate generalizations are impossible, and partly because the writers cannot free themselves from political or economic bias. Hence the average person has given up trying to understand the Russian situation, and many have only a hazy conception of Russia, as a land where life and property are no longer safe; where everybody starves, and everybody does nothing except, perhaps, throw bombs; where the Soviet dictators rule with inexorable cruelty while living in luxury at the expense of the oppressed people. Such a conception, or one equally hazy and incorrect, is only too common, and to persons who hold such views Mr. Wells' book will be most illuminating. The streets of Moscow are as safe as those of Toronto, and though the Communists do not hesitate to use force, there is an unexampled sobriety, even a harsh, puritanical decorum, as far as the private life of the leaders is concerned.** Sovietism has had some apologists who have "damned with faint praise;" Mr. Wells tends to achieve the converse,—he commends with so very faint blame.

Mr. Wells visited Russia in September, 1920, at the invitation of Mr. Kamenev, of the Russian Trade Delegation in London. He remained in Russia over two weeks. Most of this time was spent in Petersburg, and there was a brief visit to Moscow, where he had a talk with Lenin. He was given absolute freedom to go where and when he would; but even without such liberty he could hardly have been deceived. The harsh and terrible realities of the situation in Russia cannot be camouflaged. The dominant impression he received was an impression of vast and irreparable breakdown. "Ruin; that is the primary Russian fact at the present time. The Revolution, the Communist rule, is quite secondary to that. It is something that has happened in the ruin and because of the ruin."

*"Russia in the Shadows," by H. G. Wells. London, Hodder & Stoughton.

**For an interesting account of the Russian Communist Party, and its "puritanical fanaticism," which forbids its members to drink or play cards, and frowns on dancing and even smoking, see an article by H. N. Brailsford in *The Contemporary Review*, for January, 1921.

The capitalistic system of production in Russia has crashed,—and nothing has yet replaced it. Everything is rationed. All trading is illegal. All the shops have ceased. The shops are not closed,—they have just ceased,—they do not exist. It is difficult to grasp the meaning of this. The shops have *ceased*. As Mr. Wells remarks, "One realizes then that a modern city is really nothing but long alleys of shops, restaurants, and the like. Shut them up and the meaning of a street has disappeared." With the passing of the shops the modern city and all that the city means will also pass. Lenin frankly admitted this to Mr. Wells, and pointed out that the population of Petersburg has in two years fallen from 1,200,000 to 700,000. There has been an alarming increase in the death rate and almost a halving of the birth rate, but most of this decrease has been caused by a widespread return to peasant life. There is an extreme shortage of almost everything. Everyone is shabby. Drugs and medicines are unattainable. Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist with whom Mr. Wells stayed, possesses only the suit of clothes he wears. Last winter the water-pipes froze and the sanitary machinery ceased to work. These are instances of the extent of the collapse.

The world points to this spectacle of desolation as the fruits of Bolshevist rule, but nothing could be more incorrect. Communism is not responsible for this ruin. "This is an unsound system that has worked itself out and fallen down. It was not communism which built up these great impossible cities, but capitalism. It was not communism that plunged this huge, creaking, bankrupt Empire into six years of exhausting war. It was European Imperialism. Nor is it communism that has pestered this suffering and perhaps dying Russia with a series of subsidised raids, invasions, and insurrections, and inflicted upon it an atrocious blockade. The vindictive French creditor, the journalist British or U.S. are far more responsible for these deathbed miseries than any Communist . . . . If the Great War had gone on for a year or so more, Germany and then the Western powers would probably have repeated with local variations, the Russian crash. The situation in Russia is only an extreme fiction of the situation towards which Britain was drifting by 1918." Shortages in England have become famines in Russia; the profiteer, fined in England, is shot in Russia; [illegible] for [illegible] Russia has the Extraordinary Commission.

This, then, is the great fact of the Russian Revolution—there has been swept away, not a Tsarist regime, but a capitalist system. We may go even further; not only has the capitalist system been swept

away, but the capitalist civilization is rapidly following the system which fostered it, and either barbarism or a new civilization must replace it.

What promise is there of the realization of a new world? Are there any indications as to what form it will take? Lenin frankly admits that he does not know what the new world will be like. The present is a period of infinite experiment, experiment which has to be carried on in the face of civil war and foreign incursions. In spite of this, however, Mr. Wells can find promise for the future. He thinks Lenin is at present on the wrong track, but that in time there will come a new and better Russia. These brighter gleams in the Russian shadows Mr. Wells classifies under two heads, Drift and Salvage, and Creative Effort. Space will not permit the mentioning of more than one instance from each division; so let us survey briefly then, first, the present position of the Arts and Sciences, and, secondly, the Bolshevist educational efforts.

The story of Russian scholarship and science during the last three years presents a picture of infinite pathos and infinite heroism. At one time the Soviet Government, like the French revolutionaries, had "no need for chemists," but, thanks to the more creative intelligences among the Communists, two institutions have been founded in Petersburg,—the House of Science, and the House of Literature and Arts. In these two places are gathered together "careworn, unprosperous figures, the great men of the Russian scientific world," Nobel prizemen, men of world-wide celebrity. Their hunger for scientific news from the outside world, for the latest books and articles, was pathetic; and their steady perseverance in laborious research, short of paper, instruments, decent food and proper clothing, and in the face of complete isolation from the rest of the world, illustrates afresh the sublime heroism of the scientific spirit.

Referring to distinctively creative efforts in Russia, Mr. Wells says, "Never was there so amateurish a government since the early Moslim found themselves in control of Cairo, Damascus, and Mesopotamia. But there are liberal minds in this new Russian world, minds which, given an opportunity, will build and will probably build well." Strenuous educational efforts are being put forth under the direction of Lunacharsky, Minister for Education. The schools of Petersburg are much better equipped than the ordinary English grammar schools. The teachers—mostly middle-aged women—are thoroughly competent, and the discipline maintained is very fair. Schools are open to all, and there is a real effort to make attendance compulsory. In some of the large towns, owing to starving homes and social chaos, the Bolshe-

vists are institutionalizing the needy children. Large boarding schools have been established, and these have become very efficient. Parents have reasonably free access to their children, but no control over their education. The children get the best of everything in the way of food, care, and clothing. In educational matters, the Soviet Government has shown constructive and organizing ability.

While in Moscow Mr. Wells had an interview with Lenin,—"the Dreamer of the Kremlin." With Lenin, Mr. Wells was pleasantly surprised. He speaks excellent English, has a pleasant face, and a lively smile; he is thoroughly aware of the tremendous task involved in the re-creation of Russia, socially and industrially, and he is entirely confident of the ultimate triumph of Communism the world over. He is developing a wonderful scheme for the electrification of Russia. For Lenin, who, like a good orthodox Marxist, denounces all Utopians, has succumbed at last to a Utopia, the Utopia of the electricians. Great power stations are being developed, and two experimental districts have already been electrified. "Can one imagine," to quote Mr. Wells, "a more courageous project in a vast flat land of forests and illiterate peasants, with no water power, and no technical skill available, and with trade and industry at the last gasp? . . I cannot see anything of the sort happening in this dark crystal of Russia, but this little man at the Kremlin can; he sees decaying railways replaced by a new electric transport, . . sees a new and happier Communist industrialism arising again. . . . 'But these are only sketches and beginning,' I said. 'Come back and see what we have done in Russia in ten years' time,' he replied. In Lenin I realized that Communism could after all, in spite of Marx, be enormously creative. . . . He at least has a vision."

Among other incidents of his trip, Mr. Wells had the experience of addressing a meeting of the Petersburg Soviet on October 7th. To those accustomed to staid British Parliamentarism, the programme of this meeting may seem rather peculiar. The order of business was somewhat as follows: a discussion and acceptance of the Polish peace terms; a speech by H. G. Wells; the granting of a permit to Zenovieff to attend a conference in Berlin; and a heated discussion on the municipal production of vegetables. A five-reel film, half political, half comedy, followed, and then the meeting broke up to the strains of the *Internationale* played by a brass band and chanted by the audience, that is, by the Petersburg Soviet. "It was," remarks Wells, "a mass meeting incapable of real legislative activities; capable at the utmost of endorsing or not endorsing the government in control of the platform. Compared with the British Parliament it has

about as much organization and working efficiency as a big bagful of miscellaneous wheels might have, as compared to an old-fashioned and inaccurate, but still going, clock."

In his final chapter Mr. Wells summarizes his observations in the following propositions. First, the direct cause of the Russian collapse was modern war leading to physical exhaustion. The magnitude of the collapse is unprecedented, and if it continues it will soon be complete. Such a collapse must lead to the general impoverishment of Western Europe. Second, the only possible government that can stave off such a final collapse is the present Bolshevist Government, assisted by the United States and the Allied Powers. There is no other Russian power strong enough to overthrow the Bolsheviki, and even if there were there is no time for that now,—another year of civil war will see the final collapse of Russia. Third, the Communists are inexperienced and incapable, but, on the whole, honest, and they can lay claim to some real creative genius. Fourth, an international trust is the only solution to trade with Russia. Fifth, the only alternative to peace with Russia and a frank support of the Soviet Republic, is the final collapse of civilization in Russia; and it is highly improbable that the collapse will be limited to Russia. Both eastward and westward, other great regions may, one after the other, tumble into the big hole in civilization thus created. Possibly all modern civilization may tumble in. "This," concludes Mr. Wells, "is in general terms the way in which I interpret the writing on the Eastern wall of Europe."

"Russia in the Shadows" is written in the most pleasing Wellsian style. It is enlivened throughout by frequent flashes of humor, and is altogether a most interesting book. But it is more than all this. It is, in spite of its levity, almost flippancy, at times, a valuable contribution to the interpretation of the Russian Revolution. Its real claim to notice lies in the fact that it presents for the first time, the true significance of a *Communist* revolution.

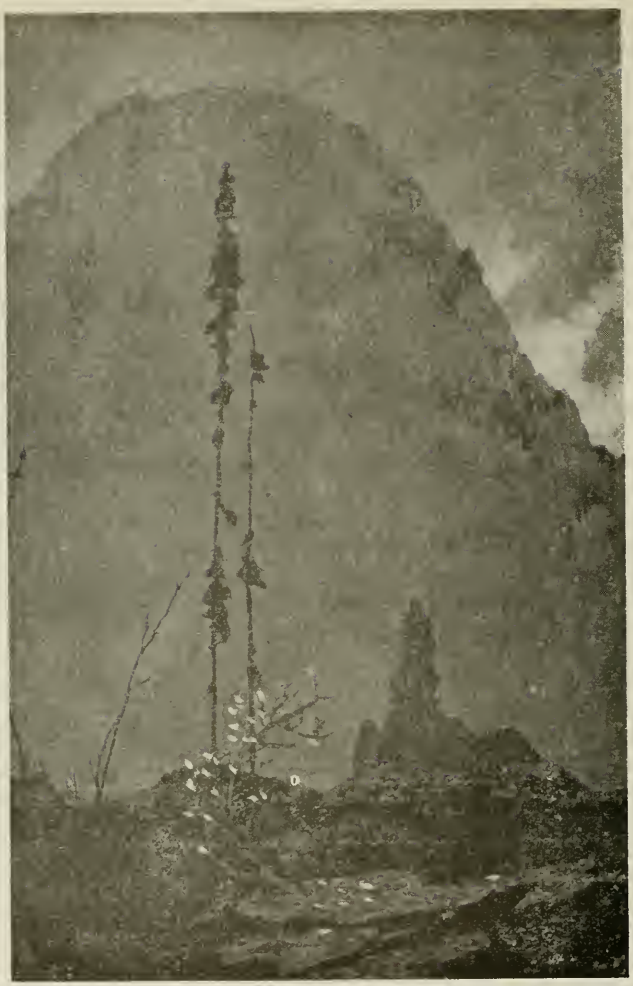
It is a truism that man is influenced by his environment, and the influence of economic organization on social structure is well known. But, as Mr. Wells points out, we have not realized the full extent of this influence. Women's fashions, the architecture of our buildings, our moral code, are all capitalistic. Our modes of thought, the abstract concepts of our philosophy, the discoveries of the most inductive of our natural sciences, are moulded by the influence of competitive capitalism. Capitalism is the cohesive force of our whole present system. Eradicate the principle of capitalism and everything will become utterly changed. This is the most significant corollary

from the Russian Revolution. In Russia Capitalism is practically gone, and Communism is beginning to take its place; and the results of this almost inconceivably fundamental change, even the temerarious Mr. Wells does not venture to predict.

A second significant corollary from the Russian *débâcle,* to which Mr. Wells gives the proper importance, is that the direct cause of the collapse in Russia was not Communism, but Capitalism itself. Capitalism was unable to stand the extreme strain of war. The system that collapsed in Russia was substantially the same as that which we have in England and America to-day; and in the Russian Revolution, Mr. Wells sees a fatal weakness inherent in this system. Capitalism, therefore, is doomed; eventually it must go. Shall we wait for a repetition of the Russian collapse, or shall we gradually but consciously evolve some new system? Mr. Wells does not suggest what this new system should be; he hints at Collectivism, but does not emphasize it. His book is not intended to be a philosophical attack or defense of any particularly economic theory. It is merely a faithful presentation of observations and impressions gained from a visit to Soviet Russia. His more acute powers of perception have enabled him to see more clearly than most the importance of certain facts, and his significant conclusions must prove very stimulating to all thinking persons.

In addition to these two *motifs,* the all-pervasiveness and the inherent weakness of Capitalism, there is a third running through the whole book,—the justice and the necessity of officially recognizing the Soviet Government. A discussion of this subject, however, is too complex to come within the scope of this article, involving as it does, the questions of trade with Russia, the legality of Communist confiscations of the private property of foreign subjects, etc., and at any rate, Mr. Wells contributes little that is new to this controversy.

—Kenneth W. Taylor, '21.



FRANCIS H. JOHNSTON,

The Sentinels, Algoma.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1919.

OH TELL ME WHERE!

Something is broken at the heart of me;
And like a little boy,
Who turns the key that wound his spinning toy,
And cries because it will not go again,
So do I turn the idle springs in vain!

. . . . . .

I saw the faint hepatica lift up
Remembrance, in a cup;
And I remembered not.
And where the white-thorn stands the bride of June,
Beneath the crescent moon,
I passed, and heeded not.
The oriole's mad riot from his tree
Is weariness to me.
And now, to-day, I smiled
Into the face of just a little child,
And it smiled not again.
So do I turn the idle springs, in vain.

. . . . . .

Oh tell me where can such magician be,
As could make go this broken heart in me!

—Gertrude MacGregor Moffat.

DR. DENNEY'S LETTERS.

IT was a happy thought which prompted Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, the Editor of *The British Weekly*, to publish a selection from the letters which he received from Dr. James Denney, Principal of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, his friend and contributor. Readers of Dr. Denney's theological works must be conscious that the personality of the author was so distinctive as to demand fuller expression than books of that kind can give. Sir W. R. Nicoll has thus met the desire of a large public in the production of this volume of letters, in which Dr. Denney's personality is revealed with the clearness which it deserved.

The correspondence covers about twenty-four years. It deals with a vast variety of topics, sacred and secular, upon which Dr. Denney pronounced opinions with a frankness which occasionally startles the reader, while at the same time it extorts admiration for the intellectual honesty and moral courage of the writer. Here is a caustic characterization of a great ecclesiastic: "His pride, his 'profanity,'—by which I suppose he meant that he was at bottom a humanist, and in no internal bondage to any form of Christian religion." Is it possible that a Scotchman could have written these words, "I would rather be miserable in Glasgow than happy in Toronto or Vancouver." The book abounds in these pungent touches with which Dr. Denney used to intersperse his lectures, as Professor Robertson of Aberdeen, an old student, reminds the reader in the chapter of reminiscences which he has added to the book. Here and there appear touches of a very different order. Could anything sweeter or truer be desired than Dr. Denney's reference to the death of his colleague, Dr. Jameson: "I had a great affection for him, and will miss him more than I can say."

It will be manifest from these quotations that the chief interest of the book lies in the self-revelation of the writer. As he peruses these pages, the reader feels that he is holding fellowship with a spirit into which nought that defileth was allowed to enter. The proof of that proposition surely lies in the closing words of the last letter which the book contains. On the eve of passing hence he wrote, "I have been a little astonished at the people who condoled with me on having to postpone the Cunningham Lectures. The things I am sore at being unable to help at are the Temperance Cause, and the Central Fund." Thus spoke the man who was not only a student of the Gospel, but a lover of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Sir W. R. Nicoll has placed a large circle on both sides of the Atlantic under a debt of gratitude by the issue of this book, whose greatest defect is the absence of an index.

—H. S. Curr.

THE CARPENTER.

DOES education educate? This pointed question was asked and answered under singular circumstances at a banquet recently held in London, England. A man who had never made a speech in his life addressed a gathering of college graduates, and he made a hit. The article dealing with this was published from the pen of Alexander Irvine in *The Teachers' World,* and reprinted in *Public Opinion.* It is as follows:

"About one hundred and fifty students who had just received their degrees met for a final dinner, before they separated to go into various parts of the world, probably never to meet again. They had been so surfeited with dignified drivel during the four years at college that they decided to omit the address at the final function.

"Of two hundred professors there was one man whose criticism of college addresses was well known. He had never made an address in his life, and it was suggested, more as a joke than with any serious intent, to invite him to deliver the address. If they had imagined for a moment that he would accept the invitation he never would have been asked. He accepted, however, and the committee decided to let the class grin and bear it.

"The dinner took place in one of the world's greatest hotels. The banqueting hall was known far and wide for its artistic arrangements and luxurious furniture. The young men were dressed in conventional full evening dress. Most of them were future captains of industry. During the course of the dinner there was a good deal of joking and some speculation about the professor's address. When the dinner was over the Chairman rapped for order and introduced the speaker.

"'Gentlemen,' he began, 'I never made a speech in my life, and I don't intend to begin now. I have something to say, however, and in saying it I will follow Luther's threefold rule: "Stand up straightly, speak out boldly, and sit down quickly."

"'We are in one of the famous banqueting halls of the world. Belshazzar's Hall compared to this was a lodging on the third floor back. No such art existed in those days as we see around this room. No such viands graced his board. What there was there was elegant for that day, but we live in another age, an age of art, craftsmanship and luxury. From the four corners of the earth came the things on this table. From the lowest forms of day labor to the highest forms of art we have around us samples of at least a hundred forms of human work.

"'Take this tablecloth, to begin with. It is of most exquisite

workmanship. It involves weaving—to go no farther back—bleaching, smoothing, designing. It is a damask linen, beautiful and most pleasing to the eye. I want to ask you a question: Is there anyone here who knows from personal experience anything about the labor involved? Have any of you ever contributed any labor to the manufacturing of table linen? I am serious, gentlemen. If any of you have, I would like him to say so.' There was absolute silence. 'I understand, then,' he continued, 'that the making of such a thing is beyond your ken.

"'Let me draw your attention to the samples of pottery here. Surely the men and women who produce such beautiful things are artists. What a joy it must be for a man to hold such a thing in his hand—complete—and say, "I made it!" Many forms of labor are involved here, also—the digging of clay, the carting, fashioning, painting, burning, baking, and finishing. If there is a man here who has ever touched this form of labor, let him answer. No one!

"'There are samples of the most exquisite, and, I know, costly, cut glass. That also involves much labor and great art. It is a unique industry in itself. I will not detail the process; we see the result, but the various forms of labor involved are practically unknown to us. I would be rather surprised to find a man among you who had ever touched this industry at any angle.'

"In this way he went over the silver, and dwelt rather lengthily on the subject of mining and the life of a miner. Nothing escaped his notice. He drew attention to the carpet and rugs on the floor, to the curtains and drapery of the great windows, to the mural decorations, executed by the greatest living mural painter. There was a rich fresco around the room. He called attention to it. When he had gone over most of the things in the room he turned again to the table.

"'There are cut flowers here,' he said. "Most of you spent some years in the study of botany, but I don't think any of you would undertake to give us a complete classification of what we see and enjoy on the table." There was a disposition to laugh, but he wiped the smile from every face around the table by quietly saying, 'Perhaps you are to be congratulated that you are at an age when a sense of humor covers a multitude of sins, but personally I cannot enjoy that which gives me pain.

"'I am a representative university man, seriously asking myself and you whether the system we call education educates?' The silence became oppressive. The men were thinking.

"'Perhaps,' he continued, 'I should have put you more at ease

by telling you at the beginning that I have never experienced the joy of fashioning articles with my own hands. Nor anything useful for that matter. Here we are, then, a group of men on whom a university has set its stamp. We produce nothing we eat, we could not even lend a hand in the making of anything we see around us, and truth compels me to venture the suggestion that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the chief motive of a college education is to escape actual participation in just such work as gives or ought to give joy to the worker.

"'A timekeeper performs a useful function, so does a cash register, but the function of education is not to turn out timekeepers or cash registers. It has been truly said that if ten Bachelors of Arts were wrecked in mid-ocean they could not build a pontoon to save their lives! They would be equally helpless in any critical emergency where practical knowledge of the ordinary things around us was imperatively necessary. A statement of the problem is not a solution, and we do not gain much by stating that the system is to blame and we are not.

"'You certainly are not to blame. You are the victims of whatever system we have. I cannot say that I am blameless. I do not believe that a smattering of languages, of mathematics, and history is education. I believe the system of cramming these things to pass an examination is pernicious. So having been asked for the first time in my life to make an address, I made it an opportunity to enter my protest.

"'Education is to prepare and equip for the duties and responsibilities of life—not to turn out industrial and commercial bosses, gaffers, timekeepers, and cash registers. I would hardly be justified in taking up your time with these observations alone. So, in addition, I want to say this: Most of you are destined to be masters of men. You will organize and mobilize their labor, you will oversee it.

"'When you see men around you actually creating beautiful things with their hands, I would like you to remember that it was my opinion that actual labor in the arts and crafts and industries is an infinitely nobler contribution to the happiness of mankind than clipping coupons and living on the sweat of other men's brows.

"'It will not come in our day, but the world will ultimately come to understand that the training of the mind is as necessary as the training of the body. Why should it be considered an unthinkable thing that a blacksmith or a carpenter should need an education? Why should college men consider it degrading to handle tools and make useful and beautiful things?

"'Why should a University perpetuate such a revolt against Nature in which the man who does no useful work at all is considered a gentleman, and the creator of wealth and beautiful things should be considered low caste, in Anglo-Saxon civilization.

"'I want to point out to you that the highest form of culture and refinement known to mankind was intimately associated with tools and labor. In order to do that I must present to you a picture, imaginative, but in accord with the facts of history and experience.'"

"He pushed his chair back, and stood a few feet from the table. His face betrayed deep emotion. His voice became wonderfully soft and irresistibly appealing. The college men had been interested; they were now spellbound. He raised his hand, and went through the motions of drawing aside a curtain.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'may I introduce to you a young Galilean who is a master builder—Jesus of Nazareth!'

"It was a weird act. The silence became oppressive. As if addressing an actual person of flesh and blood he continued:

"'Master, may I ask you, as I asked these young men, whether there is anything in this room that you could make with your hands as other men make them?'

"There was a pause, a brief moment or two, then with the slow measured stride of an Oriental he went to the end of the table, and took the table-cloth in his hand, and made bare the corner and carved oak leg of the great table. In that position he looked into the faces of the men and said: 'The Master says, "Yes, I could make the table—I am a Carpenter."'"

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Editorial Notes

A generation of the educated young men of Europe has been lost. The great proportion of the most brilliant younger graduates of Oxford, of Berlin, of the Sorbonne, and of Vienna lie quietly together beneath the far-flung fields of battle. Their years of service have been short; Europe has been left to face the most appalling problems of reconstruction without them. To build up new democracies from fallen Empires, to bring economic reconstruction from the wreck of a world war, to form a free Church of the people out of an established Church,—such are the problems facing European civilization to-day. To meet the situation Europe is not only finan-

cially bankrupt, but in pitiful want of trained sons, strong to bear her burdens.

The Universities are still there, however, and into them are crowding the young men and women of to-day. These have felt sorrow in their families and in the life of their nation as have few generations of thinking men and women before them, and they seek insistently for answers to the questions which arise. Thus it is that to-day there are eighty-three thousand students in the Universities of Germany as against sixty-one thousand in 1914. Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Poland show similar movements toward education. Who can doubt that from these young students shall be produced the leaders to meet such needs? In every life is the question,—"Is there any other way than the way of periodic wars?" Where are they to find their their answer to such questions?

The need of these students is unspeakably great. The cities of Central Europe are facing a situation which is nothing short of famine. In Germany one man in three is workless, in Austria, one in two. Food is not only on meagre ration, but many are even unable to purchase their allowance. While living costs have doubled in Canada, the people of Central Europe are paying ten times more for their milk, twelve times more for their sugar, and twenty times more for their eggs, than pre-war prices. In this situation the student is in bitter straits. He cannot obtain work, his small savings cannot meet the increased cost of food, so he must suffer. Many are dressed in the uniforms which have survived the war; the "field gray" is matched by the pallor of their faces. The fees and price of lodging and books are fixed. The only place to "save" is on food, and in the struggle with hunger and cold many fall by the way. In the University of Munich, out of eleven thousand students four thousand are in need; in Budapest thirty per cent have two meals or less per day; in Vienna, Prague and Warsaw the situation is as desperate.

* * * * * *

At the meeting of the World's Student Christian Federation in Switzerland last summer a most gigantic task was undertaken, that of Student Relief in Central Europe. The leaders of the Federation have set their hands to this task, nothing doubting, because of their conviction that it is not the will of God nor of true-hearted students in lands of plenty that the students of Europe should be left to starve in body and in mind. The response to this appeal in Britain and in the United States has been most enthusiastic. Now the appeal comes to the students of Canada. The New Year's Assembly in Guelph

heartily endorsed the resolution of "whole-hearted approval of the effort being made throughout our Canadian colleges for relief," and at the Sunday morning service the little group of delegates opened the campaign by subscribing more than one hundred and forty dollars among themselves.

The need has been established beyond possibility of dispute. The whole scheme is based upon thorough, first-hand knowledge. The Federation Relief Administration will make the fullest possible use of existing relief agencies rather than attempt to build up an expensive and perhaps inferior administration of its own. The Friends' Relief Committee, the American Relief Administration, of which Mr. Hoover is Chairman, with many national and local relief societies have placed their experience and facilities at the disposal of the Federation. Relief will be administered impartially without regard to race, nationality, creed, or any other criterion than proved need. The whole work will be in the spirit of world brotherhood, in harmony with the teaching of the Master Himself. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least, ye did it unto Me."

* * * * * *

The appeal is now presented to the students of McMaster. Two years ago in this University over twelve hundred dollars was subscribed for the students of India. Our response to-day to the call of the students of Europe should be even more generous. Money is most urgently needed. It can be rapidly transmitted and will greatly benefit by foreign exchange. And not only money, but contributions of clothing, shoes, and especially woollens will be most acceptable.

The call is urgent! The need is pressing! Let McMaster unite in generous and whole-hearted assistance to this worthy cause!

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

—Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: GEORGE P. GILMOUR, '21.

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."—*Pope.*

N rare occasions we forget ourselves, but it is a harrowing experience to find that we are so frequently forgotten by the world about us; and thus the horrid expectation of permanent oblivion leads us into attempts to immortalize ourselves and to leave our names and ideas to posterity. To this end we employ various means; some of us publish our diary or reminiscences; some merely write testimonials for patent medicine. As students, too, we exploit this field of effort, for none of us likes to imagine his name as forgotten in Alma Mater. In consequence we behold the perennial appearance of that esthete who, "in vacant or in pensive mood," carves deep his obscure initials in the homely surface of an unoffending desk; and year by year, too, we hail with delight those lesser minds whose mental life finds expression in the handwriting on the wall (for reference reading see S4 or S7). No doubt these feel that somehow "the calm of mute insensate things" will witness permanently to their greatness. There are, again, those who will always be remembered as hewers of food and throwers of water, or as utilizers of fire-escapes and cupboard shelves. Some others have left their mark indelibly upon the building itself, as witness the Laodicean who installed the shower-baths, and that student of the tortures of the Inquisition who placed the seats in M8. All these are examples of the perverted application of the great truth that we are remembered for what we have done. Wherefore, dear brethren, be it known unto you that this homily is directed to the encouragement of immortality of the better sort—we are recruiting for the "choir invisible" who really build up the college. The model of the Parthenon in the Library, for instance, is the work of two undergraduates, Professor W. Sherwood Fox and the late Professor Glenn Campbell. An idiot can carve initials, an immortal carves a statue. A dud may write an editorial, an immortal writes literature.

It must have been the printer's devil that prompted him to insert a few extra words in our editorial quotation of Burns last month. To all true lovers of that poet we offer our apologies.

On January 14th we said good-bye to Mr. L. C. Kitchen, B.A., who has gone to take up mission work in India. At chapel he left us a final message from John 17, Jesus' prayer for spiritual oneness among his people. Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen are now on the way to the Orient, and the College wishes them *bon voyage*.

Chapel Visitors

Mr. Penny, of the English Baptist Mission Board, was with us on February 4th, and his presence was a benediction. He stressed our responsibilities as fellow-members of an Empire, eighty-five per cent. of which is still composed of subject peoples.

Part of the morning of Thursday, February 3rd, was set apart as our second Fyfe Day session; and it was our extreme good fortune to listen to Dr. Hugh Black, of New York. His address was drawn from I Corinthians 15: 58, and centred on the thought of a worthy life-purpose for the college student. Life is inadequate without labor: labor itself is vanity without an adequate end for it, for the history of man is the history of great achievements that have passed away. The bigger the end for our labor, the bigger is our chance of success in it. To the big man smallness is impossible; and a worthy opportunity is his only prerequisite to great work. Many men have been "martyrs by mistake" because they have given their lives for something not worth while. If our purpose be the *biggest*, our life cannot fail. In the Lord our labor is not in vain; and our labor in the Lord is the Christian life. We must remember that God himself entered our life, that we ourselves are spirit, that there is no first nor last with God.

Fyfe Day

The Residence is at present in the throes of a chess tournament. As a form of light mental recreation after the examinations chess has its drawbacks; but we presume that the tournament is designed to replace former moustache-growing contests, which have tended only to the breaking of sanguine adolescent hearts and the curtailing of the social life of disfigured contestants. New players have easily accustomed themselves to the ideas of queen and pawn.

The annual skating party of the Literary Society was held Friday evening, February 4th, in three places, C.M.H., V.R., and D.T. (meaning dining-table). Part one was spent by the gentlemen in search of, and by the ladies in avoidance of certain bands (musical, not matrimonial). Part two saw all spurning the passive ice to the anachronistic behest, "Feather your nest." Part three, Act I., was

Skating Parties—Lit

an altercation between M.A.S. and Gerhard-Heintzman, the former crying "Hold me, hold me;" the latter emitting audible protests. W.F.N. impersonated the "Left all alone again blues." Act II. in the dining-room, supper enveloped by guests. Course one, Laodicean bullion, increased with gold, neither hot nor cold (two puns, a quotation and its rhymes, and she didn't even smile). Brown toast, brown coffee, and ice cream amused our riper stage. After that, the chairman constructed a poem about "waisted" effort, and, further, requested the freshmen to hie them back and gird up their loins with the dish-cloths. M. C. H. gave a selection from his repertoire, and later G. P. G. dilated upon a post-somnolent incident about birds and bills. Postlude: T. P. M. in chorus.

Senior

By devoting Tuesday evening, January 25th, to a skating party at Varsity Rink, the Seniors succeeded in reviving their morale,—broken by a series of severe scholastic reverses culminating in a disastrous History exam. Only a score of members appeared to have survived the examiners' offensives; but under the influence of the evenings frivolities, which concluded, it is said, with refreshments at Burt's Tea Rooms on Avenue Road, their morale was completely restored; and they returned to their 8.15's on Wednesday morning eager to start defensive preparations against the final assault scheduled for next May.

Soph

Between the darkness and the dawn following January 27th, the Sophs held a little function at Varsity Rink. The occasion was formal, the men wearing the conventional woollen chest- protector and cap, the ladies scintillating in an array of *chic* overcoats with collars attached. The Varsity band was in attendance, and provided music from eight to ten, during which time the chaperons vainly attempted to keep in touch with the flying couples, who "hissed along the polish'd ice." which eventually lost most of its polish and wrinkled up into ruts to safeguard against slipping. At the conclusion of the evening the guests provided themselves with a little supper at Greydon's Tea Rooms, and enjoyed a little yell as a chaser.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Whence comes this strange conceit?

Gentle Student (to astonished librarian): We are hoping that you will recite for us at our next meeting. I notice that the calendar lists you as "Librarian and Reader in English," and my thought was to have you give us one of your readings.

Ye budding authors of English 1 and 2, see that hereafter your work is fit for public declamation.

A *belated* report from the Sophomores reads as below:—

Parties—Soph

"We children of President Dyce's boisterous family assembled at Wallingford Hall on Tuesday, December 14th, to await the arrival of the King of Toydom. But immediately after the roll call, a distinct chill was felt when a message came that Santa had sat down on the spirit gum, and as he could not bring the furniture with him, would be a trifle late. Just at this critical moment, the Moon began to wink through the clouds of disappointment, which produced an atmosphere of merriment. So we all took a deep breath, and behold! before we could extract all the fun from "Blind Man's Buff," and the "Dusty Miller," Santa was shaking off the ashes over the radiator. Our big brother—the one with the moustache—helped the old gent make that evergreen tree look like a barren spot in a desert,* incidentally handing to our bachelor guest of honor some useful household attachments. Our genial gift-dispenser refused to stay to lunch, but as an altruist volunteered to eat his ice-cream and cake, they were not wasted."

*Editor's note: It must have been rather an innovation, having a barren Christmas tree like this.

Fresh

The following communicatiion has come to us from our correspondent in '24:—

"Clandestine councils, whispered consultations, and the final swift descent, via the outer wall, figured rather prominently in the preparations; but when at last we entered the concourse of gayety at the Starr—'festive scene' is trite—caution and restraint vanished to the winds and were gone. A stranger alike to professors and classes was there, whose white vest enhanced the glittering spectacle. Neither must we forget the ladies, gentlemen; the beauty was much in evidence, nor was the chivalry backward. For once, methought, higher education was forgotten in the field-day, refreshments, and guessing-contest which followed. At one time a good brother, by request, obliged with the Theology yell, to the great delight of his friends, and the edification of the young; and at another juncture the class orator fittingly proposed a vote of thanks to our charming Vice-President. The festivities were rounded out with the class yell, and 'Thy Praises, McMaster,' and another class party has now passed into history."

Theolog

On the evening of Thursday, January 27th, the members of the Theological Society, together with the Professors in Theology and their wives, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour at their home, 29 Albany Avenue. A very pleasant social hour was spent, followed by a number of timely and interesting addresses. Professor Curr described in delightful fashion the place filled by the Scottish minister in his community, illustrating his remarks with a number of charming anecdotes of clerical life in his homeland. A brief address on the importance of personal evangelism as a factor in the revival spirit among the churches to-day, was given by Dr. John MacNeill. Mr. W. S. Watson, leader of the Senior Evangelistic Band, also spoke, outlining the programme for the work of the Band this term, and requesting the assistance of all interested in its success. Following the addresses, refreshments were served; and after a few remarks by Dr. Farmer, in which the thanks of the guests were extended to Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour, the gathering was brought to a close.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED WORK OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

As I lay a-dreaming, dreaming,
In the morning sunlight streaming
Through the window-lattice gleaming—
This was not in days of yore —
Came a rapping, gently tapping,
Like a German miner sapping;
Said I, "'Tis some sap-head rapping,
Tapping at my chamber door."

Then I turned again to slumber,
Slept for moments without number,
Spreads along the hothouse floor;
Just like that and nothing more.
Then there came a ringing, ringing,
Once again disturbance bringing,
But, I, still to slumber clinging,
Sought this racket to ignore.

Then the ring became insistent,
Waxed much louder and persistent,
And I wished it far more distant,
With its devastating roar:
Up I sprang and started dressing—
Found the dearth of heat depressing—
But, with promptitude progressing,
Came at last to pass the door
Of the dining-hall so festive
Where my fellow-students restive,
To their processes digestive
Come down early—NEVERMORE!

—Discovered by McN. of '24.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Helen Cline, '21.

Asst. Editor: Miss Frances Trotter, '22.

THE other day we heard it remarked that the only way to procure a full attendance at an executive meeting is to "set out a plate of soda biscuits." Perhaps this statement explains the numerous social affairs which have been held lately in the guise of business meetings. Or perhaps that should be reversed—business meetings dressed up like parties. Class teas have become quite popular, and there is no doubt that each and every "Vice" would assure you that, "Oh, yes, it's much easier to get all the members to a meeting if you invite them to a tea-party, and add that some class affairs will be discussed." Nearly everybody comes with the feeling of something pleasant about to happen, and not with the sense of fulfilling a duty.

It seems not out of place in these pages to announce that The Monthly Board is also "keeping up with" this custom. On a recent afternoon the members gathered in the Board Room (pleased to see it looking so tidy!) and having speedily despatched with minor business matters, the tea service, with the lactial fluid and saccharine substance, was borne in by the butler *pro tem.* Such a pleasant half-hour followed that the staff of the *Women's Department* have decided that they could attend Board meetings even weekly without being bored.

In truth, is it not natural that we should find it pleasant to converse together over a steaming "cup that cheers," or that our worries should be forgotten and our minds calmed and refreshed as we enjoy a cooling ice? Surely no one (unless one have to join the ranks of the dishwashers too often), would object to refreshments for Committee sessions. Anything which will encourage enthusiasm in any branch of our varied life is worth the effort. So if the cup of tea add zest to a business meeting, let's "keep the kettle on the bile."

Literary Society

"Variety is the spice of life"—and so is originality. As the Seniorettes were unable to satisfy their fastidious taste from among the countless plays which McKenna's Book Store offered them, their Vice-President concocted an original play, entitled "Jerry." When news of this was spread abroad, we eagerly looked forward to "Lit" on Friday, February 4th, the date set for its production.

The heroine (Mabel Giles) had brought her three Wallingford room-mates home with her for a peaceful week-end, far from the strain and stress of college life. They were welcomed in the usual manner by the small brother and sister (Mary Clark and Jean Robertson), who were delightfully frank, as is the custom of children. Finding that her cousin Letitia (Evelyn Cain) was engaged, and pictures of the lucky man decorated the house, our heroine decided that she ought to be in a similar state of bliss. So, with the help of her chums, she constructed a fictitious "Jerry," one of those rare and perfect beings who was "everything she thought he was." All went merrily until her life-long chum Tom (Marjorie Starr) arrived home unexpectedly and demanded explanations concerning "Jerry." Complications naturally arose, but these were finally cleared up, and Tom and his repentant sweetheart wished a sudden and speedy death to "Jerry."

Current events in our school life were cleverly inserted throughout the play, and during the intermissions we were favored by a piano solo by Enid Hounsom and vocal solos by Helen Gilmour. To close the meeting (as usual) "Rah! Rah! Rah!" was given, followed by the weird noises commonly known as class yells.

Examinations and afternoon teas! Teas and exams! Whoever heard of such a juxtaposition? It was never "done" at McMaster before! Heartiest thanks are here recorded from the girls to the Alumnae for evolving and carrying out such a novel plan.

After the afternoon examinations in times past, the Ladies' Room might well have been called the "Lion's Den,' if judged by the growling that went on there. "What a horrid paper!" "I couldn't do the fifth question at all!" "I'm sure I didn't get through." "Oh, of course *you* got a first." Such were the comments made amid general gloom.

This year what a different atmosphere there was. Truly, some of the same remarks were heard, but said over a cup of tea and interspersed with nibbles at a sandwich, some of the bitterness was lost. Three cheers for the McMaster Alumnae!

Only one hockey game has been played by the women's team so far, although practices have been held whenever fate, in the garb of the "ice-man," saw fit. On Tuesday afternoon, February 8th, Varsity Rink was the scene of strenuous effort between McMaster and "Meds." The "Meds" team was considerably superior, but after the first period McMaster improved and managed to hold them fairly well. At the end of the game the score was 5-0.

Meds 5
McMaster 0

"Music hath charms"—no we will refrain. That has been quoted so often. Moreover it would be hardly courteous to use the phrase "savage breast" in connection wth the large and appreciative audience in Castle Memorial Hall on December 16th, when the Women's Chorus held their second concert. If the pleasure the audience received is to be measured by the good times the members of the Chorus had in preparing their work, the concert was certainly worth while. We never have claimed to be musical critics and all we know is that we shall wash dishes and sweep floors next summer to the happy lilt of "Gaily sounds the joyous ringing of the village wedding bells;" while we watch sunsets we shall be humming, "Evening o'er the dreaming hillside," or "Where rosy flush of the sunset gold;" and always the journey of the Three Springs from their source "high on the mountain-side," "over a little limpid pool," "through the dells where the fairies come," "over the river,' to the "leaping and falling down" of the great waterfall will return at unexpected moments with its haunting melodies.

Women's Chorus

The concert could not have been such a success without the assisting artists. Mrs. Russell Marshall made us really believe "There are fairies at the bottom of our garden." Three youthful artists from the Von Kunitz studio made their violins sing for us, and Miss Katherine Welton and Miss Beatrice Bush sang beautifully the solo parts in the Cantata. Who will ever visit "Kew, in lilac-time," without hearing again in memory "The Barrel Organ," read by Dr. Kirkpatrick.

We are grateful to the Chorus Executive and especially to our leader, Mr. McLaughlin, for making possible the evening which is now a happy memory.

On the afternoon of February 3rd, the wives of the Professors entertained McMaster girls at a tea given in the rooms of the Women's Art Association. Mrs. McLay and Mrs. Smith received the guests. In the refreshing change of atmosphere all such prosaic things as lectures (and even the momentousness of examination results) were forgotten as the guests wandered about, admiring the paintings and all the various forms of handicraft exhibited. The little groups, pausing before the lovely china, usually found a spokesman who gave expression to what was in the heart of everyone,—a secret contemplation of the joy of *some time* perhaps possessing such treasures for one's very own!

Afternoon Tea

After some very delightful music was enjoyed, the happy afternoon was brought to a close by "tea-cup time," during which the girls had an opportunity of growing better acquainted with their hostesses.

Wallingford Hall

The Wallingford Hall dining-room, in spite of its short life as such, has had a number of distinguished guests. But on February 2nd the first gentleman was entertained at dinner. This was Dr. Haas, medical missionary in Turkey throughout the war. At Vespers Dr. Haas spoke of some of his war-time experiences there. How little we can realize what it all must have meant, and yet we caught something of the pathos and tragedy of his surroundings, and received an inspiration for fearless service from the courage displayed by his nurses. A man with an earnest message and untiring zeal in delivering it—this we felt Dr. Haas to be.

Y.W.C.A.

A visit from a returned missionary results in a good attendance at our Friday meeting, as was evidenced on the afternoon of February eleventh. Mr. Procter, who has been recently working in Korea under the Presbyterian Board, was the speaker, and in listening to his description of the country and his work there, we forgot even the low temperature of the chapel. We were disappointed in not being able to see all Mr. Procter's lantern slides, because of some deficiency in the electrical appliances, but enjoyed the speaker's word-pictures of the land and its people. Perhaps we may be given the opportunity at some future date of seeing the views. Glimpses like this into parts of the world of which we know very little are essential phases of the real development of our lives, and as such should be appreciated by every woman student. Besides the educational value of such a talk is the inspiration invariably felt by those who listen to one who has "gone forth" with the message of Christianity.

Athletics

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

"The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won."

EARLY in January a room in the northwest corner of the basement of the Hall was cleared of the accumulation of a decade and put in readiness to receive the gymnasium equipment secured as a result of the liberal grant from the Board of Governors. At present the equipment includes a horizontal bar, parallel bars, punching bag, and chest weights. The room is too small to permit the playing of games, and its regular patronage will likely become limited to those who are glad to have a place to indulge in more or less systematic training. As on the use made of this small gymnasium depends the worth of the investment, and any further monetary assistance given to athletics, the men are urged to take full advantage of it.

HOCKEY

The spirit displayed in every game by the men on our Junior O. H. A. team is to be commended. As a team they were sadly outclassed by both Varsity and De La Salle, but the final bell always found them still willing and playing hard. Though the scores against us do not reflect very creditably on the goal-keeper, most of the shots which got by "Mac" were of the corner variety which, one must admit, require considerable experience to judge. Mabee played hard, but on no occasion did he reach his old-time form. Allan Doolittle and Dick played aggressively throughout, and were really the best men. The experience gained has already been taken advantage of, and the first team has no lack of worthy substitutes.

Junior O. H. A.

McMaster has made a good start in Intercollegiate hockey of the intermediate class, having defeated both O.A.C. and St. Mike's decisively enough to make it look quite possible to repeat the performance in the return games. Against Varsity they did not show up nearly so well, doubtless because of the comparison with a team which is said to be able to hold its own in senior company. The fine work of Dick in goal has given the team considerable confidence, and with "Big Doo" speeding up the forward line, there is much more spirit manifest.

On Friday, January 28th, McMaster defeated O.A.C. The experience gained in the games played in the Toronto Hockey League stood us in good stead, and gave us the edge over the "Aggies." The large ice surface of the Arena gave the faster man every opportunity to outskate his opponent. The return game at Guelph will be played on a smaller rink, and it will be a more difficult task to repeat this victory. The game was very close, and the winning of it especially gratifying.

McMaster 5
O.A.C. 3

McMaster line-up—Goal, W. Dick; defense, Jamieson (2), Brown; forwards, A. Doolittle, Dodge, H. Doolittle (3); subs, Jones, Bearss.

One week later, on February 4th, St. Mike's turned out with a crowd of supporters, bent on trimming McMaster "as usual"; but, like the Aggies, they stayed to be trimmed. The game was in doubt until the final bell. Both Holman Doolittle and Bill Brown played, though handicapped by heavy colds. Their absence would have weakened the team considerably. Dick played his usual good game in goal. Jamieson came to the fore in lone rushes several times, and only the combined luck and skill of the St. Mike's goal-keeper saved them from a worse defeat. The feature of the game was the work of Dodge, who, when the other two McMaster forwards were in the penalty box, checked the whole St. Mike's team and kept them below centre ice for the full three minutes, even trying a couple of shots on their goal as well. The Mac men should defeat St. Mike's by a much larger margin in the return game.

McMaster 5
St. Mike's 4

McMaster line-up—Goal, Dick; defense, Jamieson (2), Brown; forwards, A. Doolittle, Dodge, H. Doolittle (3); subs, Hildebrand, R. Dick.

On February 8th a good following turned out to see how the team would compare with Varsity. Although there was no doubt as to which was the better team, the score does not fairly indicate the play. Of their five goals Varsity secured two by brilliant hockey, the other three being lucky shots batted in from face-offs in front of our goal. Ferguson and McCullough were best for Varsity, though their forwards sometimes checked our men to a standstill. Dodge and H. Doolittle were the only two to break through, and secured our only goal as a result of some pretty combination within the first five minutes of play. Dodge had several opportunities, but his poor

McMaster 1
Varsity 5

shooting offset his clever stick-handling. Dick in goal made some fine saves when many a McMaster supporter held his breath in apprehension.

McMaster line-up—Goal, W. Dick; defense, Jamieson, Brown; forwards, A. Doolittle, Dodge (1), H. Doolittle; subs, Hildebrand and Dick.

BASKETBALL

Our team in the Students' Basketball League, composed of Osgoode Hall, Pharmacy, Bank of Commerce (in place of Veterinary College) and McMaster, has won all its games so far. The league is purported to be of intermediate standard, but Pharmacy has been the only team to show any real opposition, and in their first game sixteen of their points were fouls off McMaster. McMaster is easily the winner of the group unless some miracle improves the form of her opponents. Although our team has shown no marvellous ability, it would undoubtedly do better in a faster league, and the calibre of our present opponents makes ours a rather hollow victory. It is not often McMaster is in a position to ask for a stiffer competition, but in this case it would be the only real test of the ability of our team.

The games to date are as follows: McMaster 30, Osgoode 6; McMaster 29, Pharmacy 24; McMaster won from Bank of Commerce by default; McMaster 27, Osgoode 11; McMaster 29, Pharmacy 4.

Line-up—First team— Forwards, Houghton, Atkinson; centre, Thompson; defense, H. Doolittle, M. Smith; subs, E. Anderson, Brisco, Jones, Paterson.

For the sake of practice and training a junior team was selected to play against Strathroy Collegiate and Woodstock College. At Strathroy, McMaster was ahead in the early stages of the second half, but the Collegiate boys put on a spurt and came from behind, winning by two baskets. The game was played after a wearisome afternoon spent on the train, and the team was decidedly off form. The final score was 17 to 13 in favor of Strathroy.

At Woodstock the team hit their stride and doubled the score on the College, the final score being 24 to 12 in our favor.

Line-up—Juniors — Forwards, Houghton, Atkinson,; centre, Thompson; defense, Paterson, Mabee; subs, Jones. M. Smith was also allowed to substitute.

The men have played well and demonstrated their ability, but we would like to see how they would compare with a team such as Varsity II.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

WHEN President Cutten, of Acadia University, visited McMaster at Commencement time last spring, he told, among many other interesting things, a story of a graduate reunion at an eastern University, where one of the visitors in conversation with a Professor remarked, "I am an alumni of this University." The Professor was rather surprised at the grammatical solecism, but was ready with the retort courteous, and immediately replied, "That is not singular."

If the time ever comes when Ontario Universities will follow the lead of the West, and drop Latin from the compulsory subjects of the curriculum we should be in danger of dropping into the same pitfall, but in the meantime we are likely to be preserved from a "plurality" of this "singular" mistake. There is an element of uncertainty, however, in the use of the Latin for the designation of graduate organizations. Roman and English methods of pronunciation come in to confuse the words Alumni and Alumnae by interchanging their respective values when spoken.

The Romans were adepts in grammatical construction; if they had gone a little further and devised a common gender plural for "Alumnus" and "Alumna" it would have been a very useful invention. The absence of such a word gives rise often to discussions on a point which has to be settled by an agreement on practice rather than on etymological grounds. It has now come to be pretty well established that in the general associations and the local groups the term "Alumni" is taken to include both men and women, while "Alumnae" is left to its proper and restricted meaning.

The Toronto Alumnae Association has been very active this winter. During the University examination period in January they served afternoon tea each day to the women students who were undergoing the strain of writing, and their efforts were very much appreciated by their guests. On the last Saturday of January the Association held a skating party at the home of Mrs. R. W. E. Burnaby (Grace Wallace, '03), a few miles up Yonge St., at Jefferson. About seventy-five attended, including husbands and children, and we are told a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

The general Alumni Association is planning to hold its annual meeting at the University on Tuesday evening, March 29th, the meeting to take the form of a supper with a social gathering following.

Details are now being worked out. It is probable that the Toronto Branch Association will merge their annual meeting with this general meeting.

'96—Rev. John MacNeill, of Walmer Road Church, is conducting a series of noon-day Bible Studies under the auspices of the Business Men's Club of the Y.M.C.A. The meetings are held at the King Edward Hotel. The subjects discussed are covered by the general title, "The Psalms in Daily Life."

'96—Rev. George N. Simmons, of Springford, has received and accepted a call to New Liskeard, and will begin his new duties at the end of March.

'97—Rev. J. J. Paterson, formerly of Buffalo, N.Y., is now located in Winfield, Kansas.

'98—Rev. W. P. Reekie, formerly Missionary Superintendent for the Baptist Convention of Saskatchewan, has now become Social Service Secretary for the Province.

'01—Rev. R. E. Sayles is now located in Flint, Mich., as personal representative of the Dort Motor Co. in dealings with their employees in case of accident, sickness, etc. He is a member of First Baptist Church, of which his brother Ernest ('10) is Pastor, and of which A. A. Trembert (ex-'14) is Assistant Pastor.

'04—Rev. J. M. Warner, of West Henrietta, N.Y., formerly of First Church, Woodstock, Ont., has an article in the "Review and Expositor," of Louisville, Ky., on "A Critical Estimate of Christian Science, based on Observations of Their Religious Services."

'05—Rev. W. E. Matthews, of Broadway Baptist Church, Winnipeg, welcomed fifty new members on the first Sunday of January, all of these having joined the church, either by baptism or letter, during December.

'08—Morden H. Long is now Assistant Professor of History in the University of Alberta. Since his graduation from Oxford, where he took a course in History as Rhodes Scholar from McMaster, he has been in Edmonton. After about six years on the staff of Victoria High School, Edmonton, he was appointed Lecturer in History in the University of Alberta, and in January, 1920, he was promoted to his present position. He is the author of "Knights Errant of the Wilderness," a collection of historical stories of Western Canada which has just been published by MacMillan's. This is a volume of sketches of western explorers. Seven stories in all are given, and the following explorers treated: Henry Hudson, Radisson and Groseilliers, Henry Kelsey, La Verendrye, Anthony Hendry, Samuel Hearne, and Alexander MacKenzie. The sketches are very readable and in such

attractive form that the book will doubtless prove very valuable to all interested in the opening up of the Great West. Mr. Long is presenting the McMaster Library with a copy of his book,—an example which may well be emulated by other graduates who have produced literary works.

Ex-'09—Professor Reginald G. Trotter of the History Department of Leland Stanford Junior University, will lead a personally conducted party in Europe this summer under the business management of The Temple Tours of Boston. The party will sail from New York on June 25th for Glasgow, and after spending about three weeks in Scotland and England, will visit Belgium, France and Switzerland, returning to New York at the end of August. Special attention will be given to visits to the battlefield areas. Professor Trotter took part of his course in McMaster and then completed his work at Yale, with graduate work at Harvard. He lectured in Harvard, Boston and Dalhousie Universities before accepting his present chair in Canadian History at Stanford.

'12—Miss Josephine Murray has recently returned from an extended residence abroad where she pursued her musical duties. As we go to press she is announced to give a vocal recital on February 24th, with the assistance of Mr. Leo Smith, 'cellist, and Mr. Harvey Robb, accompanist.

'12—Rev. John R. Turnbull, who has been in India since 1917, in charge of the Training School at Guyarat, was married on November 30th last to Miss Maud Russell Smith, the wedding taking place at the Mission Bungalow in Neemuch, Central India. The Monthly extends congratulations.

'12—Rev. P. B. Loney should now be addressed at 28 Cambridge St., North, Lindsay. He recently moved from Tillsonburg, to take the pastorate in Lindsay.

'13—Rev. Archibald Gordon, who received his degree at Brandon College, has completed his first term as a missionary in India, and sailed for Canada on February 7th. He expects to stay in England for several months en route.

'13—Miss Jessie Kee has moved from Humboldt, Sask., to Hartney, Man.

'14—John W. Davis at last word expected to reach his station in India by Christmas day. He was delayed for a considerable time in Great Britain awaiting a sailing for the East.

'15—Ayrest L. Stilwell has left Meaford and takes up work as Mathematics Master in Belleville High School, beginning on the first of February. Belleville is becoming a McMaster centre; this is the fourth McMaster graduate on the staff of the High School.

'15—George E. Ramage joined the staff of Barrie Collegiate Institute in January, becoming head of the Science Department.

'15—Rev. G. Arthur Clarke, of the First Baptist Church, Edmonton, Alta., is advertised as one of the speakers at the International Baptist Young People's Convention to be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in July next.

'16—J. A. Gunton completes his post-graduate course at the University of Illinois in June next. During this winter there have been four McMaster men at Illinois, these being T. W. Layng, '09; M. J. Bradley, '15, and H. R. McLarty and J. A. Gunton, both of '16.

'17—G. W. Robb is now head of the Mathematics Department of Orillia Collegiate Institute. He has been there since September.

'19—Alex. Sinclair is President of the Student Body of the Ontario College of Education, Toronto—the institution better known by its former name, the Faculty of Education.

'20—J. W. Cohen is at present with the office of Associated British Industries in Toronto, an organization devoted to the furtherance of British trade in Canada.

Professor J. L. Gilmour has been appointed President of the Upper Canada Bible Society, in succession to Dr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C.

Here and There

Editor: Kenneth W. Taylor, '21.

"Laughter is for women and for hyenas."—*Arabian Proverb.*

IN the course of our wide and varied reading we came across an article, some time ago, in *The American Magazine,* entitled, "How I wrote 50,000 Jokes in Twenty Years," by Thomas L. Masson, Managing Editor of *Life.* In this article Mr. Masson endeavours to show that the art of a jokesmith is an almost purely mechanical one,—a trade which can be learned by any person of ordinary intelligence, who adheres to certain well-established rules as regards contrast, topical interest, etc. And, doubtless, he is quite right. We cannot pretend to have made a careful study of this question, but we would venture to assert that the number of real jokes that have been made in this world is very small, probably not more than a dozen or so. These are certain basic forms; and the infinite variety of jokes, as we know them, are merely variations of actor and scene,—fundamentally, the joke is the same. For instance, Mr. Masson's 50,000 might well be reduced to five real jokes, each with 10,000 variations of time and place. All these basic types can be traced back almost indefinitely,—Mr. Masson traces one of his "mother-in-law" jokes back to an Egyptian papyrus of 1500 B.C.

Certainly in the matter of jokes we can agree with the Preacher when he remarked that "there was no new thing under the sun," or, as Peter McArthur rather neatly puts it:

> "Quixotic is his enterprise and hopeless his adventure is
> Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said.
> The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,
> And every joke that's possible has long ago been made."

And yet the old chestnuts seem possessed of eternal youth. The best people always see jokes, and a really good one will, in a moment, make a whole frozen crowd feel jolly and united.

The underlying principles of a good joke are probably too subtle for analysis. Hazlitt, the eminent critic, tried to define humor and wit; but his definitions, though suggestive, can hardly be considered accurate or adequate. But there is one fairly obvious principle that many college magazines go out of their way to emphasize by the frequency with which they disregard it,—that is, that a joke to be

"good" must be readily comprehensible by the audience to which it is addressed.

> A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
> Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
> Of him that makes it.

Some of our exchanges wrap up their jokes in such a profusion of local coloring that the point is quite lost on probably two-thirds of the readers; and these pages of alleged wit become about as funny and as enthralling as those wearisome columns of "personals" which pad the pages of the less enterprising of our rural weeklies.

Of course, it is not easy to collect or make up a page of good jokes. The "Colyumist" in *Ubyssey* bemoans that

> In winter I sit up at night,
> And write this by electric light;
> In summer, spring, and also fall,
> That programme varies not at all.
>
> And does it not seem strange to you
> That I should have such work to do,
> A-chasing the elusive jest,
> And never, never sleep, nor rest?
>
> The world is so full of a number of folks,
> I'm sure we should always have plenty of jokes!

so that the last, and often the best, resort is to follow the example of the Manager of the London *World*, who is reported as telling his sub-editor to "Cut out all those old jokes and put in some older ones; the public likes a change occasionally."

The claim that the so-called traditional subjects of poetry have been exhausted, or at least that the treating of these conventional subjects in the more conventional style can no longer produce anything worth-while, is thoroughly discredited by the recent appearance of a long poem on "The Moon," by J. C. Squire.

> The Moon, the Summer Moon, surveys the vale:
> The boughs against the dawning sky grow black,
> The shades that hid those whispering waters fail,
> And now there falls a gleaming, lengthening track
> That lies across the wide and tranquil river,
> Burnished and flat, not shaken by a quiver:
> She rises still: the liquid light she spills
> Makes everywhere quick sparkles, patches pale;
> And, as she goes, I know her glory fills
> The air of all our English lakes and hills.

This opening paragraph gives a very clear, an entirely normal, and a thoroughly charming description of the moon; and then the poet goes on to review the part which the moon has taken in his own earlier life. There are "moons of memory stored in the backward chambers" of his brain, and these recur to his imagination, one by one, in a series of vignettes, each clearly defined and filled with lunar radiance. Gradually, the reverie enlarges. The moon is not merely the luminary that sweetly tranquilises the feverish blood of lovers, but she is no less the terrible Ashtaroth of the Syrian; and in Africa, she rules a goddess of horror and blood. Then, finally, in her Protean shapes she seems to sum up the destiny of the races of mankind.

> For in the prime, thy influence was felt;
> When eyes first saw, thy beauty was as this;
> Thy quiet look bade hope, fear, passion melt
> Before men dreamed of empire. The abyss
> Of thought yawned through their jungle then, as ever
> Dark past, dark future, menaced their endeavour:
> Yet, on thy nights, stood some by hill and sea
> Naked; and blind impulsive spirits knelt,
> Not questioning why they knelt, feeling in thee
> Thought's strangest, sweetest, saddest mystery.

Another subject that might similarly be suspected of having become worn out is the winds. But such cannot be the case so long as we can still meet with such a poem as the following by Edna Kingsley Wallace in her "Wonderings and Other Things,"—a poem which comes to us with a charming, musical breath of freshness.

> Oh, when the wind comes stealing
> From far and far away,
> You have the strangest feeling
> There's something it could say.
> It whispers, whispers, trying
> To tell the truth it knows,
> But somehow can't, and, sighing,
> Away, away it goes.
>
> And sometimes it comes singing
> A song of fairyland,
> A secret message bringing
> I almost understand.
> I see the flowers rousing,
> And nodding when they hear,
> But soon again they're drowsing—
> I think that winds are queer.

I wonder if the wild winds
  Are those grown old and sad?
Oh, I love best the child winds,
  So little and so glad!
And are the gusty high winds
  The big boy winds at play?
They're not so nice as my winds
  That laugh and run away!

When winter winds are howling,
  And all is gray and cold,
The poor old world seems scowling,
  And sorry, too, and old.
But when a child wind's blowing,
  Out of a sky all blue,
To set the green things growing,
  The world seems glad and new!

A recent development in university education that will be of interest to our readers is the adoption at Harvard of a general examination for graduation. Each Senior must now pass, in addition to his individual courses, a general examination on his whole subject. The questions are designed to be such that to answer them really well the student must think for himself and illuminate his treatment with apposite references to History, Politics, Philosophy, or Economics. The idea seems to be an excellent one, and its application at Harvard will be watched with interest.

In view of the fact that many colleges place such emphasis on their large and increasing enrolments, it is interesting to note that Princeton is taking steps to limit its registration. President Hibben some time ago gave as his ideal "not a big, but a great University," and a committee has now been appointed to prepare a plan that will be fair to all, and yet "secure for Princeton the most desirable body of students." It is proposed that the maximum enrolment shall be about two thousand.

My perfect home is not a store,
A perfect treasure-house of beauteous things:—
Gold doth corrupt; riches have wings;—
Nor are my bookshelves teeming o'er
With priceless tomes of ancient lore.
My books are friends with broken backs,
Dog-eared leaves, and well-thumbed pages,
Nor left undusted on the racks,
But my true comrades down the ages.
—"H.M.T." in *The Canadian Bookman.*

One of the most gifted and most influential of the younger English poets of the present day is Walter de la Mare. He has written many delightful short poems, few exceeding forty lines. As an expression of the delicate mystery of a fragrant garden the following poem is very successful:

Speak not—whisper not;
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot;
Softly on the evening hour,
Secret herbs their spices shower.
Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh,
Lean-stalked, purple lavender;
Hides within her bosom, too,
All her sorrows, bitter rue.

It is not surprising that English visitors return from the States wondering how on earth Prohibition ever became a law in that paragon of democracies, for nobody seems to have a good word to say for it, and every jester considers it legitimate prey. The virtues and vices of Prohibition have inspired many clever *mots* and verses. The following by Walter Pulitzer in the *New York Evening Post* is a good example of real humor and clever versification:

Bring me, boys, a lusty jorum,
  Filtered from the local main;
Let us drink and drown decorum;
  Let us sing and banish pain.
Fill the cup and every sip'll
  Bid the cares of being go;
Tell us, who can find a tipple
  To compare with H_2O?

Foreign people squander life on
  Spanish grape or British hop,
Mountain dew with gassy syphon,
  Juniper with ginger pop;
Watch them, swollen, pale, dishevelled;
  Slam the door and see them jump!
Better far that they had revelled
  On the boiled and filtered pump.

Give us Yankees full libation
  From the constant town supply,
Void of consequent inflation,
  Achy head and rheumy eye!
Keep the pot a-boiling, laddie!
  Let the jolly filter flow;
Foreigners can use the caddy—
  We shall stick to H_2O!

A Tennyson votary called his pig Maud, because it "came into the garden" so. He was evidently a cousin of the man who called his favorite hen Macduff, and who, on being asked why, quoted Shakespeare as his reason: "Lay on Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' "—*Exchange.*

When a man and girl eat together or ride in a street car, or attend a theatre, since time immemorial, the man has paid the bills. Is that fair to him? Some students in Boston College think not and have formed an organization which they call the "Fifty-fifty Co-eds" pledged to equal sharing of the price of bon-bons and street car fare.—*McGill Daily.*

Diner—"What on earth is this broth made from, waiter? Surely it isn't chicken-broth!"

Waiter—"Well, sir, it's chicken-broth in its infancy. It's made out of the water the eggs were boiled in."—*London Tit-Bits.*

The waitress came to the table where the diner was seated.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" she asked.

"Don't tell me," begged the diner earnestly, "don't tell me, just let me guess."

My love has eyes of modest brown,
Luxuriant hair, of copper hue.
I love the love-light in her eyes
But more I love her onion stew.
With joy I take her fond caress
And promptly help myself anew.

There may have been a love like ours—
Well—Abelard and Heloise;
But ardor such to coolness pales
Compared with that my heart's heart sees
Whene'er she greets me with a kiss
And vermicelli *avec* cheese.

When bowed with years, if it befall
That I should Atropos defy,
What memories will I recall
Of prune souffle and beefsteak pie
That dear one in my heart I'll hold
Who never served my coffee cold.

PAT SEGUINE, in *The New York Evening Post.*

Friend—I hear your son is taking medicine.

Parent—Yes, he writes home that he is taking a stiff course.—*Western U Gazette.*

The agent was explaining the difference in price between an upper and a lower berth.

"You understand, of course," exclaimed the agent, "the lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower berth. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper berth lower than the lower. It didn't used to be so, but we found everybody wanted the lower. In other words the higher the fewer."

"Why do they all prefer the lower?" I broke in.

"On account of its convenience," he replied. "Most persons don't like the upper, although it's lower, on account of it being higher, and because when you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed, and then get down when you get up. I would advise you to take the lower, although its higher than the upper, for the reason I have stated, that the upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher; but if you are willing to go higher it will be lower."—*Canadaink.*

Philosophy—

Am I? and if I am not, do I seem?
Is this me I, or is this I not me?
Am I because I think? Is life a dream?
Seeing, do I but seem to think I see?.
And if things are because them so I deem,
Why, since I think I am, should I not be?—*T. C. D.*

Advice to Young Authors—Do not forget to write far apart: in the case of film scenarios, say, ten or twelve years apart. Write on one side of the paper. The other side will come in handy some day. Avoid books on technique as you would the plague. If your first stories are rejected, do not be discouraged. There are other professions still open—and more remunerative. To write fashionable free verse, take a commonplace prose line and cut it up into parts, say two words to a line. Study the workmanship of up-to-date writers diligently; you will find much to avoid.—*Life.*

When Prof. Walter Raleigh was asked to lecture at Princeton College, Prof. Root went down to the station to meet the distinguished visitor. Prof. Root did not know Prof. Raleigh, but walking up to a man whom he thought looked like him, he said: "I beg your pardon, but am I addressing Walter Raleigh?" The man looked at him for a moment, and, thinking he must be mad, replied: "No, I am Christopher Columbus. Walter Raleigh is in the smoking room with Queen Elizabeth."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Students of economics who have struggled through the numerous pitfalls which surround the estimation and interpretation of price fluctuations will appreciate the presumably unconscious humor of a student who, in his paper on "Money and Banking" last month, stated that inflation of currency was responsible for many great evils, including "high prices, high profits, labor troubles, and index numbers."

The furnace tolls the knell of falling steam,
The coal supply is virtually done,
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
As if we could afford another ton.

Now fails the glowing, cherished anthracite,
The radiators lose their temperature.
How will avail on such a frosty night
The short and simple flannels of the poor.—*Queen's Journal.*

Overheard in the Dining Hall—"Take it yourself; your greed is greater than mine."—*T. C. D.*

Professor—(Describing the Liver) "The liver consists of five lobes and five fissures.

Theologue—(Waking up) "No sir, you are mistaken, it was five loaves and two small fishes."—*Queen's Journal.*

He was the light of her life;
She loved him without doubt;
But Pa came in and raised his foot,
And the light of her life went out.—*Camosun.*

The late Bishop of London was once ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The Bishop said it was impossible, he had so many engagements. "Well, my Lord Bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or heaven." "In that case," said the Bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."—*Ubyssey.*

The professor was making a cash deposit at the bank. The bills were about ready for the incinerator. Said the teller: "Aren't you afraid of germs on these bills, professor?"

"Not at all," cried the learned man. "No microbe could live on my salary."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The following exchanges have been received during the past month: *Acta Victoriana, The Argosy, Brandon College Quill, Camosun, Canadian Finance, Dalhousie Gazette, The Gateway, Philomathean Monthly, Queen's Journal, S. Hilda's Chronicle, The Sheaf, Trinity University Review, Ubyssey, Western U Gazette, Wheaton College Record.*

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THE DEATH-BED SKETCH OF KEATS.

(Courtesy Toronto Saturday Night.)

The
McMaster University Monthly

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THE KEATS CENTENARY.

"By Keats's soul, the man who never stepped
In gradual progress like another man,
But, turning grandly on his central self,
Ensphered himself in twenty perfect years
And died, not young, (the life of a long life
Distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear
Upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn
For ever;) by that strong accepted soul,
I count it strange and hard to understand
That nearly all young poets should write old."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

JOHN KEATS died at Rome, on the twenty-third of February, 1821,—at the age of twenty-six years, a victim of hereditary consumption. He had come to Italy in the previous October, vainly seeking health; early in January he had suffered a serious relapse; from the first days of February the end had been visibly near. His friend, Joseph Severn, the young artist, stayed with him to the last, and on one of his nights of vigil made that infinitely touching death-bed drawing in black and white which has since become so well known. The young poet passed away on the night of the twenty-third. Three days later he was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The last letter from his betrothed, which he had lacked the strength and self-control to read, was placed unopened in his coffin. Upon his little altar-tomb, sculptured with a Greek lyre, was inscribed the line which he himself had chosen as his epitaph:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

"The cemetery," wrote Shelley in the preface to his Adonais, the immortal elegy in which he sang the death and glory of his departed friend, "is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." In the following year the ashes of Shelley himself were interred a few paces distant.

"The publication of three small volumes of verse," Lord Houghton sums up the life of Keats, "some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death . . the only incidents of his career."

* * * * * * *

Keats was born at Moorfields, London, on October 29th or 31st, 1795. His father was groom in a livery stable, and had married the daughter of his employer. The father died from a fall from his horse in 1804; the mother, after remarrying, succumbed to consumption in February, 1810. Before the close of the same year, the young John had left school, become apprenticed to a surgeon, and was serving as a dresser in Guy's Hospital.

Keats had not been precociously literary, and it was only now that his latent poetic passion was aroused. In his seventeenth year he read "The Faerie Queene," and from Spenser went on to a study of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. His interest in surgery flagged until he finally dropped it, and for the remainder of his life had no definite occupation save that of writing verse, supported by a very moderate means inherited from his grandparents. His first volume of poems was published in 1817, and this was followed by "Endymion," in April, 1818.

Though he has been called "the most Hellenic in spirit" of all the English poets, Keats' acquaintance with Greek literature and art was made only through translations and popular mythologies,—and later through the marbles and casts of the British Museum. His friend, the artist Hayden, lent him a copy of Chapman's Homer, and the impression that it made upon him he recorded in his sonnet, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." Other poems of the same inspiration are his sonnets, "To Homer," "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles," "On a Picture of Leander," "Lamia," the beautiful "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and the unfinished "Hyperion," which Byron declared to be "as sublime as Aeschylus."

Yet the art of Keats was "the blossom of a double root;" and "golden-tongued Romance" had her part in him as well as the classics. Hence his "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," taken from a story of Boccaccio, his wild ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," his love tale, "The Eve of St. Agnes," with its mediaeval charm, and his odes "To Autumn" and "To a Nightingale," in which are combined Hellenic choiceness and the warmth of romance.

The short story of his life is deeply tragic. He felt the power

of his genius, but knew that he could not wait for it to unfold itself, but must die.

> "Before high-piled books in charactry
> Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain."

His passionate and hopeless love for Fanny Brawne, his easily aroused jealousy and suspicion, the scorn and indifference with which his poetry was received, his narrow means, his painful illness, all preyed dismally upon his mind. "The very thing which I want to live most for," he wrote, "will be a great occasion of my death. If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me."

* * * * * * *

This year marks the centenary of the death of Keats. His name has not been "writ in water," but so enduringly as to be known and revered by all who love poetry. "Wordsworth," says Lowell, "has influenced most the ideas of succeeding poets; Keats their forms." And these he has influenced out of all proportion to the amount which he left or his intellectual range, by virtue of the exquisite quality of his technique. For he had a style, a "natural magic" which forces us back to Shakespeare for comparison. "If he had lived," wrote Tennyson, "he would have been the greatest of us. There is something magic and of the innermost soul of beauty in almost everything which he wrote." His insistence upon the importance of sensations and the apprehension of ideal beauty as the one free source of happiness has been the creed of all his great successors in the poetic art.

"I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," said Keats in the last year of his life. "He is, he is with Shakespeare," is the reply of Matthew Arnold half a century later.

—McD.

GLIMPSES OF INDIA.

"Sunsets ablaze with crimson fire,
Pale moons like plates of beaten gold,
Soft nights that fevered limbs desire,
And stars whereto our stars are cold."

A YEAR in India! Already the green rice fields, the waving sugar cane, the long, dusty, red roads, with their arches of banyans, the lazy canals with their fluttering sails,—all these things that make up the Indian landscape, —have gradually grouped themselves into the commonplace. Already the Indian English language that speaks so confidently of "dhobies," "bandies," "pukka" houses and "booking" luggage, has become fairly firm ground. Even the dark faces that seemed so foreign, have come to mean friend. Yet, although these have become the familiar, the spectacles have lost none of their rosy hue. India's sights and sounds and teeming life have lost none of their fascination.

* * * * * * *

Cocanada is *en fête*. The Hindu population is all excitement. Who knows what it is about? The postman and the washerman are ready to volunteer all kinds of information about the camel and the elephant and the magnificent floats of the procession. Both feel as if they deserved a day's leave, or at least, a present to procure a special curry suited to such a high day. But, in reply to repeated queries of "why," "why," they can only shake their heads helplessly and mutter, "Don't know," "Don't know." Perhaps the old priest who sits in a dim recess of the temple, turning over the worn leaves of musty old books containing stories of days long forgotten, could tell. He might know just what wondrous deed of valour of Vishnu or Rama we are commemorating. But Cocanada only knows that it is a time to set one's house in order, don one's best apparel, and make offerings to the gods, and, above all, that to-night the procession takes place.

In the centre of the city is a great square tank surrounded by a wide roadway. The procession is due to pass there at eight o'clock. But, true to the reputation of all processions, and India's especially, there is long delay. At eight o'clock the streets are deserted. Here and there a dim light flickers in a tiny shop. A few coolie folk trudge wearily homeward. The stars in the tank nod and blink up at the stars in the great sky above. A gentle breeze rustles in the tree-tops. But of the procession there is not a sign. A teasing sprite seems to whisper, "But what went ye out for to see?"

But we are not to be disappointed. Gradually little groups come from the dark alleys and range themselves expectantly along the roadway. The women are in gala attire with their gay silk saris, heavy gold jewellery and well-oiled hair. The kiddies are all excitement. Little shops, consisting of a table of sweetmeats and a flaring light begin to make their appearance. Now and then there is an outcry as a great car bearing some wonderful paper-covered structure appears only to disappear among the distant streets. But when the steady beat, beat, of the tom-tom strikes upon our ears and the small boys ascend with great glee to the branches of the trees above our heads, we know that the procession is really coming.

There surely never was such a procession,—such throngs of people, such a blare of sound, and a glare of light. First comes an archway trimmed with pink and gold tissue-paper and swinging lanterns. Then comes the band, borne in a very cramped, box-like carriage, but evidently not at all hampered in its ability to make noise, and, alas for us—always the same noise. Then follow prancing, wild-eyed horses with human legs and artificial heads of women that nod and turn in a most ridiculous manner as they are carried along on the shoulders of men. The floats cause great excitement. All day long there have been whispers of huge paper automobiles, boats and birds, and here they are! The boat has real men and women waving sad farewells from its decks. The automobile has a real steering wheel and lights. Even if they must be borne along by dozens of sweating coolies, what difference? Now we see a most amazing sword dance at which the eyes are dazzled as swords of great length are brandished in the air. Here, too, is the truly Indian dance, the Kolatum, in which strings hanging from a central pole are twisted in and out, as the dancer steps to a rhythmic beating of sticks. Nor must we forget the long-legged, long-necked camel that gazes down so calmly at the shouting, moving throngs, nor the Rajah's elephant, with its gorgeous howdah and far-reaching trunk. Sometimes the order of proceedings is interrupted by an old cart bearing great masses of evil-smelling oil-soaked rags, which are dumped hurry-burry into the bowls of hundreds of long torches. Nor are these the only lights. Great acetylene lamps, balanced on the heads of women, make the street even more dazzlingly bright than the Indian sun. As if this were not enough, the air above is filled with the pink and crimson and gold stars of the fireworks.

Thus it goes on the whole night long, while the noisy crowd basks in the joy of colour and sound, and the wee folk that climbed so gaily to fatherly shoulders in order to see, wearily droop in slumber.

To-morrow may bring hunger and want. But why worry about to-morrow? To-night is the procession.

* * * * * * *

It is evening in the old city of Cocanada. The long Indian day with its aching glare and heat is over. We stand on the great bridge where all the activity of the busy city seems to converge. All about us is life—Indian street-life, teeming, sordid, soundful and colourful. The lazy oxen saunter past, the quick-stepping little jutka ponies patter by, while the jutka gong rings out sharp and clear. The half-naked coolie folk plod homeward, their loads swung over their shoulders, or poised carelessly on their heads. Here and there are tall, lanky, college boys, swinging along with the usual jaunty air. Now comes the saffron-robed Sanyasi with his beads and book. Or perchance, it may be the artful juggler bearing his cobras and pipe. Everyone talks volubly. But though the words be strange, the topic is old, for it is only the well-worn question, "How much did it cost?" which is on everyone's lips. Through all this jargon the whining voice of the blind beggar pleads incessantly for alms. Still they come; group after group, in never-ending lines pass by and are lost among the numerous streets and alleys. Yet that seething mass from which they came, the garrulous jostling crowd of the bazaar, still bubbles and hails and gleams with every color of the rainbow.

The old bridge has other attractions. To the east beyond the long lines of rough, coasting freighters, stretches the great grey-blue sea that links the world in one. At some distance from it rises the tower of the old lighthouse, which once marked the coast-line in old trading-days, now half-forgotten. It seems like some old grandfather, hoary with age and past all usefulness who ever murmurs in the midst of the activity of a new life, "I remember, I remember, the days when I was young." To the west, past the outskirts of the city, stretches the living green of the rice-fields, intersected by the tiny, shining irrigation streams. Beyond, tall palms follow one another, line after line, till they fade into the pinks and mauves of the sunset after-glow. Above, just where mauve fades into twilight grey, Venus, locked in the arms of the dainty new moon, beams in all her splendor. The old bridge seems a symbol of the true soul bearing on its bosom the burden of restless humanity; and looking far beyond to the things of the Infinite.

The interest of this great new, old land never fades. Every day brings new experiences. If there are the odd moments when the

eyes long to change waving palms for a glimpse of pines and maples, and the heart hungers for the hearts of home that always understand, the greatest of all the calls of the East, as voiced by one of the Indian people, keeps sounding out its challenge, "God has surely sent you to be our Little Brother."

"And life is good
Were this one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood."

—M. B. '18.

THE CRAB-MAN.

IT was at our summer-camp on the British Columbia coast that I came to hear of a quaint old character, the crab-man. Alone he dwelt in a little house down the beach, and as regularly as Monday and Thursday came round, his little launch sped out across the bay. Year after year he plied his lonely trade, and I wondered that he never tired of the ceaseless toil, and that he could bear even the sight of his catch. But one day he invited me to accompany him on his visit to the traps, and as I watched him loading his boat I began to realize what a unique, what an interesting work was his.

He was a tall man, plainly past middle age, though the nature of his toil had so seasoned him as to render any conjecture as to his exact age impossible. He now appeared in his regular fishing garb. On his head was a shapeless soft hat of nondescript color. His sweater-coat, which was also a relic of the past, was of a peculiar hue such as his sandy hair and mustache might have been had they been faded by the sun. His feet and legs were encased in a pair of high rubber-boots, and his whole appearance was such that as I watched him work I could not help but think that he presented a most quaint looking picture.

He was soon ready; we boarded the launch, tied the dory to the stern and started out across the bay. It was a beautiful day in early September; the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly on the sparkling waters,—a perfect day to see the traps. As we had about two miles to go before we reached them I thought that here was a fine opportunity to learn something about crab-fishing.

"I suppose you find your work less pleasant in the winter-time?" I inquired.

"Ay, you're right," he replied, "the weather's rough at times; but the catch is bigger then and the market's better. Many folk won't buy shell-fish in the warm weather."

At this point he proceeded to light his pipe.

"And how many crabs do you usually catch at one time?" I asked. As he was evidently having some difficulty with his matches, owing to the breeze, I had to wait for my reply. Presently it came.

"Well, 'bout a thousand, mostly; sometimes more; sometimes less. Depends on the season, too."

"Really; and what do you do with them when you get them ashore?"

"Just bile them all; but that takes some time, ye may be sure. Then I pack them in crates and send them to the fish-markets."

"But you sell some to the campers, too, don't you?"

"Ay, if I have more than will fill my orders I do; but that's not always."

Thus our conversation continued. I was very much interested and asked numerous questions, all of which the crab-man cheerfully answered. Meanwhile, the launch was speeding on, and it seemed a very short time before we reached our destination and, throwing the anchor overboard, drew the dory alongside and climbed into it.

The traps were arranged in the following manner. Two floats were anchored about three-quarters of a mile apart, and a line was suspended between them. From this line the individual traps were hung at intervals of fifty feet, so that they rested on the bottom. It was at one end of this system that we found ourselves. The crab-man drew the line out of the water and laid it over the bow. Then he hauled the boat along to the first trap which he pulled up and rested on the gunwale. It was a box-like wire cage, perhaps a yard in width and half as high. All its sides were plain except one, and this was shaped like a funnel leading into the centre. The top of this simple device opened on hinges, so that it could first be baited,—

which was done by placing two or three salmon heads inside,—and afterwards emptied when the catch was made.

Our first haul consisted of about fifteen crabs which were emptied on the floor of the boat, half of which was divided off to hold them. Then the trap was rebaited and dropped over the side. Thus we went from one to another; some contained many; others few. At times, on pulling in a trap, we would find that the crabs had been fighting, and that the victor was flourishing one of his opponents' claws in his own. Since a considerable amount of meat is obtained from the claws, it was necessary to throw the vanquished one back again until it could grow another. Undersized crabs, too, were of no use, and so quite a number of the day's catch were never taken to shore.

On drawing in one trap I was surprised to behold a large, ugly fish among the catch.

"How did that get there?" I exclaimed.

"Swum in," was the laconic reply.

"Indeed," said I, "was he after the crabs, or was it an accident?"

"Well, most likely both; he'd be after the crabs all right, but it was an accident that he got in."

The fish was thrown out with two injured crabs, and we went on to the next trap.

Thus the afternoon passed pleasantly, and towards five o'clock the last trap was emptied. By this time the boat was nearly filled with crabs, all alive and fighting, and those on top scrambling over the backs of their less fortunate companions. The crab-man, standing on a box in their midst, proceeded to row us back to the launch, and occasionally, when his rubber-clad feet would suffer from the claws of his captives, he would pass gentle remarks which, of course, I took no pains to hear. Soon we arrived at the launch, tied the dory on behind and started homewards.

* * * * * * *

We had crab salad and a camp-fire that night, and as the salad was splendid, and my appetite, too, I did more than justice to the meal. But bed-time was unfortunately near, and what I dreamed that night has so impressed me that I can still see the quaint old crab-man, standing, as I saw him then, in the midst of his seething cargo.

—Max C. Welch, '23.

F. McGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, R.C.A.

The Thunder Cloud.

A Canadian Painting, exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

EYES OF LOVE.

Oh, those eyes of heavenly blue!
  Portals of a land unknown!
Dare I seek to fathom through
  Eyes that answer to my own?
Eyes that seek my soul's retreats
  All its worth to find and prove,
Where my inmost being beats
  Sacred to the eyes of love!

Heaven and earth shall pass away;
  Sun and moon return no more;
All the glory of the day
  Die along the western shore;
When the stars of time have set,
  Fades their light on land and sea,
I will see you shining yet,
  Shining yet in love for me!

—R. J. Lang, '16.

WALDEN POND.

WALDEN POND is one of the places of lesser interest in the justly famous and historic town of Concord, Massachusetts. It is situated about two miles from the town square among the low hills and wooded country of the adjoining district. On the north side the steep shores of the lake are broken by a hollow which shelters a placid cove where Henry David Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, lived alone for two years, during which he wrote most of his volume entitled "Walden, or Life in the Woods." There, in 1845, with the aid of a few friends—"the younger for the lifting, the elder for advice (among the elder being Emerson and Hawthorne)—he raised his little house, the site of which is marked now by an ever enlarging cairn of stones. Fire and the gypsy moth have necessitated much cutting of the forest, and have left the surroundings less beautiful perhaps than they were in Thoreau's time, but the pond is still the same.

The following excerpts from "Walden" will give the reader some idea of this interesting place:—

"The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented it, or lived by its slope; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three-quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation. The surrounding hills rise abruptly from the water to the height of forty to eighty feet, though on the southeast and east they attain to about one hundred and fifty feet respectively, within a quarter and a third of a mile.

"When I first paddled a boat on Walden, it was completely surrounded by thick and lofty pine and oak woods, and in some of its coves grape-vines had run over the trees next the water and formed bowers under which a boat could pass. The hills which form its shores are so steep, and the woods on them were then so high, that, as you looked down from the west end, it had the appearance of an amphitheatre for some kind of sylvan spectacle.

"The shore is composed of a belt of smooth rounded white stones like paving stones, except one or two short sand beaches, and is so

steep that in many places a single leap will carry you into water over your head; and were it not for its remarkable transparency that would be the last to be seen of its bottom till it rose on the opposite side. The stones extend a rod or two into the water, and then the bottom is pure sand, except in the deepest parts where there is usually a little sediment, probably from the decay of the leaves, which have been wafted onto it so many successive falls, and a bright green weed is brought up on anchors even in midwinter.

"How peaceful the phenomena of the lake! Again the works of man shine as in the spring. Ay, every leaf and twig and stone and cobweb sparkles now at midafternoon as when covered with dew in a spring morning. Every motion of an oar or an insect produces a flash of light; and if an oar falls, how sweet the echo!

"In such a day in September or October Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding nature continually repairs; no storm, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh;—a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush,—this the light dust-cloth,—which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still.

"As you look over the pond westward, you are obliged to employ both your hands to defend your eyes against the reflected as well as the true sun, for they are equally bright; and if, between the two, you survey its surface critically, it is literally as smooth as glass except where the skater insects, at equal intervals scattered over its whole extent, by their motions in the sun, produce the finest imaginable sparkle on it, or perchance, a duck plumes itself, or, as I have said, a swallow skims so low as to touch it. It may be that in the distance a fish describes an arc of three or four feet in the air, and there is one bright flash where it emerges, and another where it strikes the water; sometimes the whole silvery arc is revealed; or here and there, perhaps, is a thistle-down floating on its surface, which the fishes dart at and so dimple it again. It is like molten glass, cooled but not congealed, and the few motes in it are pure and beautiful like the imperfections in glass.

"Walden is a great crystal on the surface of the earth, a Lake of Light. If it were permanently congealed, and small enough to be

clutched, it would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like a precious stone, to adorn the head of an Emperor; but being fluid and ample, and secured to us and our successors forever, we disregard it and run after the diamond of Kohinoor. . . . Nevertheless, of all the characters I have known, perhaps Walden wears best, and best preserves its purity. Many men have been likened to it, but few deserve that honor. . . . It struck me again to-night, as if I had not seen it daily for more than twenty years,—Why here is Walden, the same woodland lake that I discovered so many years ago; where a forest was cut down last winter another is springing up by its shore as lustily as ever; the same thought is welling up to its surface that was then; it is the same liquid joy and happiness to itself and its Maker, ay, and it *may* be to me."

—R.

"No: to search the past is not to go into prison. It is to escape out of prison, because it compels us to compare the ways of our own age with other ways. And as to progress, it is no doubt a real fact. But it is never a straight march forward; it is never a result that happens of its own accord. It is only a name for the mass of accumulated human effort, successful here, baffled there, misdirected and driven astray in a third region, but on the whole and in the main, producing some cumulative result. . . . There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively if not absolutely non-progressive and eternal, and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second. Try to compare our inventions, our material civilization, our stores of accumulated knowledge, with those of the age of Aeschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis, and the comparison is absurd. Our superiority is beyond question and beyond measure. But compare any chosen poet of our age with Aeschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, and the result is totally different. I do not wish to argue that we have fallen below the standard of those past ages; but it is clear that we are not definitely above them. The things of the spirit depend on will, on effort, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul; and not on discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and added up."

—Professor Gilbert Murray, *Religio Grammatici.*

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Editorial Notes

McMaster has responded most nobly to the appeal of European Student Relief, and it is doubtful if any college in Canada can present such a record of generosity toward this cause. At the time of going to press, the returns, although as yet incomplete, have reached the total of one thousand dollars, with the contribution of the second year considerably beyond its objective. Credit is due to Mr. A. H. Carr '21 and his Committee for the way in which this campaign has been carried to such a successful finish.

In connection with the Keats Centenary great interest has been aroused in America by what is known as the Holman Collection. This is the achievement of Mr. Holman, of Boston, the result of years of tireless interest in Keats and his poetry, an invaluable addition to literary research, a collection most fittingly made public at this time.

It is not composed of expensive and distinguished originals, but merely of illustrative material, which, though at times singularly trifling, is none the less valuable. Mr. Holman has found prints to illustrate about every spot that Keats ever visited or referred to in his poetry or correspondence. Of every friend or enemy Keats ever had there is a print. He has even a portrait of R. H. Horne, who as a boy hit Keats with a snowball. There is a picture of the inn at Burford Bridge, in Surrey, whence "Endymion" is dated. The theatres Keats attended are shown with the play-bills of the time. Mr. Holman's research has enabled him to draw up a diary of Keats' whole life from cradle to grave, and has thus placed many an error in the works of Keats' biographers. As an example, over one hundred corrections, some very minor, have been made in that of Sir Sidney Colvin, the latest and best biography of Keats. The ingenuity, activity and tirelessness in the search of these hundreds of objects, prints, verses, copies of letters, books and articles is the element which maks this collection a real contribution to culture.

The Holman Collection was first shown at Oberlin College and has now been given a place of honor in the Boston Public Library. At Oberlin it caused such a revival of interest in Keats that every available edition of his poems was drawn from the library, and there was a waiting list of over forty names on file for Colvin's life of the poet.

Apropos the interesting letter from the Gold Coast native appearing in the *Our Graduates* column of the December MONTHLY, an Old Country reader sends us the following similarly enterprising communication:

John Morton,
Bs; No. 1 Dk st; 30.11.20.
Brighton;

Dear sirs; I fell it much difficult to express the necessity of which compress me to indite this few note of saying that, I am the reader of occult review, and on my reading I found your name & Ect; that you ar the most pre-emient occult Books seller; upon this, I should like to take a correspondence with you;

> So it be you may kindly send me your catalogue of which contains occult, Rare, Curious, Masonic, and miscellaneous; Send the whole of them to me as soon as you receive mine; hoping you shall do my biddable; reply wanted forthwith; I am awaiting you in time catalogues wanted at once, to select and order your things. Dear sir I beg to remain most sincerely and cordially yours
>
> Address A. D. Acquah uper town Dunkwa via secondel Gold Coast.
>
> And then send sample try your possible best, if you could.

This "hoping you shall do my biddable," and the "try your possible best, if you could" are surely worth saving from oblivion.

Lincoln's address on the field of Gettysburg stands as one of the greatest examples of oratorical and literary excellence in the language. To Canadians it is altogether too unfamiliar.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the propostion that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here. It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: GEORGE P. GILMOUR, '21.

"Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high."—*Fuller.*

WE were down at the editorial station the other night, watching the trains of thought roaring by. The traffic, we must admit, was surprisingly light, so we decided to flag the next train and see what was going through. At our frantic signal, therefore, an engine panted to a stop (yes, reader, these trains are run by hot air), a conductor handed us a waybill and disappeared. We glanced at the paper in our hand, "The selfishness of the highly-educated." Whew! we must have stopped a through freight. We signalled the crew to take the beastly train on, but they had disappeared into the hotel. So there we were, in full possession of a load of rather dubious mental freight, which had to be got out of the road somehow.

Selfishness! we didn't half fancy the goods on our siding; but perhaps, thought we, this is a generic vice, and should be delivered to students in general. Yes, that was much better, and as the men unloaded, we checked off the following waybill: "Plenty of good people look on higher education as money sunk with no adequate return to society. Now this impression is bound to come from what is the very genius of education, its supreme value to the educated individual; but, sad to say, it is also due partly to the selfishness of students. Students can't be expected to pass on the atmosphere of their lives or the very background of their thought, *but they must pass on something.* ("Carefully, men, that's pretty heavy, don't drop it.") The student is at fault when he assumes only enough of the white man's burden to make him a good listener; he ought to be able to teach as well as to understand. The average student knows *about* a lot of things, but he really *knows* painfully little, and this self-imposed silence of ignorance is his selfishness. The remedy is more definite study. ("Easy, fellows, that bundle is horribly time-worn; gently does it.") Study gives him much that must be peculiarly his own; but he is selfish just to that degree to which he forgets that, as a man with a knowledge of life's values and an appreciation of his country's needs, it is his plain duty to shoulder more than his own

share of burdens. His friends have endowed his college; they *expect something* in return."

Ding, dong! Ah, the train-crew had returned to duty. "Good-bye, conductor, here is your receipt. Yes, the goods were for us, all right. What's that? No, you needn't bring us any more shipments like this one; we shall be lucky to get rid of this safely. Tell Head Office to deliver this type to the Chancellor after this,—so long!" Fine fellow, that conductor! He means well, anyway.

Fresh Freshman—"Do you know what the leopard said to the lion when he saw Clemenceau coming through the jungle?"

Soph—"Nup."

F. F.—"Beat it! I'm spotted already."

Junior Collation Banquet

By many infallible proofs, year '21 is being shown that it is soon to leave McMaster's halls, and start its life-work (O cursed word!) Year '22 being large-hearted, arranged that they should not go away hungry, and had them all down to the "Selby" on March 8th, for the annual Collation. Unexpected rain caused a sudden onslaught on Townshend's taxi business and on the gum money of the boys, and delayed the getaway considerably, augmenting appetites to that lugubrious stage boasted by a well-known Lucan character. A truly dastardly attempt was made to conceal the nature of the food under foreign nomenclature. "That's soap," we said, as we looked at Castilian item No. 1. However, as Gord says, it's all in the hash.

"A short, sharp shock," as Taylor says, the meal is over, the *licor* is brought on and the toasts commenced. Our Bolshevist being absent, we toasted the King unanimously at the suggestion of Mr. Atkinson. Miss J. McKee soloed *"Sous Bois" sur le piano.* Mr. J. G. Jones very felicitously toasted the ladies, so fervently we could see the sentiments rise from his paper to his heart. Miss M. Pugh replied on behalf of her sex, exemplifying the capacities she alleged. At the request of the toastmaster, Miss D. E. Hooper told of a procrastinating curate whose vacillation must now be a considerable trial to the heavenly hosts (note the pun). Mr. J. C. Mabee and Miss Chapman "Souvenir"-ed together, while Mr. G. W. Siegner prepared his list of superlatives for the impending toast to "Alma Mater." He expatiated on that revered lady's virtues admirably, despite his partner's laughter. Professor McNairn replied with mingled mirth and gravity, after which Miss P. K. Chapman sang a sweet, sad song.

Then dauntless W. K. Brown essayed the portrayal of the merits of '21, and earned the thanks of the graduating year by his brevity and the sincerity of his execution of his task,—a thanks ably voiced by Mr. K. W. Taylor, of '21, in his response.

Autography was the passion of the hour; then came a Yellow Cab and an hour or two of sleep. One more expectation realized, very happily; one more link with the past; one less with the future. *Sic vita.*

"*Where does* Sir Oliver Lodge?"
"Give it up. Where?"
"Where Ouija Boards."

Theology-Sophomore Debate

On the evening of February 11th, an argument in regard to the advisability of abolishing the Ontario Jury System was fought out at McMaster, when A. W. Small and W. J. Holley, two radical members of our usually passive Theologs, heatedly asserted that Juries, and especially Grand Juries, are superfluous to the proper distribution of justice in Ontario, and that therefore their retention is an unnecessary expense. But E. W. Anderson and O. C. Elliott, of the Sophomore year, contended that as the Jury system had developed along with all our democratic institutions, it is really a part of our democracy, and should therefore be retained until the will of the people rules otherwise. Mr. Small proved too effective in adapting his matter to meet the arguments of his opponents, hence the judges decided that Juries are unnecessary evils. Refreshments were served to the losers.

Here's one to work out.—The unique and dangerous situation thus created in view of fact that no crowned head ever striven to extirpate was handed triumphantly a native of trans-Jordanic Israel.—*Extract from a Freshman's notebook.*

Literary Society February 18

There was an encouragingly large attendance at Lit on February 18th, due partly to the frantic interest displayed by '23 and '24, who took copious notes from some ulterior motive. The speaker of the evening was Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the well-known portrait painter, who gave us a reminiscent glance over his own career and over the development of our country. It was a pleasant experience for us to hear one who can talk familiarly of such men as Goldwin Smith, Gilbert Parker, and Earl Grey. In the course of his lecture, Mr. Forster told many amusing anecdotes, and we shall

not soon forget how the Irishman defeated thirsty George Brown with the observation that he was "a windmill run by water"; nor how Gilbert Parker charged Tennyson's opponent with "keeping an aquarium in his house," and so changed the course of an election. The speaker had had the honor recently of painting the Emperor and Empress of Japan for the Sunday School Convention in Tokio, and he gave a dramatic account of the work and of the unveiling of the portraits. Truly, as Mr. Forster says, the portrait-painter is the historian of the race. "The camera has no soul, and only one eye."

February 25

Another somewhat melancholy commentary on the interest which McMaster students exhibit in cultural topics was furnished by the disappointingly small attendance at Professor Keirstead's lecture on Carlyle, at the Literary Society of Friday, February 25th. Again, as on other occasions, the audience was so depleted as to necessitate on the part of the President a contrite apology for the multitudinous absentees. This apathy, which is indeed regrettable, would seem to constitute a woefully convincing indictment against the interests and capacities of the students at large.

The wisdom of a life-time, the results of many years' careful study, a unique comprehension of his subject, a wealth of appropriate quotation and delightful humor,—all these were to be found in Dr. Keirstead's address. An intense and critical examination of Carlyle's works, for which a certain disregard of temporal and spatial limitations peculiarly fits the speaker, made him master of his subject. The innate tendencies of Carlyle, accentuated by his predisposition and fortified by lugubrious educational and domestic surroundings were dwelt on. His "Sartor Resartus" was emphasized, especially the passage from the "Everlasting Nay to the Centre of Indifference," and thence to the "Everlasting Yea." The charming wit of the Professor made peculiarly delightful his discussion of Carlyle's love affairs, whether actual or mythical; while to hear him quote in passing "Milton's Ode on his Blindness," was alone ample recompense to all who attended. The thanks of the Literary Society are due to those, who, like Professor Keirstead, give so freely of their time and knowledge in addresses as profitable as was this.

Parties—Senior

Another illustrious name was added to the list of '21's genial hosts, when, on February 15th, the Seniors had a Valentine party all their own, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Matthews. History lacks an account of how the guests explored the upper reaches of Warren Road in search of 169, but the fact remains that the at-

tendance was a record one. When the ice had been broken, the social swim commenced, and the spray flew high in games and contests, but even the presence of the graduating theologues did not prevent dishonesty in the domino contest. The ladies were able to excel at finding compounds of "cat" (etymological not chemical), but the quotation test floored even the Dean. The delightful supper was very hearty (a humorous reference to the ice-cream and cakes, this), and it was followed by the interesting discovery that a flatiron is "The Home of Burns." To avoid giving the impression that, like the candle, they were "out for the night," the Seniors allowed W. F. to say "good-bye and thank you," and then waded home through the crime wave.

A north-west passage from the University enabled the young gallants and charming maidens of '21 to assemble at Professor New's to drink the health of their Honorary President. The excursion had to go in two sections, one arriving on March 3rd, the other on March 5th. The innovations of these evenings brought out the particular ability of each student. Those whom physical disabilities, such as weight and undue sobriety, shut out in the standing broad jump backwards, excelled through perseverance and skill in the biscuit race. Others (notably Farmer Bros.) possessed nerve control and made great strides in the peanut race, but were less successful in ping-pong, where muscular strength must be superseded by those finer touches of grace and delicacy. When it came to "cutting up," the ladies were ahead, but credit must go to the blushing youths who inspired their partners by coaching and by careful holding of strips of paper. The leading lights were awarded prizes, which ceremony on both occasions was followed by a sumptuous lunch, vociferously received and completely consumed. May history repeat itself as often as possible, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Junior

The Juniors met at Wallingford on Tuesday, February 15th, in rooms quite remarkably decorated for the Valentine season. Here prevailed the party spirit recently condemned by Ontario's Premier, and, as none could resist an atmosphere so permeated, everybody, from Professor Moon down to Bill Brown's sandwiches, was carried away by it. Of games there were many, new and old,—the ladies played "catch as catch can" with the men's "musical arms"; silhouettes were paraded

before the men, to be recognized by the fussers; and then, during fifteen strenuous minutes of "wink," the girls worked hard to reward the men's optical efforts. Later on, Russell and Mabee, in their one-act farce, "How to Fall," startled even the sternest, while Bill Brown wept alone for "Alice." After the amusements came nourishment, and then loud snores from the sleepers above, answered by vigorous yells of exultation, brought to a close a most successfully wasted evening.

Thursday, March 3rd, found us at the home of Miss Hooper once more. We were first labelled with a great name, like Little Benny or Tommy Church, before we were introduced to several novel games. "Ghosts" amused rather than alarmed us; and then a number of pictures, chiefly of the Faculty (see the bulletin board, March 4th), were employed to inspire our budding poets. Of one it was well said, "His very specs proclaim him Dean." The professedly musical then imposed a lively sing-song on the rest of the company, after which charades brought to the fore our cleverest artists. In one scene the framed photo of a graduate was used to suggest "sane," but the original of it was alone in his appreciation of the aptness of the illustration—the rest took it for a "frame-up." In response to our parting "thank you," our hostess remarked, "You make your own good time," —but we know better.

On the first of March, the social barometer of Year '23 rose with a jump. The fluctuation was occasioned by a party at which the men of the year entertained the women, Mr. J. Fraser's home being the theatre of action. In some ways the affair was quite unique, all contests being ruthlessly eliminated, and a penalty being attached to the very utterance of a "Mr." or a "Miss." The first number was a fracas in which each tried to elicit a "yes" or "no" from the other, for which attainment the reward was a kiss—candy, of course. This reckless diversion was followed by an indescribable game of dice, and a sing-song. For a short time after this, cocoa and sandwiches, ice-cream and cake held the hilarious crowd in subjection, but soon their joyous pastimes reclaimed them. This time it was the exaction of penalty from those who had earned it (see above). When the last victim had done penance the party broke up, and gradually ideas of "ice-cream, co-eds, and music" gave way to those of 8.15 lectures.

Soph

One Saturday evening, March 5th, to be accurate, the year of

Fresh

'24, noted for its many †celebrities, journeyed to the home of Professor and Mrs. Smith, there to be welcomed graciously and entertained royally. Following the games, the piano was requisitioned to act as a medium for rendering. "I know where the mosquitoes go," and other vocal masterpieces. After a great songfest, delightful refreshments were served. The President then took charge and class elections were continued, with the result that Twenty-four's well-known poet of Scotch extraction was elected to collect dues next year. As usual, the gathering *"wended its way home," after school songs and yells.

Fresh Skating Party

The leading lights of '24 were gathered together at 11.45 a few evenings ago. Conversation was of the usual sparkling variety, and the opinions of all had been heard on everything, from the well-known high cost of tomb-stones to the iniquitous practice of serving *such poor fish* on Fridays. One of the faithful said that the latter proposition *re* the fish was ambiguous, and that members of year '23 should be served on Fridays, if for nothing but to placate the S.P.C.A. The perpetrator of this subtle jest spent the next five minutes in explaining his point, but some of his audience don't understand it yet. He promised to put it in The Monthly. It ought to be censored—but that is another story.

The chief topic was the skating party. "Who did you have for the third band?" "What bands did so and so have with her?" Poets had been inspired, and severe colds contracted, etc.

A glorious band, the chosen few,
Through slushy, soft ice waded;
And round about, with reel and rout,
The rink next door paraded.
Twelve long, long bands were all too short
For those on pleasure bent—
I mean that soon, for further sport
To Hunt's on Yonge they went.

The next ten verses dealt with sundaes and the prices thereof; and then followed kindly references to the chaperones. The party dispersed with the usual songs and yells.

†Editor's note: A trifle obscure, this, but probably merely prophetic.

*Author's acknowledgment: Wooley's Handbook of Composition, Page 7, Article 17.

According to the pseudo-comic pictures, the accepted procedure upon hearing a good joke is either to faint or to attack the *raconteur* viciously. The Editor, however, will respect the inviolability of the person of anyone who will stock up these columns for him. To emphasize this, he has committed the following crime in the earnest hope that its tender appeal will not be in vain:

An aching chaos have I for that mind, where I am used
To conjure up a brace or two of jokes.
Wherefore, O fellow-student, if thy thoughts be less confused,
If aught that funny is thou still canst coax
To agitate thy brain-cells, hoard not up thy mental food,
But give it us—'twill show that thou canst think,—
For see, "a chiel's amang you takin' notes" of all that's good,
"And faith he'll prent" whatever's worth the ink.

To judge from the bulletin board, the profoundest mystery of our college life seems to be the unidentified laundry-mark. It might be well to empower the Registrar to file etched copies of each student's branding-iron; and on the registration card, following, "Are you a student for the Baptist ministry?" this question might appear, "Do you purpose sending your clothes to the laundry?" This would place cleanliness next to godliness.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS HELEN CLINE, '21.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS FRANCES TROTTER, '22.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

YES, of course, we should be as happy as kings. But it is our strong conviction that the number of things in our life could be reduced and our happiness increased. As members of a progressive age we are continually demanding something new. Each college year marks the birth of a new organization. Besides this, we all cling tenaciously to the idea that long-established precedents must be preserved. And thus, every year we add to the number of duties to be fulfilled by McMaster women. This multiplicity of offices to be held by the average student makes it practically impossible for her to give time to worthwhile lectures, concerts and other cultural gatherings which it may be her privilege to attend only during the years she spends at University.

We are well aware of the privileges offered by the small University; we all appreciate our possession of these advantages. We are proud of the fact that McMaster women are recognized in other institutions because of the individual training given them by our Alma Mater. Just as in the large University, however, there is in the small institution the danger of the majority of the work being done by the minority of the students. Although the number of women students is yearly increasing, the work of office-holding is not being divided as it should be. If we are to continue to produce the "hand-made" students of whom we are so proud, a greater effort must be made to give every woman student some responsibilty. If there is an office for every girl, each girl should have an office, and no one girl should hold four.

In the days when our women students numbered about thirty it was possible for every one to belong to all the organizations then in existence, because these organizations were few in number and needed the support of each girl. At present, however, it is absolutely impossible for one girl to belong to all the athletic, literary, religious, dramatic, social, musical, reportorial, year and residential organizations open to McMaster women students. And yet some of them are expected to!

From such a number of organizations each girl should be given

the opportunity of choosing the ones to which she wishes to belong. She will select the form of activity in which she is interested and along which her talents lie, and in this way will be given greater opportunities for development.

We would suggest, however, certain exceptions to this rule. The religious organization should be supported by every member of the student body. Everyone agrees that as a Christian institution we should put first things first. Next comes physical culture. The necessity for regular exercise by students is recognized everywhere, and each and every one of us is pleased with the increasing interest shown in our athletics in the past few years. Such things are important to every individual and should be given first place.

Next we would place the other organizations open to all who wish to join them, but without compulsion. Let each girl join those she prefers, and as many as she herself considers her time and strength permit. No doubt every girl would wish to join the Literary Society. Then we would suggest the formation of a dramatic club which all who are interested in dramatics could join. This club might read and discuss certain dramas, could study the art of staging and give one or two public performances yearly. Those interested in music could join a glee club, which might extend its activities to include instrumental, as well as vocal performances, and which could provide musical numbers at Fyfe Day sessions and meetings of the Literary Society. Perhaps a few would enjoy belonging to a modern literature club, which might be only a small group of ten or twelve, to discuss modern writing. These are only various suggestions which the plan permits, many of which could not be worked out at once, but would develop as the student body grows.

It is obvious that a new arrangement must be adopted. The present plan of every girl belonging to every organization by virtue of her membership in the student body must some day be given up. Changing conditions demand changes in constitutions and this demand is a sign of progress. Many of us feel that *now* has come the time for reform!

Afternoon Tea

An hour spent at Wallingford Hall on Tuesday, March the first, proved that an afternoon tea may be a truly delightful occasion. The hostess was our Dean, Mrs. Trotter, and the fortunate guests the girls of '23. Nursery rhyme pictures adorning the walls called forth an interesting contest. Then was the childhood department of each Sophette's memory store thrown into disorder by the

search for the appropriate rhymes. The vanquished were soothed by the reading of a few short but fascinating poems which introduced the American recluse poetess, Emily Dickinson. A table laden with dainties finally beckoned all to the adjoining room, where, needless to say, many pleasant moments were spent. Music followed, culminating in a sweet rendering of "Kick-a-po-wall-a-po-zig" with its usual train of consequences.

Hockey

"Alf's Button" was shown at the Allen—that was not the attraction for "Mac." We went to witness the movies where our girls at the Meds take a crack. "Behold! The ladies play hockey!" quoth the screen to our wondering eyes. And the Meds scored one goal, then another while the audience emitted deep sighs. But what though the score was against us? We had all the fun of the game; and the movie man's camera did open the doors to what might be called "fame."

Another game, not so notorious, though none the less interesting, was played a few days later against University College. The cushions were considered too soft to risk a fall, so the game was played in the open rink. A result of this was the initiation of caddies to pursue the elusive puck when it was out of bounds and became lost to view. The final score was 9-0 against us.

Although defeated in both these games, the team was by no means disheartened, and, had the weather-man permitted, would have played the several other games scheduled. Now the hockey sticks may be laid tenderly to rest with a hearty "well done," and the injunction to profit well by the time of rest and peace and gain strength to assist McMaster to win many a victory next year.

Basketball

Once more has basketball been revived in our midst after a period devoted to holidays, exams, skating and other such pursuits. St. Michael's, having practised long and strenuously, again wished to risk a conflict with our redoubtable team and a game was arranged on Tuesday, March first. Fast and furious playing marked the first half, at the close of which the score was 8-3 in our favor, although it was easily seen that our opponents had not practised in vain. The second half consisted of much playing, a few casualties, but no baskets for either side. Three cheers for the McMaster team!

It may be remarked that the basketball shields have been much admired, and those lucky enough to possess one feel amply repaid for all the knocks and bruises incidental to the winning thereof.

Y.W.C.A.

The Y.W.C.A. members were privileged in hearing the head of the Student Volunteer Movement in Toronto, Miss Laura Hamilton, speak on our duty toward missionary enterprise. She emphasized India's problem as the one nearest British hearts and protested against sending inefficient workers to that country. The heads of educational systems in these foreign lands are watching those we send out, and their methods of teaching. Therefore, it is urgent that our best men and women be prepared for the colossal task of Christianizing our less fortunate brothers and sisters. We, as University representatives must increase our efforts in missionary directions.

W. L. S.

"Number?" "Operator!" "Sorry there's no one on your line." Until the afternoon of February the eighteenth our acquaintance with the telephone girl had been restricted to the above remarks with appropriate replies from our end of the line. Marion Grimshaw, '17, spoke to us at W. L. S. about her work as Social Secretary to some of the Bell Telephone operators. She told us of the different factories she had visited when beginning her work last Fall, and what they are doing for the welfare of their women employees. We were even more glad to hear of her own work. Stories of the girls in their recreation rooms; their individual needs as Marion discovers them; accounts of their Christmas tree for poor children and of the pageants and parties they plan for themselves will make us remember that there is, after all, a personality behind the impersonal "Number?" as well as introducing us to the vocation of Social Director.

Women's Literary

On Friday, March 3rd, a large and appreciative audience gathered in Castle Memorial Hall to hear Signor Franz Whatsisnamesky's famous chorus. Undoubtedly this was the musical sensation of the season. The selections from "L'Opéra Silencieux" were particularly well received, but the climax was reached when the Signor and his soloist, Miss Mildred Kindy, sang together. Beyond the fact that the Signor seemed to experience considerable difficulty in retaining his moustache, no criticism can be offered.

After the recital a number of the stage children gathered for an informal party. Judging from the various expressions of bliss, the refreshments were delicious, especially the "currant" events cake, of which the audience was allowed to partake by proxy.

Finally, the stage was cleared, and the audience waited in tense excitement for the curtain to rise on Shakespeare's "The Return of

the Calculus." If the audience was somewhat dizzy from trying to remember which was the villain and which was the hero, there was no doubt in the mind of fair Helen. The entire caste played their parts remarkably well, but honorable mention should be made of that interesting trio, the professor, the policeman and Norah.

No longer need Yr. 24 say "Give us room!" The judges have said, and so do we, that for originality and ingenuity the First Year programme should be awarded the prize. Congratulations, Twenty-four!

St. Hilda's vs. McMaster

McMaster met St. Hilda's in the Intercollege Debating Series on February the twenty-second. The debaters for St. Hilda's advanced arguments in favor of the abrogation of the Privy Council, while our speakers enthusiastically supported that venerable institution. The fact that the subject was negatively stated resulted in some slight misunderstanding, which was much to be regretted. The decision of the judges in favor of our worthy opponents was a disappointment to the large representation of the Student Body present at the contest, but in no way affected our pride in our debaters, Helen Gilmour and Marion Royce, both of '21, who covered themselves with glory if not with victory.

Athletics

Editor: John D. Taylor, '22.

"Deeds survive the doers."

WE came very close to the finals in Intercollegiate hockey this year. For the first time in nine years we tied with Varsity for group leadership and were forced to play an extra game for a decision. We were out to win and there was certainly no lack of spirit to aid in our defeat. The players showed their sincerity by the spirit of the first game and from then on they carried with them a host of enthusiastic supporters. One thought McMaster spirit had come back to us after its lengthy period of recuperation. We all will remember how hard those chaps played for us. It did us good. They have our respect and open admiration. Yet to come so close, with victory almost within reach, and then to watch it slip away because of the blindness of one who would not see—is a real disappointment tempered only by the memories of the success attained. Even in the final game we were not outclassed. We were beaten at heart when our best efforts seemed ever halted by the jangling bell and others' faults passed over. It seems as if we have reached our ceiling if we are forced to continue dependent only on our energy and resourcefulness. *With a coach what might we have done?*

On February 18th we met St. Mike's at the Arena for the return game. The visitors had strengthened their line-up by the addition of the best of their Junior O.H.A. team. The new combination had already held Varsity to a tie score, and the fans were anticipating a lively match. We were not disappointed. In the first few minutes of play Holman Doolittle scored on a pass from Dodge, who had threaded his way behind the defense. St. Mike's evened up in short order. Throughout this period both goalers had plenty of long shots to knock down, but the score remained unaltered. The second period saw H. Doolitte stick-handle his way the length of the ice, draw out the goal-keeper and score. It was as pretty a bit of hockey as has occurred in any of our games. St. Mike's tried hard and managed to tie the score again towards the end of the period. The third period was fast. St. Mike's scored first, but "Jamie" put us even on a long shot from outside defense. Overtime was the order of the day. St. Mike's scored in the first half of the ten-minute period, only to have

McMaster 4
St. Mikes 4

Jamieson tie up the score when we changed ends. Two additional overtime periods were played. As the tie remained unbroken at the expiration of ninety minutes of play, the game was declared a draw.

McMaster line-up: Goal, W. Dick; defense, Jamieson, Brown; wings, A. Doolittle, H. Doolittle; centre, Dodge; subs, Dick, Jones.

McMaster 3
Varsity 2

February 28th was a great day for McMaster. Perhaps it was the announcement that Varsity had completed arrangements for the play-off with Queen's that spurred us on to greater effort. For a time, at least, we stayed their onward march and were their equals. The teams were at full strength and there was some hard playing. The first period was even, no score; our three-man defense smothering Varsity's attack. Dodge scored for us in the second period, and in spite of the fast pace they set, Varsity failed to score. At this point "the fun waxed fast and furious," and while two of our men were in the penalty box Varsity evened the score. Varsity made a whirlwind start in the overtime and scored immediately, but Dodge came right back and set us straight. The game became a veritable battle to death, and it was not until the first half of the second overtime period that "Jamie" scored for us. *Loud cheers.* From then on the game was purely a defensive one for us, and as both teams were fagged from their previous efforts the play slowed down. Had it not been for the steady play of Dick in goal we would have stood no chance of winning. He turned aside shot after shot, enabling us to hold our small margin.

McMaster line-up:—Goal, W. Dick; defense, Jamieson, Brown; wings, A. Doolittle, H. Doolittle; centre, Dodge; subs, R. Dick, Jones.

McMaster 1
Varsity 9

On March 2nd we played off for group honors with Varsity. The first period ended with the score one all. To "Jamie" goes the credit of our only goal in the game. Although Holman Doolittle was only substituting, we seemed to have a good chance. The second period found us crossing a sloppy part of the rink before getting anywhere near the Varsity goal. Varsity forwards checked well and held us, while on two occasions they broke through and scored. It was during this period that somebody threw pepper in the referee's eyes. At least, he had great difficulty following the speedy Varsity players, though our colors being more easily distinguished made it an easy matter to check up offsides of even a hairbreadth's variation. Flagrant loafing and offsides of ten to twenty feet on the part of

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY TEAM.

Left to Right: *A. B. McLay, T. J. Jamieson, W. K. Brown, A. Doolittle, H. G. Doolittle (Captain), W. Dick, J. G. Jones, W. A. Dodge, E. G. Hildebrand, P. G. Paterson. (R. Dick, absent.)*

Varsity's players were looked over to the extent of being overlooked. It was both disgusting and disheartening. The third period tells the tragic tale of our defeat. Three goals were scored on what seemed to the bleachers to be offsides. Still "nothing can seem foul to those who win."

McMaster line-up: Goal, Dick; defense, Jamieson, Brown; wings, A. Doolittle, R. Dick; centre, Dodge; subs, H. Doolittle, Jones.

It is best to announce in this issue that our basketball team won every game in their group, and have qualified for their letters. An exhibition game was played later against the pick of Varsity II. and last year's Sarnia H. C. I. team, in which we were beaten by only three baskets. If they had been fortunate enough to enter a group against such teams as this we feel they would have come out on top just the same. They would have had a better starting place. No man can make a record running against a slow field. Congratulations, team!

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

"UPS AND DOWNS" is the title of a little paper published by the Barnardo Boys' Homes, telling of the doings of the boys who have passed through the Homes. It is a most appropriate title, and would serve almost as well for any other Alumni publication; for presumably in any body of a few hundred people there will be "downs" as well as "ups." In many individual lives the ups and downs about balance each other; in some fortunate ones ups are in the preponderance, while in other less fortunate lives there seem to be more downs than ups. McMaster men and women are doubtless no exception to the general rule; they have their ups and downs. Judging, however, from the items which come to the Editor's desk, the general trend is upward. The number of graduates who have not distinguished themselves in some way or other is remarkably small. And this is as it should be; the educated man or woman should stand a better chance of success in the world than the uneducated, by reason of the added equipment which the education brings. Statistics have been worked out many times, proving the correctness of this assumption.

Again the Ides of March approach, bringing to a close a winter which has also had its ups and down; in fact we sometimes wonder whether the thermometer has this year mistaken its calling in life, and tried to imitate the elevator. But such as it is, the winter is ending, and with the spring loom up the annual examinations on the academic horizon, and they, too, bring their ups and downs. So goes life. May all our friends find their progress continually upward; or as Elbert Hubbard used to put it, "In ascending the hill of prosperity, may you never meet a friend."

We hear that the India Branch Alumni Association held a very successful reunion at the Christmas vacation period. The gathering took the form of a banquet, at which toasts were presented and responded to, the speeeches being made by Rev. John McLaurin, '05, Rev. R. C. Bensen, '08, and Rev. Archie Gordon, '13; it is needless to add that they were all of a high order. We regret we are unable to give further details, but the report that reached us was very meagre.

The programme of the Annual Convention of the Ontario Educational Association, to be held in Toronto, March 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, is to hand. As usual, we find the names of a number of McMaster graduates, who are taking part. One of the features of

the programme will be a series of athletic demonstrations in Hart House Gymnasium, and among these will be a boxing class in charge of F. J. Halbus, '11, of the University Schools. Professor R. W. Smith, '95, gives an address to the Natural Science section on "Suggestions for the Improvement of Teaching in Botany." E. A. Miller, '06, of London Collegiate Institute, addresses the Classics section on "The Point of Contact in Teaching Latin in Secondary Schools." Miss M. Fitch, '10, of Moulton College, introduces a discussion before the Mathematics Section on "Securing Accuracy and Speed in Calculations in Arithmetic." Professor Findlay, '96, is also to address this section. Miss A. C. Found, '14, Strathroy, leads a discussion in the Commercial Section, on "Methods of Supervising and Checking up the Student's Work in Typewriting." Among the Councillors of the Principals' Section we find the names of E. E. Wood, '00, of Fort William, and G. S. Johnson, '05, of Monteith. Miss Fitch is a Councillor in the Mathematical and Physical Section. J. F. Calvert, '03, holds a similar position in the Natural Science Section, and Professor W. Sherwood Fox, '00, of Western University, is Vice-President of the Classical Section.

PERSONALIA.

'82—Rev. W. T. Tapscott, Pastor-at-large for Alberta, has accepted a call to the pastorate in Cranbrook, B.C., and we understand that he has already begun his work there.

'94—Rev. E. D. Sherman, Theol. ad eund., is now residing in Harrow, Ont.

'94—Rev. A. C. Baker, Theol. ad eund. is pastor of the Baptist Church at Fullarton, Ont.

'99—Rev. C. P. McGregor, Pastor of Second Baptist Church, Lawrence, Mass., is President of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention.

'03—Rev. E. Cameron is now living in Tiverton, Ontario.

'04—Rev. L. H. Vail is now Pastor of the Baptist Church in Boston, Ont.

'06—We regret to report the death on February 21st last of Mr. D. Howard Macintosh. Mr. Macintosh was on the staff of Okanagan College, Summerland, B.C., until the College closed its doors, owing to financial stress during the war period. He then taught in the High School at Summerland. We understand he was ill for some time, and his death is reported from Washington, D.C. THE MONTHLY extends sympathy to his brother, Professor D. C. Macintosh, '03, and to his sister, Miss Anna B. Macintosh, '08, also to his relatives, a number of whom have attended McMaster.

'09—Miss Muriel E. Farmer was married on February 28th at Toronto, to Dr. Rob Roy McGregor, of Kingston. They will be at home at 172 Alfred St., in that city.

'10—Rev. E. D. Ford is now Pastor of the Baptist Church in Bracebridge, Ont.

'11—Miss Georgina McGill, who is on furlough from India, is taking a course of study in New York this winter, at the White Bible College. Miss C. B. Hellyer, '16, is also a student at the same College.

'14—E. D. Renaud, Lecturer in English at Brandon College, presented the first lecture this season in the University Extension Lecture Course, which is given under the auspices of the Education Society at Brandon and the Board of Trade. His lecture was entitled "An Evening with Canadian Poets," and was delivered on February 14th.

'14—Bishop Abraham, of the Syrian Church, was a speaker at a meeting held in Coonoor, India, in May, 1920, to celebrate the centenary of the Madras Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Bishop spoke in warm terms of what the Bible Society had done for the Malayam country, and especially for the Syrian community there, and stated that as soon as the Society provided his Church with the vernacular Bible, it not only began to revive, but an enthusiasm for missionary work was kindled in the hearts of its members. Bishop Abraham took his M.A. degree in McMaster in 1914.

'14—Walter Clark, of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, is Secretary of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation. A recent report indicates that the membership of the Federation is now well over a thousand, and embraces about 90 per cent. of the eligible teachers.

'15—Arnot J. Coles is at the University of Saskatchewan, doing research work in materials and methods of heating.

'18—Miss Muriel Brothers, of Cocanada, India, has distinguished herself by passing with high honors her first examination in the Telugu language. She obtained one of the first places in competition with a number of new missionaries under various Boards, who attended the Language School. Miss Brothers is now sufficiently at home with the vernacular to make considerable use of it.

'19—Miss Gladys White is taking a course at the Toronto Bible College with a view to service on the foreign mission field.

'20—Miss Evelyn Dempsey is taking work in Bio-Chemistry at the University of Toronto. She is also employed in looking after stores in the Medical Building.

Here and There

EDITOR: KENNETH W. TAYLOR, '21.

"To think without reading is futile; to read without thinking is dangerous."—*Confucius.*

"Brutus never read a book but to make himself a better man."—*Plutarch.*

CLAUDIUS CLEAR, in one of his recent weekly letters appearing in *The British Weekly*, reviews Mr. Arnold Bennett's book, "Things That Have Interested Me." (This book, by the way, is so "incredibly miscellaneous," that shortly after its publication, *Punch* remarked that, "we hear that Mr. Bennett is about to issue a pamphlet entitled, 'Things That Have Not Interested Me.'") The topics treated range from a thoroughly serious discussion as to whether or not our present civilization is doomed, to the question of how long a pair of trousers will last, and they include Cabinet Ministers, theatrical first-nights, and Mrs. Asquith. We quote the following paragraph from the review as being particularly good:

"There are some very sensible remarks upon reading. Mr. Bennett points out that one cannot become a carpenter by studying elaborate manuals on carpentry. He must set to work and show that he can do something with his knowledge. He extends to the general subject of reading. Books should help us. 'Where is the sense of reading biography unless it is going to affect what people will say about *you* after your funeral? What is the sense of reading poetry or fiction unless you see more beauty, more passion, more scope for your sympathy, than you saw before?' Mr. Bennett repudiates the plea, 'I only read for pleasure.' He retorts that the man who drinks whisky might with force say, 'I only drink whisky for pleasure.' There is such a thing as an utterly futile way of reading books. To read worthily a great writer one must brace himself and keep the brain awake. If we had the chance of meeting a great writer we should prepare for the occasion. We must not sit down to a great book as though we were sitting down to a ham sandwich. Reading without subsequent reflection is ridiculous. 'Further, it is a sign of undue self-esteem to suppose that we can grasp the full import of an author's meaning at a single reading. I would not say that every book worth reading once is worth reading twice over. But I would say that no book of great and established reputation is read till it is read at least twice. You can easily test the truth of this by reading again any classic.' This strikes me as sound doctrine."

One is often struck in reading the review columns of many periodicals by the scarcity of adverse criticisms. Quite unmerited praise is common, especially in cases of mediocre work by well-known writers. Most reviewers seem to be afraid of hurting the author's feelings. But not all critics are so. *The Sunday Times* (London, Eng.) cites a number of cases. For instance, Mr. Louis McQuilland, in reviewing a recent novel, avers that "to be quite fair" to the author "there is a glittering imbecility about some of the dialogue which has almost the phosphorescence of decayed wit." *Punch* on one occasion commended the *magnum opus* of a very popular novelist in this strain: "It is proof of the great prosperity of the times when so much beautiful paper, so handsomely bound and elegantly printed, can be purchased for the comparatively trifling sum of four shillings and sixpence." One of the most scathing criticisms of all time is the verse which greeted Bishop Pompignan's treatise on the Lamentations of Jeremiah:—

Savez-vous pourquoi Jérémie
Se lamentait toute sa vie?
C'est qu'il prévoyait
Que Pompignan le traduirait!

Mixed metaphors are fairly common in impromptu speeches. A prominent Irish member in the House of Commons once exclaimed, "I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; but we will nip it in the bud." One of our Professors is reported as saying in a lecture that, "the wave gathered force till, at the end of the century, it was in full flower." Even women have been known to make similar mistakes. *The Boston Transcript* tells of an indignant suffragette who once exclaimed, "This action is almost as if the Senate had hurled its glove into the teeth of the advancing wave that is sounding the clarion of equal rights."

"*Mr. Dooley on Making a Will* and other Necessary Evils" is the title of the latest Dooley volume. There are wide differences of taste in humor; what will make one man laugh may leave others quite unmoved; but those who like the Dooley brand will find this latest book a mine of laughter. At times, Mr. Dooley, in spite of all his absurdities, displays much sound sense. This, for instance, is his treatment of the "Descent of Man":

"Our first ancestor had his tail docked, an' havin' lost this here member, which was at wanst his manes iv rapid transit an' his aisy chair, th' old gintleman cud no longer swing fr'm th' branch. . . In order to apply f'r a job he was forced to larn to walk an' to talk.

The fam'ly all took afther th' old man, and improved on him through the cinchries till to-day ye have the magnificent jooks ye see all ar-round ye, puttin' on supeeryor airs, wearin' crowns, runnin' f'r office, killin' each other, dancin' the turkey-trot, an ginrally behavin' so foolish that whin the father iv a fam'ly iv monkeys sees a human bein' comin' along in the woods he calls out: 'Mother, bring th' little wans to th' end iv this branch. Here comes wan iv our poor relations who has to wurruk for a livin'. He wud've been just as well off as we ar're if his fam'ly hadn't squandered their tails. Dhrop a cocynut on his head an' see him jump. Ain't he the funny sight?'"

And this is his opinion of the game of golf:

"'Tis a gr-reat game, a gr-rand, jolly hail-fellow-well-met spoort. With the exciption maybe iv the theery of infant damnation, Scotland has given nawthin' more cheerful to the wurruld thin th' game of goluf."

We had always thought the choosing of a wife to be a difficult matter (especially from among a number of charming undergraduettes). We feel, however, that Guy Turner has simplified things somewhat by contributing the following to the New York *Evening Post*:

She is no mere stripling who likes Rudyard Kipling,
To the reader of Conrad your troth you can plight;
And if she loves Hardy you need not be tardy,
But beware of the girl who reads Harold Bell Wright.

To the doter on Grayson the words you may say, son;
The student of Butler is well worth a fight—
She loves R. L. S.'s?—she's worth your caresses;
But fly from the reader of Harold Bell Wright.

A swain you should be to the Twain devotee; to
The Shavian fan you may still be polite;
The one you should marry must read J. M. Barrie—
But pass by the reader of Harold Bell Wright.

The Walpole admirer should be your desire, or
If Bojer she favors don't bid her good night—
Your love you may babble if she reads James Cabell,
But beware of the girl who reads Harold Bell Wright.

There is a story told of an Irish girl who applied for a position as a nurse-maid, and who, on being asked if she had had any experience with children, replied, "Sure, ma'am, wasn't I one meself once?" Similarly, I think that the only prerequisite to being able to appreciate the following poem is to have been a child oneself once. The verses

are called "In the Night": were written by Elizabeth M. Roberts; appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly;* and have been extensively quoted in other magazines.

The light was burning very dim,
The little blaze was brown and red,
And I waked just in time to see
A panther going under the bed.

I saw him crowd his body down
To make it fit the little space.
I saw the streaks along his back,
And bloody bubbles on his face.

Long marks of light came out of my eyes
And went into the lamp—and there
Was Something waiting in the room—
I saw it sitting on a chair.

Its only eye was shining red,
Its face was very long and gray,
Its two bent teeth were sticking out,
And all its jaw was torn away.

Its legs were flat against the chair,
Its arms were hanging like a swing,
It made its eye look into me,
But did not move or say a thing.

I tried to call and tried to scream,
But all my throat was shut and dry.
My little heart was jumping fast,
I couldn't talk or cry.

And when I'd look outside the bed
I'd see the panther going in.
The streaks were moving on his back,
The bubbles on his chin.

I couldn't help it if they came,
I couldn't save myself at all,
And so I only waited there
And turned my face against the wall.

At a recent London dinner George Bernard Shaw was the guest of honor. The toastmaster in introducing him said that a certain club in London recently had voted on "Who are three most famous living Englishmen?" The balloting showed George Bernard Shaw, Lloyd George and Charlie Chaplin far in the lead. "And I can't help wondering," said the toast master, "how Mr. Shaw likes the company in which he finds himself." "I don't mind Charlie," spoke up Mr. Shaw.—*Toronto Star Weekly.*

I love my boarding-house. The food is excellent. I have a lovely room. Everything is clean and comfortable. The furniture and fixtures are elegant and well selected. The atmosphere is refined and homelike. I like my surroundings so well that I remain home every night. Everything about the place suits me great. You should see the landlady's daughter!!—*Punch Bowl.*

I heard the other day an interesting discussion as to the authorship of the famous line, "Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day." One literary enthusiast attributed it to Swift, and other authors were named. No one associated it with so modern a writer as Sydney Smith. The lines which incorporate it were called "A Recipe for Salad":

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon,
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soupcon of anchovy sauce.
O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl;
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

—C. K. S. in *The Sphere.*

"*Oh, stop whining!* Is whining going to mend matters?"
"I suppose not."
"Then if not, whine not."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Stenographer's Holiday—

My tYpust is on hor vacutoin,
My trpist's awau fpr a week;
My tYpust is on hor vacutoin,
Wgile thse danm kews plsy hude and seej.
Cjoras:

Oy, breng boxj, bting bzck,
Brung becj mu b'Onnie ti my, tp mr;
B(&ng b$xj, b-6ng bicx,
Bjing bozk m% belnio —o mx, oJ helk!

—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Fresh—Have you seen Ethel Barrymore in "A Country House"?
Soph—Yes, but she isn't so good as Ethyl Chloride in Local Anaesthetic.—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

There was a young scholar called Lolmondley,
Who looked upon women too glomondley:
But a change was enacted
When once he'd extracted
A kiss from a girl who was cholmondley.—*T.C.D.*

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger going in the same direction. "Have you lost half a crown?" he asked with his hand in his pocket. "Y-es, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger feeling in his pockets. "Have you found one?" "Oh, no," said the small boy. "I just want to see how many have been lost to-day. Yours makes fifty-four!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Tourist (gazing at volcano)—Looks like hell, doesn't it?
Native—How those Americans have travelled!
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications: *Acta Victoriana, Argosy, The Collegian, Dalhousie Gazette, Philomathean Monthly, Queen's Journal, The Sheaf, T.C.D.* (Dublin), *Trinity University Review, Ubyssey, University Monthly* (Fredericton, N.B.), *Western U Gazette.*

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G. A. REID, R.C.A., O.S.A.

A Quiet River.

A Canadian Painting, exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

The
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THE GRAND.

With graceful circles turned by tree-scarred hills,
Through mist-blown lowlands where lone cattle feed
Behind wild tufts of tossing river-reed,
The Grand by sleeping hamlets gathers rills
And hurries southward. Wild fowl dip their bills
Clanking among the fringing water-weed,
And on a midstream rock that floods have freed
From crumpling heights, an angler dreams and trills.

For those whose natures throb beyond constraint,
In restless places, here is cool-voiced peace;
And winds of silver twilight bring release
From surfeit longing; here the fever-taint,
Clouding our days of dream in spectral wraith,
Fades in the light of living forms of faith.

—Clarence J. Thoms, '16.

BOOKS.*

"When the high heart we magnify
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by
Ourselves are great."

WOULD magnify this evening the mind of man, high over all creation else in its possession of ideas; I would celebrate the vision of man, sure in its desire to perpetuate those ideas. And this, not that the contemplation of our own greatness should increase our self-satisfaction, dignity, and the power of books.

but that we might thus secure a juster appreciation of the age, the

* * * * * *

Man has ever sought articulation. Thought cannot abide imprisoned. He who thinks must speak. Even those who would show forth the benefits of silence do by their words attest this universal rule. Carlyle, says Inge, proclaimed the merits of silence—in thirty volumes. No, man would speak to his fellows the thoughts that animate his mind, and he would not that those thoughts should perish. Ozymandias would boast perpetually, and for posterity Moses would set his commandments in stone. And this innate urge to immortalize ideas, fortified by the necessities of life, reduces thought to concrete form.

The history of books, then, is a struggle to most thoroughly concrete the abstract, a struggle for expression and expansion, a struggle in which eager man seizes, for his purpose, the tools that lie to his hands, tools that ever mutuate with circumstance and often improve with opportunity.

The first book was a heap of stones. Out of the shadowy unknown, at the dawn of time, strayed some nomadic band. They halted, they rested. The instinct to speak emerges. They heap to a pile the scattered stones. Then they move on—into oblivion. Who they were, whence they came, whither they went, we know not. Here alone, in this rude heap, does a feeble ray illumine the darkness of their career. Here alone, dumb stones speak of wandering, of rest, and again of wandering.

And the same instrument was a late survival in the Scottish cairn, where on the grave of a departed clansman, his fellows, filing past, dropped each a stone. An eloquent threnody that, a thousand cold tributes of an affection that was ever warm, a thousand stony tributes of love.

And see the ingenious Peruvian with his quipus. This was a leather thong, or series of thongs, knotted in such careful intricacies

*Prize oration delivered at the Oratorical Contest, April 1st, 1921.

that trained officials in each village of Peru could, in the knots, compose and decipher messages, promulgate decrees, and even record history. History in a knot, a unique combination of realism and romanticism.

But progressive man chafes at the limitation of knots and stones, he resorts to writing by pictures. The heavens are represented by a star, man by his profile. And some, satisfied, as were our Indian predecessors on this continent, rest with their pictography, but others advance to a representation of syllables by hieroglyphics, they form a syllabary, and from the syllabary inevitably emerges the alphabet. So five thousand years ago, in three centres, in Egypt, in Assyria, and in the Aegean, we find perfected alphabets and systems of writing.

The desert man wrote in the sands, and his thoughts perished with the rising of the wind and the shifting of its grains. In rocky lands, they graved the very face of the rock, sometimes despite terrific obstacles, as in the tri-lingual inscription of Darius at Behistun, where the hardy epigraphers must climb three hundred feet above the level of the plain and inscribe the perpendicular face of the cliff. Or, for convenience the stone was cut to tablets or cylinders. Where, as in Assyria, clay was more plentiful, they covered their clay cylinders with their peculiar cuneiform inscriptions. But as early as 2500 B.C. the inventive Egyptian had uprooted the papyrus plant, and from its fibres had woven a sheet on which he wrote instead of carving. And papyrus long bore man's thoughts, latterly supplemented though not supplanted by vellum, made of skins of young calves. Meantime, in far off Cathay, the patient Chinaman had invented paper, a discovery stolen from him by the Arabs in 751 A.D., and by them brought to Europe in the Moorish conquest. But the mediæval monk spurned the unrefined face of the paper and clove to his beautiful parchment till 1500. Then, as it were over night, the invention of printing eliminated for ever stone and clay, papyrus and vellum. Their task fulfilled, they take their deserved rest. The secrets of man's mind are no longer carved on cliffs or rolled up in codices. They appear in our modern book form. The typesetter and the bookbinder take their places in the honorable succession where once stood the stone-piler, the knot-tier, the epigrapher and the scribe.

These were links in the great chain of the eternal order. They toiled, they now rest, but they left in their books an enduring monument. The pomp of Rameses and Nebuchadrezzar is no more. The glory of Luxor and Memphis is one with Nineveh and Tyre. What are these now? Names in a book, nothing more. The mighty men, and the great cities, have perished, the humble books have survived.

And Time will lay the same mortifying hand on our material civilization. It will reduce our mighty works to dust heaps, and earth's proudest with earth's meanest will take their places among ten billion unknown dead. And in future times, when men shall puzzle at our crudity, and, let us hope, be charitable for our ignorance, only in the books we leave shall we speak forth our defence. Man being dead yet speaketh in his books. Which moved Carlyle to say, "Of all things that men do make here below, the most momentous, and wonderful, and worthy, are books."

* * * * * *

This unique position of worth, books derive from a unique association with ideas. At times, perhaps due to the contempt induced by their profusion, one must even emphasize the supremacy of ideas.

Three things we venerate,—age, achievement, power. Ideas are as old as man, they are the sole source of all his achievements, they the inexhaustible founts whence springs his power.

Eminence in the State we esteem great, and rightly so. What but ideas exalts men to such eminence? Culture and leadership are to be lauded, what but ideas raised Erasmus to head of an intellectual kingdom, or Foch to the head of ten armies? Virtue is to be venerated, what but their ideas of virtue purifies the virtuous? If service be honorable, if culture be worthy, if virtue be commendable, so must ideas, and they most, because they generate and animate and comprehend them all.

And this unique dignity of supremacy which inheres in ideas is associated with books as their carriers. The glory of books is circumstantial but not intrinsic as often is. For example: The cabriolet that on January the twenty-first, 1793, drove through Paris from the Circuit of the Temple to the Square of the Revolution was no great golden coach of Cipriani, costly to excite wonder, or admirable to draw attention. It was a common hack. Yet, that day, that poor carriage alone moved in the streets of Europe's greatest city, eighty thousand armed men lined its path, a city hushed itself at its progress, a nation, yes the world, held its breath. And that poor carriage was that day an Imperial State-coach, for in it sat the head of the Bourbons, the son of sixty kings. Citizen Louis Capet was being driven to the guillotine. . . . The cloak that Jesus wore was not the Imperial purple, nor the costly ermine of kings, it was but a common artisan's garment. Yet, associated as it was with its wearer, so invested was it with His dignity and power that, let the faithful but touch its hem, and sickness is cured and virtue goes out from the Master. . . . Say the unthinking, "A miserable carriage, . .

. a peasant's cloak, . . ." but let that carriage convey a Bourbon, let that cloak clothe the Christ, and His dignity is by association their dignity, the homage we would render Him we must in part pay them.

Similarly, paper and ink, of themselves nothing, become the repositories of man's weightiest thoughts, of his tenderest emotions, of his highest aspirations, merit the esteem we would claim for them. Theirs is true glory but lesser, the lustre of reflection though not of radiation.

* * * * * *

Ideas bequeath then to books their dignity, and much also of their terrific power. I would instance the disruptive power of a book over a mighty nation, the French, in the case of "The Social Contract," by Jean Jacques Rousseau, a challenge to political slavery, "Man is born free, yet everywhere is in chains."

Gaze on the astounding spectacle that was France for the five years succeeding 1789. The long Capetian line ends abruptly in suspension, abolition, execution. . . A book ended it. Europe's proudest nobility flees its home, lest the Mountain fall on them . . . A book drove them forth. A middle class, alarmed, strives in vain to stem a flood it loosed. . . . A book aroused them and a book overwhelmed them. A peasantry, crazed with unaccustomed liberty, abandons itself to excesses of cruelty. . . . A book liberated them. The Bastille is destroyed and the feudalism it typified is abolished. For servitude is liberty, for privilege equality, for class brotherhood. Three constitutions in three years where was none before, a profusion of legislation and an executive that stimulates the terror. Behold on every hand division and strife, the Mountain against the Plain, and La Vendee against both. But lo a miracle, a house is divided against itself, but it falls not, though all Europe would totter it. Behold blood and tears, a nation in travail that liberty may be born.

What does it all mean? Seek out the cause. Abuse and tyranny, incompetence and stupidity, fiscal obfuscation and legal anchronisms; yes, all these and more, but when you unite the body of causes it is dead, when you would seek the vitality of the Revolution, when you would breathe life into these dead bones, the critics rise and say with one voice, "It is the work of a book." Such is the power latent in these commonplace articles, a power that would make Niagara puny.

* * * * * *

Finally, consider the heritage we have in books. "Every good book," says Milton, "is the precious life blood of a master spirit." Wise men from the East struggle through the centuries to lay their

offerings at the reader's feet. The choice spirits of all time would bring forth from their treasure-houses gifts, new and old. The reader alone may "ransack all ages, spoil all climes."

Would the reader make one of time's most brilliant coterie of conversation? Would he sit down with the stammering Goldsmith, the erudite Reynolds, the scintillating Sheridan? Would he once more hear the irascible Johnson thunder at his attentive biographer, or cringe before the omniscient Burke? Here is Boswell will admit him.

Would you fly large, reader, and with Carlyle explore Immensities and Eternities, or with Shakespeare dissect and expose the single soul of a baffled Hamlet?

Wouldst thou stand, O reader, in Jerusalem, with that great multitude from Syria and Decapolis, from Galilee and beyond Jordan, to hear Peter thunder of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; or with the inquisitive Athenians press about Mars' Hill to hear this babbler Paul prate of the times of ignorance and the hope of the Resurrection? Here is Luke to thy hand.

Wouldst thou flee the earth and wander in the uncertain gloom of Tartarus with the mighty Aeneas for thy companion?—Here is Vergil to thy guide.

Or wouldst thou try the battlements of high heaven itself, to compass the measure of Satan, and probe the mystery of the Trinity? Rise with Milton's exalted mind, with him assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man.

* * * * * *

Surely it was a reader who said of his books,

"They call me out of darkness,
They call me out of sleep,
'Ride . . ride . . for you must
To the end of Dust,'
They bid, and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of Being,
Where there is a Gulf alone,
And through a vast that was never passed
I listen for Life's tone.

"I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With a far intent through the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere that a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod,
Only to stand at last on that strand
Where it cries, 'Beyond lies God.'"

—W. F. Nelson, '21.

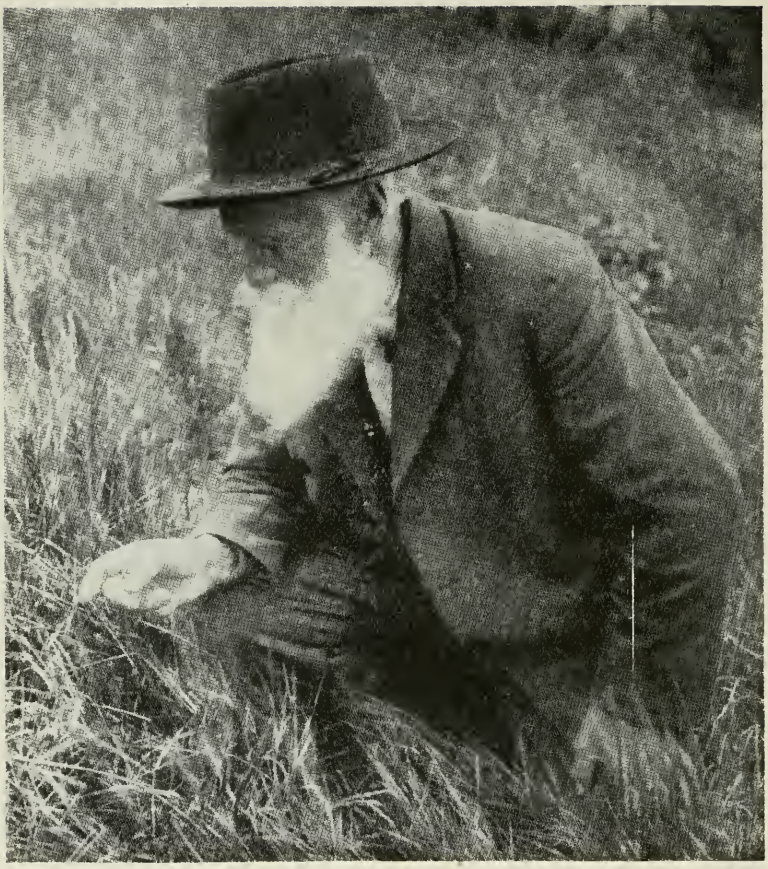
BLISS CARMAN

Did you see and hear the Poet in the City yester-eye?
What a pity that you missed him! You will never see his like,
Should you seek from now till doomsday, for the fairy fingers weave
Only once in all their shaping such a pattern as can strike
Even the casual observer into rapturous amaze,
Glad that Nature still works wonders to delight the dreary days.

As he rose to read his poems, huge proportions came to view;
'Body of the battered Hellene,"—write it plainer, he who can—
"Hack, with all his furious fumbling, and the glorying hand of Hew"
Had in rugged grandeur fashioned such a marvel of a man;
Brow Olympian, hair autumnal in a tawny turbulence;
Eyes serene and cleaving cleanly every cloud of time and sense.

With the dirges of the winter and the lyrics of the spring
All who listened were enchanted, as the kindly voice was heard
Casting spells of woodland magic culled from out the mystic ring,
Alchemy of every flower, witchery of every bird,
Thus the poet opened treasures, with his keys of shining gold,
Richer than Aladdin's finding in the eerie days of old.

—Thomas Wearing, '09.



THE LATE JOHN BURROUGHS.

(Courtesy Toronto Saturday Night.)

JOHN BURROUGHS

MANY who are fond of reading the writings of modern men will exceedingly regret the death of John Burroughs, the American naturalist and writer. He was born in Roxbury, New York, in 1837. As a youth he worked on his father's farm, received a common school education and cultivated a great love for natural surroundings. At seventeen he went to teach school at Olive, in Ulster county, and there Nature became a familiar book to her eager reader. His ever watchful eye caught and noted a multitude of wonderful and interesting things. In 1863 he was drawn to the active life of Washington, where he accepted an appointment in the Treasury Department. In a few years he was honored with a higher position as Chief in the Bureau of National Banks. He left Washington in 1872, and just as Emerson had permanently settled at Concord, so did he establish himself on a fruit farm at West Park on the Hudson. Here he wrote essays, magazine articles and books on literary values, indoor studies and principally upon Nature.

He received his higher education from the books of the ages; from friendships, which, in early days, he favorably formed by correspondence with Carlyle and Matthew Arnold; by intimacy with Walt Whitman, Emerson and many other literary celebrities; and from the practical wisdom gained in the college halls of life. "He grew through the three fundamental principles of human existence,—feeling, thinking and doing."

The first of Burrough's literary works appeared in an issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1860. All that followed found ready place in the best periodicals, and were hailed with the greatest anticipation and delight by a host of readers, who have always been fascinated by his keen observation of Nature and his intensely individual and graceful literary style.

Emerson's style is difficult and aphoristic, Whitman's is artless, but that of Burroughs is characterized by direct and pleasing simplicity, such as one finds in the poems of Robert Burns. The following excerpt will serve to illustrate his manner of writing, and at the same time give the reader in the personifications of Science and Literature a picture of John Burroughs at work as an ardent student in God's great out-of-doors.

"The true poet and the true scientist are not estranged. They go forth into nature like two friends. Behold them strolling through the summer fields and woods. The younger of the two is much more active and inquiring; he is ever and anon stepping aside to examine

some object more minutely, plucking a flower, treasuring a shell, pursuing a bird, watching a butterfly; now he turns over a stone, peers into the marshes, chips off a fragment of a rock, and everywhere seems intent on some special knowledge of the things about him. The elder man has more an air of leisurely contemplation and enjoyment,—is less curious about special objects and features, and more desirous of putting himself in harmony with the spirit of the whole. But when his younger companion has any fresh and characteristic bit of information to impart to him, how attentively he listens, how sure and discriminating is his appreciation! The interests of the two are widely different, yet in no true sense are they hostile or utterly destructive."

At this present time it is not easy to determine what permanency Burroughs' works may have, but it needs no prophet to foretell that certain of his essays and writings on Nature will ever remain classics. Already they are recognized and appear on the curricula of a number of the best schools and colleges. Ornithologists, naturalists and scientists will always read him to draw from his storehouse of abundant facts, and will be pleased with the thoroughness and accuracy of all his work.

While Burroughs was at Washington he read Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and received an impression from it such as no other book had ever made upon him. Not long afterward when he was rambling in a woods near the city he encountered Whitman, made his acquaintance, and soon both became strong friends. At that time Burroughs wrote the following words concerning him:

"He is, in my opinion, either more and different from any other poet, or he is a ridiculous failure. I am fully persuaded that he belongs to an entirely new class of geniuses which has no type in the past; and that he is to be justified and explained on entirely new grounds." Burroughs was right. He, better than anyone else, saw in Whitman—"who had a prescience as to the vast changes democracy was working"—the representative poet of American democracy and of modern man. He studied his poems. He learned their true value. Then, he sounded the trumpet, and entered the battle against the false opinions concerning the character of Whitman and the nature of his poetry. He triumphed gloriously. In the end he justified him.

Burroughs, as a disciple of Whitman, loved the modern man. He had a large circle of literary friends who made him the object of their pilgrimages to West Park. But beyond this circle there was another; in the latter he counted among his best friends Edison, the inventor, Mr. Firestone, the tire manufacturer, and, greatest of them

all, Theodore Roosevelt, who was the most representative type of the modern man of America.

Burroughs, a loyal citizen of the United States, was one of the interpreters of the true spirit of America to Great Britain. He admired her institutions and extolled her as a nation of righteousness. He praised her entry into the Great War, fretted while his own people hesitated and rejoiced when finally they entered. He did his best in his writings to strengthen the relations between the two great sister nations. His, indeed, was "the voice of blood . . reaching across the ocean" to exclaim joyfully, "We are one!"

In life he spontaneously uttered these words: "Keep me close to Nature, . . . ; open the windows and let in the air, the sun, let in health and strength; my blood must have oxygen, my lungs must be momentarily filled with the fresh unhoused element. I cannot breathe the cosmic ether of the abstruse inquirer, nor thrive on the gases of the scientist in his laboratory; the air of hill and field alone suffices." In his death may he be translated to a celestial atmosphere of more wonderful glories and beauties than in this terrestial sphere.

—H. A. Webb, '22.

THE CANADIAN OF THE FUTURE.*

A CANADIAN citizen! What do we mean? What is our idea of a Canadian? Most of us have a well-defined conception of the ideal Canadian,—a public-spirited, God-fearing man, whose moral fibre has lost none of its keenness, whose deep devotion to country and the British flag is proverbial, an intelligent, fearless individual with undefiled politics, welcoming the worthy and repudiating the worthless; in short, possessing all the qualities admired by our Anglo-Saxon minds. Yes, here is our ideal Canadian,—that is, these characteristics form what we desire a Canadian should be. But does it mean that? It is with an eye to past history and with an appreciation of future needs that we would have to give our answer, "No."

In the first place,—these are Anglo-Saxon ideals, and since one-fifth of our population is foreign-born, and holds varying ideals, knowing little of ours, how can we assert that our ideal citizen is Canadian? Canada cannot claim, as some nations can, that her people have a common ancestry, the use of a common language, or the enjoyment of a common literature. Each month brings 18,000

*Prize oration delivered at the Women's Oratorical Contest, April 8th, 1921.

new people to her Provinces, coming from almost every known country in the world. What does the ordinary Canadian know about these immigrants? He classifies all men as white men or foreigners. To him the foreigners are men who dig the sewers and fill our police courts. They are all supposed to dress in outlandish garb, to speak a barbarian tongue, and their names all end in "stein," "owitz," "enski," or "zak." But, I ask you, are they not men, women and children, and not *mere* immigrants? Are they not, too, Canadian citizens, although not conforming to our ideal?

"The stranger within my gate
He may be true or kind;
But he does not talk my talk,
I cannot feel his mind.
I see the face, the eyes, and the mouth,
But not the *soul* behind."

This describes the attitude of too many of us. Yet, our powers as a nation, and our prosperity as individuals would only have been a fraction of what they are had immigration been prevented. Our own United Empire Loyalists played no small part in shaping the destinies of Canada, when they marched northwards, while the Pilgrim Fathers little thought of the cataclysmic change which they brought about by their journey. We must cast off our feeling of superiority and our attitude of neglect in the presumption that in good time Nature will produce Canadian citizens from the ranks of the newcomers. The question is not the supercilious one,—"What are we admitting into Canada that may possibly injure Canadian ideals?" but the intensely practical one, "What are the old Canadian races doing to perpetuate these ideals?" Let us pause and think of the task before us. Canada's conception of citizenship should be based upon the inclusion of all who may bring a contribution to the State, welcoming diversity of gifts, and finding in her strangers new sources of strength and inspiration.

"Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these."

An immigrant ship in mid-ocean!—here is perhaps more of concentrated human interest than may be found anywhere else on the face of the globe. Alone on the boundless deep—a little world in itself—half-way between the Old World and the New—what a history lies behind! What possibilities ahead! Here we have the fruit of the ages,—a prophecy of the coming days.

Here they are—Galician peasants in sheepskins,—fair-haired,

clear-skinned Swedes,—dark-eyed, eager Italian children. Here a withered old Russian woman, in her curious dress with her old-fashioned little grandchild, a diminutive copy of herself: there a bent-shouldered Jew; yonder a young Roumanian peddler. A young woman from a seaport town in England, booked to Port Arthur, where she expects to marry a young man—if she likes him,—a Hollander bound for Winnipeg on a tour of inspection, with a view to investing money in the West; an elderly Irish woman with her "raal Oirish" niece, and multitudinous others,—English, Irish, Austrian, and Scandinavian. Watch them about the decks, propped against a sheltering wall, lounging on the great cables, the children rolling in the litter of the decks. There are the mothers with unpronounceable names in queer shapeless garb, and with coarse work-worn hands. There are the babies—their round eyes bewitched with the novelty of the big ship. Looking round upon these people, far from home, weary with travel, and seeing what ministers of faith and hope the women are, how the men profit by their example, how patiently they nurse and tend their young children, how seldom even a moment's petulance or harsh complaint breaks out among them, we must needs feel a stronger love and honor of our kind come glowing into our hearts.

But why do they come, you ask? Some because of weight of taxation, political disabilities, and compulsory military service. Others are encouraged by relatives or friends already here, or are prompted by love of adventure. Jews come on account of religious persecution and the denial of civil rights. The Austro-Hungarians are driven out by a density of population. Comparatively few come without some reasonable, definite assurance that employment awaits them. All come filled with eagerness, expectation and trust in the New Land. As one fine specimen of Scotch womanhood expressed it to some friends weeping at the thought of being separated from home ties, "What are ye dreeing aboot? Is't the poverty ye've left ahint? Think o' what's afore ye!"

And now, what gifts do these shabby pilgrims bear to us? In what ways can they be used to make our ideal citizens? In our attitude towards the immigrant we have thought too much of the benefits he would derive from the mere privilege of living in Canada. We must consider the natural abilities he brings with him, and make better use of them. We lay too great emphasis on the comparative value of our own virtues. We like the energy and all-sufficiency of our Anglo-Saxon stock, but we must not blind ourselves to the fact that the good points of other races may supply our deficiencies. There is

no reason to suppose that, in the future, we shall not make our profit out of the best that every contributing blood can bring to us.

For instance, since we have been a distinct people, none of our Canadian men and women have produced a work in music, of even third-class merit. We have never had a painter who could rank among the first score or two of great artists. Who can say but that the Italian will be able, in time, to transform our national taste, and create a genuine Canadian art and architecture? By his suave manner he may also modify the careless discourtesy which discredits us now in the eyes of many foreigners. The ardor of the Slav may, too, quicken our appreciation of music and the fine arts, and we shall find ourselves with a higher power to enjoy the beautiful things of life, because of the admixture of this blood. The Hebrew with his keen thinking, his shrewd business ability, his fondness for study, and his freedom, on the whole, from wasteful forms of dissipation, is a more fortunate acquisition to this country than are, unfortunately, thousands of descendants of colonial settlers.

We must go to Germany for our highest philosophy, and to France for the most finished elegance of thought and manners. The immigrants from these countries will bring them to us. The Scandinavian has taught, and can still teach us much about methods of farming and agriculture. Russia will contribute her mysticism, and Belgium her economy. All these Europeans come to us with a new capacity for mirth, and a genius for joviality and sociability, which we would do well to imitate.

Knocking at our Western portals are the Chinese and Japanese. Both are tireless, cheerful workers. No class of white man will work with the same unremitting persistency. Dislike of them is racial not personal,—for they are enterprising and versatile.

It is the custom of all newcomers to strive to emulate native citizens. Their habits of economy and frugality keep them free from charity, while in their patronage of public and night schools, libraries, art galleries, and concerts, they may teach Canadians a lesson.

Thus may we see that each country has its own priceless heritage of art and legend, which we may use, but which we are in danger of ruthlessly stamping under foot. The general attitude of many of our people to-day is one of profound ignorance which expresses itself in disdain, scorn, and misrepresentation. We must cease to blame the alien for living in a slum, and working under unfavorable conditions. The slum and the conditions are ours. With all this confusing medley of races, with this diversity of Greek and Roman Catholicism and Judaism, with a history of race oppression and hatred, it is not sur-

prising that they break out into feuds and factions whenever thrown among us. It is the task of Canada to eliminate their vices, encourage their virtues and lift them to a patriotism hitherto unknown in their native countries.

"They are too near to be great,
But our children shall understand
When and how our fate was changed
And by whose hand."

It is of profound importance to Canada that the people who represent her to prospective citizens shall be men and women whose words and actions are actuated by the dual desire to secure the greatest happiness of the individual immigrant, while safeguarding the common good. The value of a foreigner as a citizen will depend more on the conditions he finds in Canada, than on those he left in his native land. If the energy we expend on keeping him out were devoted to the task of investing that spiritual wealth of his to the greatest advantage for all, we would soon learn to hail his advent with gratitude. For this task we need the ripest thought of our wisest statesmen, backed by an enlightened and instructed public opinion.

One stands awestruck before the vastness of our possibilities and our stupendous task. Yet beneath the troubled surface of events, one comes to know of the great body of a nation whose unity has been purchased and made sure by such cost of blood and treasure, as was never before poured out upon the altar of a nation's life. Looking into the years ahead, one can see a people, intelligent, resourceful, and highly vital, having much to learn, and surely learning much, assimilating foreign elements, growing stronger thereby, living laborious days wherein the rewards are to thrift, and enterprising skill, unacquainted with the sense of fear, and awakening year by year to a fuller consciousness of national life, and the glorious mission of high destiny. With increasing knowledge the love of country grows, until all thought of worth of her is merged and lost in reverence, and love of her becomes a summons to live worthy of the name and calling of a Canadian.

"So we, remote compatriots, reply
And feel the world-task only half-begun."

"We are the girders of the aging earth,
Whose veins are millions, but whose heart is one."

—Sadie A. McElroy, '24.

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Editorial Notes

With this issue the McMASTER MONTHLY completes its thirtieth year of publication, and the work of the present Board ceases. It is therefore our very pleasant duty to introduce to our readers the first Board of Publication of the new decade, and to express on behalf of the retiring staff our sincere wishes for the success of Volume XXXI. Our successor in the editorial chair is Mr. George P. Gilmour, and we are confident that under his leadership an era of increasing excellence is assured.

The personnel of the new Board is as follows:

Business Manager, T. H. Eberlee, '22; Around the Hall, M. C.

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Before taking our final departure, however, may we express our appreciation of the ever-willing cooperation and assistance of the Publication Board of the past year. We thank them one and all, and the Associate Editors in particular. To our readers we would extend our thanks for their patience and kindly criticisms. And we would once again wish the new MONTHLY Board the best year yet!

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: GEORGE P. GILMOUR, '21.

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on. . ."—*C. Wolfe.*

THE last line of the three above appeals to us as particularly apt as we prepare for our editorial obsequies, for now the end is approaching, and the editorial pulse is beating faint. To be brief, with the April number we are allowed to resign from the arduous post of the chronicler; and, like the farmer's assistant, we may say, "Hired out, tired out, fired out."

We have acknowledgements to make. To our readers much is due,—the kindly criticism and *occasional* contributions of the general student body have meant much to us. Indeed, many a night, as we have walked the floor with an expiring department, thoughts of the hundreds whose happiness depended upon the issue have spurred us on, and the little life has been spared from month to month. The reportorial staff has worked well, as have also other victims of editorial buttonholing whose names do not appear in print. All such helpers we sincerely thank as making this department possible.

This college year has seen some reawakening of a genuine McMaster spirit, aroused by a vigorous student body and the greater success of our college teams. The social activities of the school, also, we are assured, are by no means on the wane, though the past month has seen a slight dropping off in this regard. The Y.M.C.A. and the Literary Society have filled well their very necessary place in our midst, and we feel, too, that the work of the Evangelistic Bands has not been in vain. The Debating Union has produced good inter-year debates, and its executive has worked hard to break in new men. It may occur to some that McMaster's "traditional prowess" in debate is waning, for the Kerr Shield has not borne our name for some years, but it is certain that just as long as undergraduates are willing to claim relationship with oysters, we shall perish miserably in the final round. However, no more of this,—croaking spoils a swan song.

Our successor in this department is Mr. M. C. Welch, '23, author

and poet. For the future of *Around the Hall*, therefore, we have no misgivings, as we feel assured that the new academic year will

> "Ring in the valiant man and free
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand."

Mr. Welch's poetry and prose are already familiar in the more inspired pages of this magazine, and we wish him all success in his new task.

Final Inter-year Debate

It can be done, gentlemen, but not often. Theology did it with a vengeance, when it defeated the Seniors, and won the Debating Cup on March 11th, over a slight difference as to whether "the laws by which peoples are governed are based on the general will." To us it seemed a pretty good debate, and the evening was further varied by an *ex tempore* humorous monologue from W. F. Nelson. However, The Monthly reporter was evidently fed up, as shown by the following extracts: "Dodge for '21 began with Adam, and showed that the people knew not what they did, and Taylor for '21 rather nonplussed his audience by references to Greene, but Small and Brueton, in good theological style, soon quieted the judges' shattered nerves. Still, credit is due both sides for the way in which they handled this abstruse question." Our friend believes that governments can be described adequately by the word "punk," and then goes on: "Theoretically the people's will prevails; but many people have no will of their own, and the rest toss a coin." Matter was pretty evenly matched, but Theology were ahead on style. So the affirmative was sustained.

"*I'll run you down,*" offered the genial motorist as he crashed into the belated pedestrian.

Oratorical Contest

There is no event in the college, athletics not excepted, that requires as careful preparation, as large reserve of nerve-power, or as unflinching courage as does the annual Oratorical Contest. This year's programme was staged on the evening of April 1st, and we sincerely congratulate all the contestants in that they upheld the best traditions of this event in their combination of pyrotechnics with intellect. The speakers and their themes were as follows: Mr. J. S. Tiffin, '23, "The Soul of a Nation"; Mr. C. H. Brisco, '24, "Abraham Lincoln"; Mr. H. L. Barton, '22, "Moliere"; Mr. W. F. Nelson, '21, "Books"; and Mr. A. Burgess, Theo., "Lest We Forget." We shall not risk marring these orations by fulsome praise,—suffice it to say that the

judges, Rev. John MacNeill, Professor F. Tracy, and Professor R. W. Taylor awarded the Ryrie gold medal to Mr. Nelson, and the silver medal to Mr. Burgess. Professor Brown presented the Debating Cup to Mr. Coleman as the representative of Theology, this being Theology's third possession of the trophy. The evening's programme was varied most acceptably by Mr. Harry Bundy's vocal selections, Miss P. K. Chapman's piano solos, and Mr. W. K. Brown's inimitable readings.

We can hardly credit this, but it really happened:—
Freshman—"What are you speaking on Moliere for?"
Junior—"Well, why not?"
Fresh—"Where is the place, anyway?"

Fyfe Day

Music by the College Orchestra; a solo by Miss Phyllis Chapman; Messrs. W. O. White and A. Hackson in duet; inspiring addresses, and a large attendance combined to make successful this term's final Fyfe Day session, held on March 11th, with President Carr in the chair.

Mr. S. J. Moore told us of the spiritual growth throughout the Convention, of which he is the President, and made a strong appeal that the "great potentiality" represented in our student body should be properly related to the work of our churches.

Rev. C. H. Schutt, M.A., B.D., our Home Missions Superintendent, presented the call of the Gospel Ministry, stressing in particular the need of leaders who would be willing to devote their lives to work among our country churches, giving special study to rural problems.

Rev. John Hall, B.A., who is now on his way back to his Mission among the Tangali in the Sudan, closed the session with a farewell message, augmented by an impassioned appeal for workers in Africa.

Closing Lit

When Bill Nelson announced "Fuss Friday," and his expectation that every man would do his duty thereon, some doubted and made excuse; but were induced to attend by the promise of a grand, free lottery of Laura Secords to such of the populace as should arrive on time. Needless to say, Castle Memorial Hall was crowded with an orderly and intelligent audience at the appointed hour. As the Recording Secretary had tactfully absented himself, the meeting proceeded without the customary delight of minute-reading, while Mr. McMaster assumed the scrivener's pen. After the compulsory fees had been increased, elections for Executive 1921-22 were carried through, and The Monthly nominations read and sustained. Varying

schools of art followed one another in startling profusion, and the bidding "waxed fast and furious," as the posters were auctioned off by the hot-air system. No one even remarked, "It's pretty, but is it Art?" and posters of all degrees of merit went for record prices. Then the boxes of Lauras went to the holders of the proper Roman numerals, to the disappointment of all but four, who were much gratified, to judge by their facial expression. The Hon. Bill, in a touching address, alluded to the year that has gone, to meetings ill-attended, to thankless tasks, and ended by appreciating the generous support accorded the Lit this year. Then came the resignation of the old President, and the induction of the new, and Bill Brown came on the platform to be overwhelmed by the vision of his responsibilities as depicted by the retiring President. For the rest—well, there are tables in Hunt's, which, could they speak, would tell who put the "fuss" in "Fuss Friday."

Junior Party

It must have been a good party that the Juniors had on April 9th, under the auspices of Professor and Mrs. McNairn, to judge from the poetic outburst of a '22 report, which says, "The fair new moon, lovingly embracing the old in its arms, dropped through the star field of the western sky to its shadowy couch beyond the hills, but members of Twenty-two, roused from their couches by the *call to arms*, stayed up quite a little later, to engage in their last indoor sports of the year." The sports were varied, and included rescuing sundry articles such as coins, cigarbands, toothbrushes and rings with which a careless host had littered the rooms. Things were tidied up nicely, though, and then the inspired record ends, "After the consummation of delightfully delicious refreshments, the noise of hearty singing in assorted keys put the fencewalkers out of the running and left the Juniors on the corner."

Sophomore Party

On April 2nd, the Sophomores had so many funny things to tell about April 1st, that they simply had to have a party. One youth had unscrewed the salt-cellars at breakfast, and at lunch had unwittingly emptied the contents in his soup; whilst another individual yielded to the conviction that he had walked up Yonge Street with his ears full of soap. So the home of Dean McLay became a temporary storm centre. When the first exuberance of the evening had passed, the company occupied themselves with a contest of exceptional merit (the guests themselves were the authors of it). The guessing continued very lively for a time and even gave rise to a

little private enterprise, as when a certain young lady wanted to know what has fur all over it, has two eyes, two wings and lies under the stove all day. Her partner either liked to be fooled or he didn't know. "A cat," she said, and explained that the wings were just to make it hard. Women are always like that. When the guessing faculties of the crowd were quite exhausted, music and refreshments were provided, and President Harry put his charges in the right cars for home.

"My land!" joyfully exclaimed the real estate victim, as the tide went out.

Twenty-four has made merry again. This is how it happened:—

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty;
Vere iss dot barty now?"

Freshman Masquerade

Unlike the party of the famed Hans Breitmann, our party at Miss Hull's, though gone in reality, lingers still as the pleasant memory of a very good time. There, "East and West" did meet, in high carnival, and high-caste Brahmans fraternized with gypsy princesses, while a prince of the line of Shah Jehan paid court to fair ladies of the court of Louis Quatorze; the Church of England was represented, and celebrated mass in a most "Romanesque"-ly shocking manner, while a follower of the late John Wesley looked on in pious horror. Mrs. Moriarty was there, looking askance at the advances of a dusky Mexican; while little Red Riding Hood looked on in evident pleasure, shared in some degree by a nursing sister of the Red Cross. Just then, "His Riv'rence" came out of the kitchen, where his clerical duties had led him, and a plate of sandwiches came out at the same time. More followed, and in great variety, so that the hungry were fed and the thirsty were thirsty no more. After our chaperone had refused the fourth piece of cake—no, he had not refused cake four times—a short sing-song was held. Then the appreciation of all present was tendered to Mrs. Hull and the Misses Hull. Only three will admit having missed English I. next morning.

Elections

New Executives have been cropping up like mushrooms of late. We have identified the ordinary varieties, and publish them herewith:

Student Body—High Kakiak, H. W. Lang, M.A.; First Vice-Kakiak, A. H. Carr, '21; Second Vice-Kakiak, G. B. Atkinson, '22; Secretary-Treasurer, Max C. Welch, '23.

Literary Society—Honorary President, Professor New; Presi-

dent, W. K. Brown, '22; First Vice-President, G. M. Farmer, '22; Second Vice-President, Miss P. K. Chapman, '22; Recording Secretary, G. B. Atkinson, '22; Treasurer, P. G. Paterson, '23.

Debating Union—Honorary President, Professor Moon; President, A. S. McGrath, '21; Vice-President, Geo. Henry, '23; Secretary-Treasurer, M. H. Dallman, '24.

Y. M. C. A.—Honorary President, Professor Findlay; President, I. H. Eberle, '21; Vice-President, J. S. Tiffin, '23; Secretary, O. E. Broughton, '23.

Athletic Association—Honorary President, Professor New; President, J. D. Taylor, '22; Vice-President, E. G. Hildebrand, '23; Business Manager, J. G. Jones; Secretary, P. G. Paterson, '23; Treasurer, P. T. Houghton, '24.

Year '22—Honorary President, Professor Michell; President, Holman G. Doolittle; Vice-President, Miss D. E. Hooper; Secretary-Treasurer, M. A. Smith.

Year '23—Honorary President, Professor Smith; President, E. W. Anderson; Vice-President, Miss M. Grant; Secretary-Treasurer, O. C. Elliott.

Year '24—President, John D. Thompson; Vice-President, Miss M. Kindy; Secretary-Treasurer, F. F. McNab.

Young Law Student (appearing in Appellate Court in place of absent lawyer)—"My lord, I am appearing for the plaintiff."

His Lord—"I'm afraid I can't hear you."

Y. L. S. (louder)—"I am appearing for the plaintiff."

H. L.—"Yes, but I'm afraid I can't hear you."

(When the light broke, kind hands removed the youth in a comatose condition).

"*It's neither here* nor there," remarked the bald-headed man as he stroked his pate.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS HELEN CLINE, '21.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS FRANCES TROTTER, '22.

With gladsome note the robin debonair
Heralds bright May. Pale sky and earth-stained snow
Warm at the touch of south winds as they blow
Their wafts of life through Winter's lingering air.
Hid, like some laughing child, shy Mayflower fair,
Beneath thy leafy shield, with face aglow,
Thy pearly self the coy Spring's first tableau,
Come to the day and yield thy fragrance rare!

Ah me! while thrushes pipe and plumy winds
Fan northward all their balmy fervors sweet,
And groves are misty with the reddening bud
A gentle spirit from the past unbinds
The peace of Lethe, and with quickening beat
Stirs to divine unrest my fevered blood.

—THEODORE HARDING RAND

IT is inevitable that we should wonder just what we have done that we are forced to spend beautiful warm Spring days preparing for examinations. Perhaps the answer is not so much what we have done, but what we have *not* done earlier in the term. But how the lure of the out-of-doors grips us! We feel the desire to walk and walk for miles, to play tennis, to go fishing,—anything but stay inside and work.

With a suddenly reviving interest in Nature, we thoughtfully examine the tender green of freshening grass and pushing bulbs in parks and gardens, and delightfully feast our eyes on clumps of hardy flowers that have decided, no matter what the calendar may dictate, that it is time to spread their petals to greet the Spring. The budding trees assume a new significance and the earth becomes "an unsubstantial, fairy place" when we come upon a fruit-tree in blossom.

The strange people we meet take on a different aspect—a new meaning. They pass us riding or walking, and we wonder about them as we never did before. What does it all mean to them? Do they feel the difference, the quickening pulse of life as we do? And the children! One cannot help noticing them because they are everywhere, whirling their skipping ropes, rolling their marbles at every corner and hopping energetically through the intricacies of "Hop-Scotch" on every street.

Everywhere we look we see motion, color,—life! Little wonder it is that we feel restless, and weary of reading theories, ideas and events of the past when the present is here with its enticing invitation

to life and adventure. But wisely we remind ourselves that life is not to be found in the pursuit of life, and we turn back reluctantly to our unappealing texts and tiring note-books. Soon another year will be over and once more we will turn our backs on the familiar halls and haunts, some of us not expecting to fill again our accustomed places here. As the year draws to a close we look back with satisfaction at what has been learned and accomplished, and wish for those returning great success in the year to come and after.

Wallingford Tea

"Is it a party in a parlor?" Yes, that is just exactly what it was, and a very pleasant party, too. On April the second Mrs. Trotter entertained the Third and Fourth Year girls at afternoon tea at Wallingford Hall. Helen Gilmour and Phyllis Chapman provided delightful music, and Mabel Pugh amused us with "The Iliad of an Oyster." In-between-times were filled with "volleys of eternal babble," the sipping of tea and the nibbling of sandwiches. If pleasure is any criterion of worth, it was an afternoon well spent.

Y.W.C.A.

"Kodak as you go," became the slogan for those attending the meeting on March the eleventh. "Snapshots" were given of the work of the Canadian Baptist Mission Stations in India by Marion Hulet, Mary Hess, Gladys Segsworth and Helen Brown. Kathleen Hull read a newsy letter from Muriel Brothers, our "Little Brother," and Sadie McElroy and Mildred Kindy sang a duet.

The idea of "Travels with a Donkey" at a Y. W. meeting was a novel one, and a goodly number of girls, brimful of curiosity, gathered on April the first to see what was going to happen. The donkey proved to be a miniature one which Laura Stafford and Bessie Kennedy guided across a map of Bolivia, describing as they went the Mission Stations located there. A letter from Rev. Percy Buck was read by Doris Hooper, and Helen Gilmour sang one of her charming solos. The meeting closed with a circle of prayer, and everybody went home refreshed by an hour spent away from the busy world of essays and exams.

Basketball

The final inter-year basketball game waged fast and furiously between Sophettes and Freshettes. Contrary to the fears of the excited spectators, no serious casualties resulted on either side. The final score stood in favor of year '24 at 19-8.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by."

Women's Oratorical

Personally, we found the orations much more interesting than any we have ever read of Demosthenes or Cicero. Perhaps our judgment is somewhat prejudiced, but, considering the high standard of the orations, this is pardonable. The enjoyment of the competition was only marred by the fact that Mabel Giles, the representative from Fourth Year, was unable to deliver her oration. The first orator, Phyllis Chapman, '22, spoke on "Music in Education," and almost persuaded us to wish that music, as in Athenian times, were a compulsory part of the curriculum. Since music and poetry are good companions, the mind of the audience was well in tune to listen to Jeanette Reddick's interpretation of "The Spirit of Canada in Her Poetry." In the last oration we were reminded by Sadie McElroy, '24, that music and poetry would receive fresh impetus when the incoming Slav and Italian bring with them all the passion and beauty of their native songs. Again we must congratulate Year '24. Not being satisfied with the Athletic shield and the prize for their programme, they have added the oratorical cup to their trophies.

Annual Play

Biff—bing—bang—the orchestra burst into a gay tune, the footlight flashed on; the curtains parted, and the McMaster actresses, gaily costumed, painted and powdered, presented "The Taming of the Shrew," on March 18th and 19th. For the first few scenes, Katherina (Mabel Pugh) hurled cushions and lutes at friends and relatives, but a change came when Petruchio (Frances Trotter) appeared with his "Kiss me, Kate," and his successful programme of taming. Bianca (Emo Gilmour), rid of her shrewish sister, turned her attention to the choice of a husband, and, rejecting Gremio (Sadie McElroy) and Hortensio (Phyllis Chapman), chose Lucentio (Winifred Mallagh). The presence of the two benign old fathers (Helen Cline and Ruth Starr) produced calm in the midst of most turbulent scenes; while the clowns (Doris Hooper and Jean Robertson) kept the audience in a continual state of mirth.

What could be greater indication of the success achieved than the fact that a professor was heard to remark, "I haven't laughed so much for months!"

In her heart of hearts, every woman present rejoiced that woman suffrage is law. When Petruchio was able to turn a veritable virago into an angel, any man might be induced to suppose that there is a deep truth in the old proverb, "A woman, a dog and a walnut-tree, the more you beat them, the better they be."

W. A. A. Banquet

On Friday evening, April 15th, the Executive of the Women's Athletic Society gave a practical demonstration of skill along other than athletic lines, when they entertained the women of McMaster at a most enjoyable banquet. The banquet was an entire success, judged from the most exacting standpoint of culinary art. The Society was honored in having as guest, Dr. Withrow, who spoke on "The Importance of Sports and Exercise from the Standpoint of Health." Miss Gilmour sang very sweetly, after which Miss Emo Gilmour was presented with a medal awarded to the champion of the Women's Field Day, by Miss MacGregor, Honorary President of the Society. Miss Flo Franklin presented to Year '24 the shield, which had been given by Year '20, for the Inter-year Competition. Following this, Dean McLay spoke briefly corroborating Dr. Withrow's assertions as to the value of exercise. At the conclusion, Miss MacGregor paid tribute to the work of the retiring President, Miss Mary Clark—and the Athletic Banquet passed into history, the termination of a very successful year's activities.

With pleasure and with regret we lay down for the last time the "Editorial Pen" connected with this Department. Next year it is to be ably guided by Miss Frances Trotter, the efficient Assistant-Editor of this year. For her, for her assistant, Miss Bessie Kennedy, and for their reporters, we wish as much enjoyment and enlightenment as we have received from our share of the work of this Department.

Athletics

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

"The glories of the possible are ours."

THIS has been a successful year for athletics, when one considers the number of men who took an active part in the inter-year and other competitions. Now that our athletic diversion is to be found in the more recreational games such as tennis, quoits and "scrub," we are apt to set a leisurely pace from which we would find it hard to break when we enter active training in the fall. In the small school every man counts, and the small school with every man determined to engage actively in athletics turns out more winning teams than does many a school with a larger registration. We can never say McMaster has done her best until the last man of us has done what he can for her. It's about time we had some championship trophies with which to deck our halls and a determined bunch of men could secure them for us.

Inter-year hockey had to be abandoned this year because of the prevailing ice famine. However, as basketball was again included in the inter-year competition, the Matthews Cup was well contended for.

BASKETBALL

Theology, although beaten in the elimination series, played well, considering the short time they had to practise together. Dingle and Shatz were the only two players able to hold their own against their opponents.

The Seniors were also eliminated in the first round. Doolittle was the only man on the team with any experience, but, at that, they were only beaten by one point.

The Sophomores failed to achieve the necessary combination in their second game, and were thus eliminated by the Juniors, who had drawn the bye. Paterson was the high man in their scoring. Anderson played well on defence.

The Freshmen had a formidable team, all of the players being experienced men. Had the defence been a little stronger, the Juniors would have been forced to their limit to beat them. Thompson and Houghton were prominent because of their shooting, but the whole team played creditably.

McMASTER BASKETBALL TEAM, 1920-21
Winners Student Group

BACK ROW—*H. G. Doolittle* (*defense*), *J. D. Thompson* (*centre*), *P. T. Houghton* (*forward*).
FRONT ROW—*C. H. Brisco* (*sub.*), *P. G. Paterson* (*sub*), *M. A. Smith* (*defense*), *J. G. Jones* (*sub.*), *G. B. Atkinson* (*forward*).
ABSENT—*E. W. Anderson* (*sub.*)

The Juniors won. Judging from the experience of their players, it is quite what they should have done. In the final game against the Freshmen, the play was very even, but the Juniors were always on the long end. All the players shared in the scoring, Atkinson leading with sixteen points.

Final scores:—Sophs 15, Seniors 14; Frosh 24, Theol. 8; Juniors 31, Sophs 10; Juniors 21, Frosh 17.

Athletic Banquet

Wednesday evening, March 23rd, was the occasion of the annual banquet of the Athletic Association, held in the dining-room of McMaster Hall.

The attendance was gratifying, and the repast likewise, and all were shortly in a festive mood for the programme of the evening. Mr. C. Foster, of Central Y.M.C.A. conducted a rousing sing-song, ably seconded by

G. P. Gilmour and the discomfiture of A. H. C. and W. F. N.

Milne A. Smith, '22, President of the Athletic Association, acted as Toastmaster, and proposed "The King." His Majesty being suitably hailed in song, Dr. Smith, of Central Y.M.C.A., presented the medals won by the Senior Basketball team to J. D. Thompson, '24. Dr. Smith congratulated the team on their splendid showing, and spoke a few words in the interest of athletics. Our Alma Mater then suffered the usual indignities at the hands of Harold Lang; while Dr. New responded on the good ladies' behalf, emphasizing the importance of the contribtuion that athletics makes to the college spirit, and also the need of coaches for all our teams. Dean Farmer presented the McNaughton Cup and the Chncellor's Medal to H. G. Dyce, '23, who obtained first place on Field Day. Emblems were presented by Dr. Findlay to A. H. Carr, '21, H. G. Doolittle, '22, G. B. Atkinson, '22, M. A. Smith, '22, and J. G. Jones, '22. E. Anderson, '23, C. Brisco, '24, H. G. Dyce, '23, P. Houghton, '24, P. G. Paterson, '23, J. D. Thompson, '24, will also receive emblems upon completion of their second year in Arts.

"Athletics" was toasted by G. P. Gilmour, '21, in its historical, etymological and allegorical aspects. Prof. Swedelius responded, speaking at some detail on "The Newer Athletics," a phase of athletic activity long neglected by many of us, but now bidding fair to claim its true need of attention. In order to qualify for the Baptist ministry one will shortly be called upon to prove efficiency in "pricking up the ears," "shimmying the scalp," etc.

G. B. Atkinson and J. C. Mabee played on their Spanish guitar; and then Dean McLay presented the Matthews Cup to Year '22, the Year '13 Rugby Cup to Year '21, and the Year '15 Field Day Cup to Year '22. Prof. McLay also presented the First Association Medal to A. H. Carr, '21, and expressed the regret of all those present that N. C. Howard, '22, was unable to be present to receive the medal also, he having tied A. H. Carr for second place on Field Day.

President Smith then presented the Field Day ribbons to the various recipients, after which Mr. John Firstbrook of the Board of Governors said a few words. The thanks of the Society were also extended to Mr. John Findlay for his kindness in making available to each man this year a membership at Central Y.M.C.A.

President Smith then introduced his successor in office, J. D. Taylor,'22, who spoke of plans for next year and formally presented to the Society the membership of his executive. "Thy Praises, McMaster," concluded the festivities.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

ROM the point of view of the graduates, the outstanding event of the past month was the Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, which took the form of a dinner in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Tuesday, March 29th. Two hundred sat at the tables, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones between the soup and the ice-cream. President Castle Graham then piloted the gathering through the small but necessary amount of business to be transacted, and afterward handed the helm to Sir George Foster, with whom we sailed a spacious sea of eloquence, as he showed us the glories and the wonders of that new thing in the history of man, the League of Nations. Sir George speaks from first-hand knowledge and the points he made were characterized with that lucidity with which he has the gift of clarifying the most abstruse subject.

As the meeting was held during the annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association, a number of graduates from out of the city were able to attend. The Executive Committee will doubtless be encouraged by the success of this meeting to continue the practice of convening the Association at Easter instead of during the crowded closing week of the University.

The Easter meeting was the annual gathering not only of the General Association, but also of the Toronto Branch, and during the evening both organizations elected officers for the ensuing year. Mr. V. E. Gray, '11, is the new President of the General Association, while the affairs of the Toronto graduates are now in the Presidential care of R. L. Kellock, '15.

The McMaster graduates of Edmonton had a very pleasant gathering in the rest room of the First Baptist Church on Friday evening, March 11th. There were present Mrs. Chester Gainer (Miss Ruby Clements), Miss Elsie Mulholland, Miss Mabel Clarke, Miss Winnifred Sage, and Messrs. H. E. Dobson, R. V. Bellamy, W. G. Carpenter, A. Bissett, Alex. Wilson, E. C. Brice, K. Clark, O. D. Priddle, G. A. Clarke, D. A. McKerricher, R. J. Lang, D. D. Hurst, and M. H. Long. Many McMaster reminiscences were shared to the accompaniment of an enjoyable dinner. W. G. Carpenter acted as Chairman and Toastmaster. The toast to Alma Mater, proposed by M. H. Long, was drunk with enthusiasm, and Miss Mulholland responded very appropriately. O. D. Priddle toasted the ladies with eloquence and fervor, and Mrs. Gainer made a witty reply on behalf of the fair

sex. G. A. Clarke contributed a much appreciated feature to the programme by showing on the screen a number of pictures of McMaster groups, particularly of the boys overseas, in which the audience recognized with pleasure many old friends. It was resolved that the next meeting should take the form of a picnic to be held sometime during the summer months. In addition to those in attendance at the meeting on March 11th, there are in Edmonton the following McMaster graduates who for various reasons could not be present: Mrs. H. A. Friedmann (Frances Lepofsky), Mrs. R. G. Robertson (Elora Alway), R. V. Howard, E. E. Hyde, J. E. Knott, D. A. MacGibbon, A. O. Millions, and G. W. Gorman.

PERSONALIA.

'90—Rev. L. S. Hughson has resigned the pastorate of Ontario Street Church, Stratford, after a ministry of ten years. Dr. Hughson is leaving the Baptist denomination, and has applied for admission to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

'94—B. W. N. Grigg is Chairman of the Library Board of Waterloo. At the recent convention of the Ontario Library Association Mr. Grigg read a paper on a literary topic. In introducing him the President of the Association spoke of him as a man who could speak at any time on any literary subject.—a rare soul in the community.

'99—Rev. J. L. Campbell is lecturing on the Bible to over two hundred students of Carson-Newman College in East Tennesee, over seventy of these being students for the Baptist ministry.

'00—Rev. James A. Grant, who has retired from the pastorate of St. Clair Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, was presented with a well-filled purse and address of appreciation at the time of his withdrawal. He was pastor for seven years.

'00—Mr. Perren E. Baker is farming at Foremost, Alberta. We learn that his address as formerly given, namely Lethbridge, was incorrect.

Ex-'02—Wilson McDonald is achieving a reputation not only as a poet but as a composer of opera. As we write, "The Girl from Vagabondia," a comic opera from his pen, is being produced in Toronto. Since he was in McMaster, Wilson has travelled a great deal in Europe and America, devoting himself to literature and the arts. His volume of poetry, "Songs of the Prairie Land," was well received when published some years ago, and personal commendations of his work have been received from John Drinkwater, Sir Philip Gibbs, Bliss Carman, Joyce Kilmer, and others of equal rank. As a playwright McDonald has produced several operas, in which he

personally takes part with music, dancing and in other ways. He is a born entertainer, and in the course of his travels has acquired a proficiency also in sleight of hand performances, with which he often mystifies his friends.

'03—Rev. A. A. Scott, who is in Toronto on furlough from India, will have the sympathy of his fellow-graduates in the recent death of Mrs. Scott.

'05—E. Cecil Jordan is now Principal of the High School at Swift Current, Sask.

'05—W. G. Carpenter, Superintendent of Schools for Edmonton, has an article, "Practical Subjects in the Public Schools," in the March number of the *A. T. A. Magazine*, the official organization of the Alberta Teachers' Alliance. Another article in the same issue on "The Status of a High School Assistant," is by "Ecclesiastes," who we understand is another McMaster graduate.

'06—We find we were in error last month when we stated that D. Howard Macintosh passed away at Washington, D.C. Fuller reports show that his death occurred at Kamloops, B.C. The funeral took place in Summerland Baptist Church, which was filled to capacity with friends, who represented every aspect of the life of the community. Among those attending were the pupils of Summerland High School, where Mr. Macintosh had taught, together with the Principal, D. J. Welsh, '03.

'10—Rev. L. S. Haverstock, of Strathroy, has been called to the pastorate of Century Baptist Church, Toronto, succeeding Rev. C. H. Schutt, '95, who has become Superintendent of Home Missions. Mr. Haverstock will take up his new work about the first of May. Mrs. Haverstock was Mildred Adam, '12.

'10—W. L. Blackadar has been in Pittsburg for some time reorganizing the Pittsburg office of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. His work there is now finished, and he is returning to the home office in Brooklyn as Assistant Actuary. His address is 716 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

'10—Rev. C. L. Whitelaw, with his wife and three children, recently returned to China, where he takes charge of the work at Tsinchow, Kan., under the C.I.M. We regret to report that a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw on January first, died ten days later.

'11—Rev. F. B. Meyer resigned the active pastorate of Christ Church, London, and becomes Pastor Emeritus. He will continue to be associated with various functions of the Church, and will continue to give his Thursday evening Bible lectures. The Church is located on Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.

Ex '11—Rev. A. L. Tedford, who has been Convention Evangelist for the Baptists of Saskatchewan, has completed his year's contract, and is returning to the East, we understand.

'11—Dalton L. Twiss is instructor in Physics at the University of Manitoba this year.

'13.—R. M. Fraser, who has for some time been Pastor of Gilmour Memorial Church, near Peterboro', was ordained to the ministry on March 15th. The ordination sermon was preached by Professor Keirstead.

'13—Miss Margaret McDonald, of Regina, is leaving for a four-months' trip to Scotland.

Ex-'13—Rev. C. S. Applegath is President of a new organization known as the Canadian Chatauqua Institution, Limited, with headquarters at Port Hope. The Institution has secured a site of over two hundred acres on the shore of Lake Rosseau, and will conduct a summer school and holiday resort known as the Muskoka Assembly, where study courses will be provided in the mornings and entertainments in the evening. W. H. Male, '11, is one of the directors.

'14—A. H. Bogue is engaged in the Profits Branch of the Sun Life Assurance Company at their head office in Montreal.

'15—Rev. Walter T. Steven is still in Los Angeles. He expected to sail for China last June but was detained. He plans now to sail with his wife and daughter in August next.

'15—Rev. C. J. Loney (Theol.), Pastor of Stanley Ave. Baptist Church, Hamilton, was recently elected President of the Baptist Ministerial Association in that city.

'15—Miss Countess L. Twiss is now on the staff of the Port Burwell Continuation School.

'15—Very satisfactory reports are made of the work of Rev. O. U. Chapman as Assistant Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Calif. The attendance at the Sunday School is almost double that of a year ago, while the B.Y.P.U. has outgrown one organization, and three societies are planning to care for its attendants. Mr. Chapman has a Wednesday evening class of young people considering a course on "What we believe, and why," and also has groups of young people in Life Work conferences.

'16—Rev. John S. Hall left Toronto last month to return to his mission field in Northern Nigeria. During his first term on the field he reduced the Tangali language to writing, and translated into that language a large part of the New Testament. He hopes this term to translate a considerable portion of the Old Testament.

'16—P. P. Ziemann writes from Tokyo, under date of March

17th, that the College year at Waseda University is now over. Percy is enjoying his work very much, and says he "would not exchange with a pastor at home for anything." He expects next year to be teaching twenty-five to thirty hours a week, superintending a dormitory with twenty students, and inspecting the erection of a $50,000 building, besides taking Bible classes, Y.M.C.A. meetings, etc.

'18—Miss Ruth Baker was married on March 10th in Moose Jaw, Sask., to Earl Raymond Nash, of Nashlyn, Sask. After a short visit in Moose Jaw, Mr. and Mrs. Nash will reside at Nashlyn.

'19—Miss Etta Brooks was recently married to Mr. William Brown. Mr. Brown is in the oil business, and shortly after his marriage left on a business trip to Persia, to be gone three years. During his absence Mrs. Brown will continue to teach school near her home at Wyoming, Ont.

'20—L. C. Kitchen has arrived safely in India, according to a cable despatch received shortly before Easter. We judge he has had a pleasant journey out, for we understand that some of his relatives have been receiving samples of poetry which he wrote on board ship.

'20—Louis E. Dearborn is now Pastor of the Christian Church in Springboro, Penn.

'20—Frank G. McCoy is Principal of a consolidated school eight miles from Coaldale, Alta., in the centre of one of the C. P. R. irrigation districts. He reports that he is enjoying his work very much. His postoffice address is Coaldale, Alta.

'20—Rev. E. S. Gray, Pastor of Bethany Baptist Church, should now be addressed at 156 Fulton Ave.

'20—Rev. W. H. Howard, formerly of Whitevale, is now Pastor of the Baptist Church at Wheatley.

Here and There

Editor: Kenneth W. Taylor, '21.

"Above all, this book is not concerned with Poetry. The subject of it is War, and the Pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity."—*From the Preface to "Poems" by Wilfred Owen.*

THE recently published poems of Wilfred Owen entitle him, in the opinion of competent critics, to the first place among the poets of the war. In the *Nation and the Athenaeum* Mr. J. Middleton Murry reviews at some length this little book of thirty-three short pages, quoting a few of the finest pieces and several other illustrative passages.

"There is a tragic fitness," says Mr. Murry, "in the fact that Owen was killed in the last gasp of the expiring war. He was, beyond all other poets, dedicated to the war. By how great an effort of will he achieved his purpose we may judge from the story lately disclosed by Mr. Scott Moncrieff, who was his friend. Owen was sent home in June, 1917, because his nerve had failed, and he was no longer considered fit to command soldiers in the field. Not for fourteen months was his desire to be sent out again satisfied." Almost immediately, however, he won the Military Cross for gallantry, and two months later, on November 4th, 1918, he was killed as he was leading his company across the Sambre Canal.

Wilfred Owen was the greatest poet of the war; for he was not a poet who seized upon the opportunity of war, but one "whose being was saturated by a strange experience, who bowed himself to the horror of war till his soul was penetrated by it, and there was no mean or personal element remaining unsubdued in him." "Above all," he wrote in his fragmentary preface, "this book is not concerned with poetry. The subject of it is War, and the Pity of War. The Poetry is in the Pity."

The important difference between Owen and the rest of the war poets is a difference in the power and quality of imagination. So profound is this that we can hardly refrain from calling Owen a great poet. He had, more surely than any other poet of his generation, the potentiality of greatness; and he actually wrote one great poem. "'Strange Meeting' is complete, achieved, unfaltering, and it is not solitary, for although Owen wrote no other poem which is wholly on this secure imaginative level, we cannot but regard it as the culmination of poems hardly less achieved."

With reference to the remarkable use of assonance in his finest poem "Strange Meeting," Mr. Murry says, "I believe that the reader

who comes fresh from this poem does not immediately observe the assonant endings. At first he feels only that the blank verse had a mournful, impressive, even oppressive, quality of its own; that the poem has a forged unity, a welded and inexorable massiveness. The emotion with which it is charged cannot be escaped; the meaning of the words and the beat of the sounds have the same indivisible message. The tone is single, low, muffled, subterranean. The reader looks again and discovers the technical secret. . . . Those assonant endings are indeed the discovery of genius: but in a truer sense the poet's emotion discovered them for itself. They are the very modulation of his voice; you are in the presence of that rare achievement, a true poetic style."

There is a calmness, a haunting serenity about his poems. He speaks to the imagination. He evokes our reactions, "not to a scene of horror played again before our eyes, but to words spoken in silence when all material tumult has died away; his poems are the expression of that which remains in the soul when the nightmare of the senses is over."

We quote herewith three selections. The first is the opening lines of "Strange Meeting," a poem which is "the profound utterance of a true poet."

> It seemed that out of battle I escaped
> Down some profound long tunnel, long since scooped
> Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
> Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned
> Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
> Then as I probed them, one sprang up and stared
> With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
> Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
> And by his smile I knew that sullen hall;
> With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;
> Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground
> And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
> "Strange friend," I said, "there is no cause to mourn."
> "None," said the other, "but the undone years,
> The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
> Was my life also; I went hunting wild
> After the wildest beauty in the world,
> Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
> But mocks the steady running of the hour,
> And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
> For by my glee might many men have laughed,
> And of my weeping something has been left
> Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
> The pity of war, the pity war distilled. . . "

The second is an "Anthem for Doomed Youth."

> What passing-bells for these who died as cattle?
> Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
> Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
> Can patter out their hasty orisons.
> No mockeries for them; no prayers or bells,
> Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
> The shrill demented choirs of wailing shells;
> And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
>
> What candles may be held to speed them all?
> Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
> Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.
> The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
> Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
> And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

The third is "Greater Love,"—a poem of emotional purity and poignant beauty.

> Red lips are not so red
> As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
> Kindness of wooed and wooer
> Seems shame to their love pure.
> O love, your eyes lose lure
> When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!
>
> Your slender attitude
> Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed,
> Rolling and rolling there
> Where God seems not to care;
> Till the fierce love they bear
> Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.
>
> Your voice sings not so soft,—
> Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft,—
> Your dear voice is not dear,
> Gentle, and evening clear,
> As theirs whom none now hear
> Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.
>
> Heart, you were never hot,
> Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
> And though your hand be pale,
> Paler are all which trail
> Your cross through flame and hail:
> Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

We have been profoundly stirred in reading these and other extracts from Owen's work. Few poems we have ever read have produced in us as quiet a thrill, as serene an elevation of spirit as "Strange Meeting," or "Insensibility." The only two which come to mind are Wordsworth's "Yew Trees," and Keat's "Ode to a Night-

ingale." It is this poetic imagination of the highest and rarest kind that lifts Owen above all the other poets of the war. War poetry to survive must have recorded, not the high hopes that animated English youth at the outset, but the slow destruction of that youth in the sequel; not what the war did to men's bodies and senses, but what it did to their souls. Owen's poetry is unique and terrible, because it records imperishably the devastation and the victory of a soul.

Now to turn from the sublime to the ridiculous. Two samples of "English as she is wrote" have come to hand. The first is taken from the *Shanghai Times* (China), and purports to be some of the rules of the road issued by the Japanese police some years ago, for the guidance of motorists:

"At the rise of the hand of policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

"When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning 'Hi! Hi!'

"Beware of the wandering horse, that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

"Give big space to the festive dog that makes sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

"Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round corners and save the collapse and tip-up."

The authenticity of the second, an advertisement from a Siamese paper, is vouched for by the *Pioneer* (India).

"The news of English, we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been college, and writ like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it."

> Did you ever see an imagist?
> I wonder what they are?
> I'd rather see an imagist
> Than own a motor-car.—*Vachel Lindsay*

A New York jury recently awarded a woman $40,000 for the loss of a leg. According to *Case and Comment*, the value of a woman,

completely assembled, as indicated by the latest court decisions, is as follows:

Legs at $40,000	$ 80,000
Arms at $42,500	85,000
Hair	20,000
Nose	5,000
Eyes, at $10,000	20,000
Broken Heart	250,000
	$460,000

Truly, the price of a good woman is "far above rubies."

In the Library readers of this page may find two books that we recommend to their attention, namely, "A Diary of the Great Warr" and "A Second Diary of the Great Warr,"—two volumes that have been described by competent critics, for example, Sir Robertson Nicol, as the humorous classic of the war. Their anonymous writer signs himself "Samuel Pepys, Jr." and cleverly imitates the style of the great 17th century diarist, for literary effect pretending to be a lineal descendant of the real Samuel. These delightful descriptions of the home front during the war were widely read when they were published, and are well worth reading now, being vastly superior to the "Dere Mable" stuff that was read with such avidity in Canada and the United States.

There is a well known dispute as to the proper pronunciation of the name Pepys. One branch of the family still pronounce it Peeps; another branch pronounce their name Peppis; the public calls it Peps. Their decision evidently goes, as the following stanza by a writer in *The Graphic* shows:

> There are people, I'm told—some say there are heaps—
> Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps;
> And some, so precise and pedantic their step is,
> Who call the delightful old diarist, Pepys;
> But those I think right, and I follow their steps,
> Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps.

In the January issue of this department, we had occasion to quote an epitaph from the tomb of a Greek slave girl, Zosime. In this connection we have had two interesting letters from a correspondent in England. We pass on the gist of his remarks for the benefit of our readers.

Professor J. W. Mackail, who edited the volume of "Select Epigrams from the Greek anthology," from which the epitaph was taken,

translates it thus: "Zosime, who was once a slave in body alone, for her body likewise has now found freedom." The contrast between the enslaved body and the free soul is as early as the Attic tragedians. It is found in Sophocles, and is a frequent text in Euripides. But the liberation of the slave's body by death belongs to a later stage of thought. Ruskin was fond of referring to this epitaph, together with another on Epictetus, in connection with his protest against "the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it." "How might we," says Ruskin, "over many an 'independent' Englishman reverse this legend, and write: 'This man, who while he lived was free only in his body, has now found captivity for that also.'" Another version of the same epitaph is that by J. A. Pott.

> O Zosime, your soul was ever free
> And now your body, too, hath liberty!

The following little verse from Thomas Thornely's "Verses from Fen and Fell," expresses admirably the feelings of the harassed editor, whose exams are but two weeks distant, and whose copy is several days overdue at the printer's:

> You may seek Pierian fountain, but the faithless stream is dry,
> And the peaked Parnassian mountain seems unconscionably high;
> If you court the aid of Pegasus, you will find him out to grass,
> And he snorts you back his answer, "Do you take me for an ass?"

International intercollegiate sport has become of fairly frequent occurrence between the universities of Great Britain and the United States. A new departure along this line will be made next autumn, when the University of Washington's baseball team will journey to Japan for a series of games with Waseda and other Japanese universities. To make up the time lost during the trip, the members of the team will attend a summer school.

> I think that I shall never see
> A poem lovely as a tree.
> A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
> Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
> A tree that looks at God all day,
> And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
> A tree that may in summer wear
> A nest of robins in her hair;
> Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
> Who intimately lives with rain.
> Poems are made by fools like me,
> But only God can make a tree.—JOYCE KILMER.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following lines from an American paper, which mildly satirize modern phonetic spelling, and which claim to be "Frot with Thot."

A youth will be not,
Unless he be tot
To read, and to write, and to spell.
It is quite comme il fot,
And therefore he ot
To be able to do them all well.

A man all out of breath rushed into a general store and said: "A nickel mouse-trap, quick, I want to catch a train."—*The Drexerd.*

There was once an old anthropophagus,
Till a thigh-bone stuck in his oesophagus:
He pulled and he poked,
He coughed and he choked
—And now he lies in his sarcophagus.—*T. C. D.*

Said a rollicking, devilish blade of a toucan,
To a cat, "I can surely spit farther than you can."
But the kitty replied,
As she stowed him inside,
"If you can, you can do what remarkably few can."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Gushing lady—"Yes, she's married to a lawyer, and a good honest fellow, too."
Cynic—"Bigamist!"—*Punch.*

Prof.—"What right have you to swear before me in class?"
Soph—"How could I know you wanted to swear first?"
—*Lampoon.*

The other night while going home
Somewhat later than usual
I was waylaid
By a masked marauder
Who massaged my ribs
With a Colt .38
And asked me very politely
For my cash,
But when I told him that I had
Been out with a co-ed
He handed me a five-dollar bill
And passed on silently.—*Gargoyle* (*ex. Ubyssey*).

Revising Officer—"How old are you, Madame?"
Voter—"I have seen twenty-two summers."
R. O.—"How long have you been blind?"
—*Utica Observer* (*ex Topics of the Day*).

Fresh—"He seems to have some ability in his head."
Soph—"Yes, I've seen him wag his ears."—*The Bison.*

Senior—"I want something funny in my biography."
Seniorette—"Aren't you going to have your picture in it?"
—*Hya Yaka.*

Suggested epitaph for ————————:

"Peas to his Hashes."

It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge the following exchanges, and to compliment the various staffs on their excellent work: *Acadia Athenaeum, Analecta, The Argosy, The Bison, Canadian Finance, The Collegian, Dalhousie Gazette, The Gateway, Managra, Philomathean Monthly, Queen's Journal, T. C. D.* (Dublin), *The Trinity University Review, Ubyssey, The University Monthly* (Fredericton, N.B.), *Western U Gazette.*

The last paragraph of the April issue is now written, and reluctantly we must shuffle off this editorial coil. We have enjoyed this work immensely. It has taken much of our time, but we know that it has been time well spent. Along with the rest of Year '21 we hope, in a few short weeks, to matriculate into the university of life, for we know that we know very little, and, as Drummond has it, "The minute we forget that life is a school, the trouble begins." We leave McMaster full of "trembling hope." Mr. O. H. McDonald will edit this department next year. Having no new worlds to conquer, he returns to his first love.

McMaster University

The Faculty.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D., Chancellor of the University; Principal ex-officio of the University Faculty; Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.

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JAMES TEN BROEKE, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics.

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CHESTER WILLIAM NEW, B.A., B.D., Ph.D., Professor of History.

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking.

JOHN MacNEILL, B.A., D.D., Honorary Lecturer in Evangelism.

BERT WARD MERRILL, B.A., B.Th., Honorary Lecturer in Religious Education.

ENID A. McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian and Reader in English.

ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A., C.S.R., Registrar.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Ski-u-mah !
Hoorah ! Hoorah!
Oski-wow-wow !
Skilli-wow-wow !
Razzle ! Dazzle !
Gabble ! Zazzle !
Kee-Ki-Kar !
McMaster !
McMaster !

The McMaster Song

Thy praises, McMaster,
We sing with joyful hearts,
Thy sons revere thine honored name,
And when we end life's journey
And all our friendships part,
May all our deeds increase thy fame.
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on Mac! Boom on Star!
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on McMaster!
McMaster!
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on Mac! Boom on Star!
Boom fitz, boom on McMaster!
Boom on McMaster!

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

GRADUATION, 1921

Published by a Joint Committee from the
Graduating Classes in Arts
and Theology

The Chancellor

The Chancellor's Message

to the

Graduating Classes of 1921

THE GRADUATING CLASSES of nineteen hundred and twenty-one leave the halls of McMaster when the world is in great need of true men and women. Peculiar social and political unrest, an aftermath of the war, has veered from threatened ruthless autocracy towards selfish anarchical democracy.

The University graduate should endeavor to place in the midst of the conflicts of the race an intelligent self-controlled personality,—a self with a passion to serve God and men. The moral supremacy of the spiritual man is the greatest achievement of civilization. It requires, however, many exponents to universalize it. This is your task, no matter what vocation claims you.

To accomplish your task you must first recognize the divine origin of man and the social matrix of the race. The sovereignty of the soul is inextricably bound up with the whole cosmic process which flows from God. Even things and animals have quasi-rights which the educated man and woman must consider. It is, however, in the relations to Infinite and finite personality that the flowering of true genius is consummated. An old Roman said, "To me as Antoninus, Rome is fatherland; to me as

a man, the world." Keep the larger vision ever before you. The ministrant function of consecrated altruism will quiet the unrest of man. Make a personal application of Luther's resolution, "I will give myself as a sort of Christ to my neighbor as Christ has given Himself to me."

You go forth, beckoned on by noble ideals, inspired with lofty purpose, and determined to do exploits worth while. Do not falter if great things, as the world counts great, do not come your way quickly. The common task can link you to the divine purpose of the ages. Here may be found

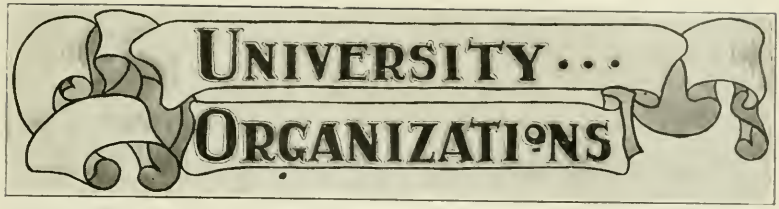
"Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily, nearer God."

Be true to yourself, loyal to the ideals of your Alma Mater, reverent in your investment of life, and your "Forenoon, afternoon and night" will be as Divine prayer and praise; the Eternal One will be glorified, man redeemed, and even nature "lie upon the breast of God."

* * * * *

I write this in a foreign land. It is needless to say that my heart is with every member of the graduating classes.

A. L. McCrimmon


UNIVERSITY ...
ORGANIZATIONS

Student Body

OF the twenty or more student executives that exercise authority in the various spheres of our college life, the most important is the *Men's Student Body Executive,* though since its functions are, in the main, negative, it may not appear so much in the limelight as do some of the others. Professor Michell and H. G. Wells have successfully demonstrated that the chief cause of all human ills is "imperfect socialization," so the fact that the importance and extent of the Student Body Executive's powers are so rarely obtruded into our student life, indicates a state of socialization in the McMaster Residence somewhat above the average. This Executive Committee is composed of a High Kakiak, two Vice-Kakiaks, and a Secretary-Treasurer, elected by the student body, five representatives elected by their various years, and three flatmasters appointed by the Executive itself. This year, with Mr. H. E. Wintemute as High Kakiak, those matters of internal economy which have called for action have been handled with exemplary efficiency.

The *Women's Student Body Executive* is the organ of self-government for the women of the University. During 1920-21, Miss

Literary Society

Helen Gilmour has been its President, and under her urbane and able leadership, the ladies' room has been kept well swept and garnished, the freshettes have learned to behave themselves, and all things have prospered.

A joint committee from these two Executives effected the arrangements for the annual Founder's Night in a very creditable manner, and the function passed off most successfully.

The next most important society around the halls of McMaster is the *Literary Society*. The Lit. Executive were fortunate this year in securing a number of excellent speakers for the Friday evening meetings. Addresses such as those by Dr. Keirstead on "Carlyle," Mr. J. W. L. Forster (the well-known portrait painter), on "Eminent Men and a Painter's Studio," Professor Curr on "Edinburgh, Oxford, and Toronto," and Dr. T. T. Shields on "Ireland" were greatly appreciated by the select audiences. "Open Lit" and the Lit. Skating Party were among the best contributions to this year's social whirl.

McMaster University Monthly

The Intercollegiate Debates are held under the auspices of the Literary Society. This year we defeated Victoria in the first round, but had to bow before Wycliffe in the semi-finals. In January there was held the first of what it is hoped will become an annual debate with the Rochester Theological Seminary. Messrs. W. F. C. Nelson and G. P. Gilmour, who represented us across in Rochester, gained the judges' decision, and so made McMaster the first holder of the John Harvard Castle Cup.

The McMaster University Monthly, nominally published by the Literary Society, is in reality a distinct organization, its relation to the Lit. being little more than formal. The task of financing Vol. XXX. has been no easy one, and credit is due to the Business Manager and his assistants for its accomplishment. The number of undergraduate contributions to the literary section has been gratifyingly large, and the various departments have maintained a high standard of excellence. This year the subscription price was raised, and a small increase in advertising rates for next year has been authorized. With decreasing costs probable for next year, the financial worries which have haunted the Business Managers for the past four or five years, ought to be dispelled.

Debating Union

The *Debating Union* is another organization of very real importance. The ability to speak well, and to think on one's feet is a great asset, and through its weekly Parliament, held every Saturday afternoon, the Debating Union affords the student frequent opportunities to cultivate the arts of public speaking and oratory. The Conservatives under the Hon. A. H. Carr, and the Liberals under the Hon. A. S. McGrath, were each in control of the House about an equal number of times. In the finals of the inter-year debating contests, Theology won the cup from the Seniors. On April 1st, the annual Oratorical Contest was successfully staged. An oration on "Books" by Mr. W. F. C. Nelson, '21, was awarded the Gold Medal, and Mr. A. Burgess, Theo., won the Silver Medal with his glowing tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers.

In the realm of athletics, the energy and organizing ability of Mr. M. A. Smith, President of the *Athletic Association*, have been conspicuous throughout the year. The effect of the lack of adequate campus facilities was evident in the showing made by the rugby and

Athletic Association

soccer teams. For such teams proper practice grounds are essential. Individually, our men were probably as good as those of any of our opponents, but the absence of proper team play invariably spelled our defeat. Some excellent times were made on Field Day. H. G. Dyce, '23, won the individual championship. In the Intermediate Intercollegiate hockey series our team tied with Varsity for the group championship, but lost in the play-off. An excellent brand of hockey was displayed. Basketball, which has not been played at McMaster for some years, was revived this year, and our Senior team won a student league championship at the Central Y.M.C.A. Inter-year athletics have been keenly contested; the Juniors captured the Matthews Cup, emblematic of all-round superiority in athletics. An important change was made in the constitution this year regarding the awarding of emblems. Under the new regulations "M's" will be awarded to individuals for merit, not to teams for winning championships.

Young Men's Christian Association

The *Young Men's Christian Association*, under the leadership of Mr. A. H. Carr, has proved itself a vigorous organization. The Y.M.C.A. Student Handbook, which had lapsed for several years, was published again last autumn; the devotional meetings on Tuesday evenings have been well attended; the Fyfe days have been successful and inspirational; the Student Volunteers have had good meetings; and the work of the Evangelistic Bands has prospered. During the Christmas holidays, McMaster was represented at the Guelph Conference, where the provisional constitution of the Student Christian Movement was drawn up. One of the chief events of the year was an inspiring address by Dr. Hugh Black at our second Fyfe Day. The success of the campaign for the relief of students of Central Europe was, to a large extent, due to the untiring efforts of the President, and to the good work of the year canvassers. Over one thousand dollars were subscribed by the undergraduates and the faculty, and this was sent to Europe to be used among the needy students of Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, and Munich.

Senior Evangelistic Band

For various reasons the *Senior Evangelistic Band* did not get under way until after the New Year. Since then it has conducted campaigns in nine churches, holding over thirty services altogether. In every campaign there were conversions; and from a numerical standpoint the winter's work was very successful. No exact records, however, were kept of the total number of decisions for Christ. The Good Shepherd knows the sheep that are His, and in evangelistic work mere figures are no criterion of success.

* * * * *

With the gradual increase in the number of women students the size and importance of women' organizations steadily advances. In addition to their contribution to our social life, these organizations provide a means of acquiring practical experience and training, the benefit of which cannot be overestimated.

The Women's Literary Society is an organization of varied activity. Four of its regular Friday afternoon meetings are devoted to class programmes and each class in turn competes for the honor of producing the best programme. This year each class gave a short play, in addition to musical and miscellaneous numbers. Vo-

Women's Literary Society

cational talks by women of various occupations are interesting as well as helpful; this year's programme included Child Welfare and Social Directorship. Inter-collegiate debates are arranged by the Literary Society. This year we were unfortunate in dropping out of the series at our first debate which was held with St. Hilda's. The Oratorical Contest, an annual event of the Spring term, at which representatives from each class compete for the Oratorical Cup, was a splendid success, all the orations being of a very high order. A yearly event of great importance is the Shakespearian play. "The Taming of the Shrew" was chosen this year and successfully produced at two public performances. The reception was very favorable and many expressed the opinion that it was the best play the Society had ever presented.

The religious life among the women of the college is promoted by the student *Young Women's Christian Association*. During the first term our society carried on at its regular weekly meetings a very interesting course of Bible Study under the title of "Women of the

Young Women's Christian Association

Old Testament." Interesting talks by students give rise to practical questions resulting in very helpful general discussions. A vocational talk on Y.W.C.A. work was given at one of the meetings by the General Secretary, Miss Ford. The Mission Study of the second term comprised a survey of our Canadian Baptist work in India and Bolivia. In addition to talks and papers by students a general introductory missionary talk was given by Miss Hamilton. Another interesting meeting was one at which Mr. Proctor, on furlough from Korea, showed lantern slides and talked about his work there.

Great interest has been shown in athletics this year under the encouragement of the *Women's Athletic Association*. Physical drill and swimming have been possible for everyone at the Lillian Massey gymnasium and swimming-pool. A Field Day was held early in the fall on the Moulton College campus, and proved so successful that it will no doubt become an annual event. Inter-year baseball games proved very interesting and were keenly contested, the Fourth Year winning the championship. In basketball the Freshettes were success-

Women's Athletic Association

ful, and in addition to inter-year games, several games were played with other colleges. Great enthusiasm was evident when the hockey season opened and the team chosen. Regular practice was impossible, however, on account of the unfavorable weather, but five games were played with league teams. At the end of the term the Executive gave an Athletic Banquet, at which almost every girl was present. Speeches, the presentation of prizes, the single championship medal won at Field Day, and the new Inter-year Athletic Shield made up a very interesting programme and evidenced and encouraged much enthusiasm for athletics.

PROFESSOR CHESTER W. NEW, B.A., B.D., Ph.D.

Honorary President, Arts, Twenty-one.

CLASS HISTORY

I.

"Go gently forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like Orient pearls at random strung."

HISTORY shows that, like many great events in the world's life, such as the Chicago fire, Year Twenty-One had a quiet beginning. In September, 1917, a remnant assembled at McMaster, and requested the Registrar to take their names immediately and their fees a little later, if possible. But, like the parabolic mustard seed, we have passed from humility into the bright light of fame. We have gone through much,—we mark the last year of suffering under the oil lamps of the *ancien regime* in the residence; it was for our especial benefit that the University first drafted a new curriculum so as to split us up at graduation; we have seen Wallingford Hall and an infant gymnasium become realities. Truly a year typical of the period of transition through which the world is passing, wherein we have seen the very substrata of society quaking in their shoes and trembling in every weakened limb,—but that belongs to another speech.

It were now time to record facts. At the opening Chapel service we learned to sing the McMaster hymn and to economize on lights. In fact, we were told, also, that our studies were of prime importance. Then somehow or other we got our elections over, and entrusted our fortunes to Bill Nelson and Helen Gilmour.

The orthodox Freshman picnic we held at Scarboro' Bluffs on October 10th, and though we had intended it to be unaccompanied, the Sophettes willed otherwise. Ah, how vivid still is our recollection of hiding behind a burdock leaf with a basket of food. We have since outgrown both the leaf and the mental attitude, but the memory lingers down the years. We got acquainted that day and rather muddy, and have remained so ever since,—acquainted, that is.

During the term, it is affirmed, many of our men were introduced to the custom of bi-weekly or tri-weekly bathing; some were induced to sing solos; but all eventually escaped, sadder and wiser men. Such things, as we have often remarked, only serve to bring out the personal contact between the students.

November 15th saw us in the Dining-room, the guests of Year '20, at the Freshmen-Sophomore Banquet, during which we buried the hatchet. We had a jolly good time, and the Sophomores spoke early and often in toasts. It was here that W. F. delivered his maiden speech, and upheld our honor until his "notes became illegible." Two ladies was the allotted portion of many a misogynist, but, happily, this malady of exaggerated escortation has since disappeared from our midst.

There was a Students' Reunion on December 17th, and we attended it, overjoyed to be reunited to students we had never met before. The ladies were permitted into the Residence under armed escort (the arms were ours), and many delightful acquaintances were made. The rooms were very tidy, hardly recognizable, in fact.

Then, on January 17th, we held our one and only sleigh-ride, from Helen Gilmour's. We drove a few miles in as many hours, and then were entertained by our hostess. However, never again, throughout our course, have we condescended thus to imitate the friendly sardine. Dignity or merely weather, who knows?

On February 2nd, our ladies supplied the wherewithal at Women's Lit, by materializing "The Burglar," a creature more often heard than seen by our co-eds. February 8th, too, is a red-letter day for the ladies, for on it Evelyn Cain vanquished all comers with her portrayal of "Youth" in the Ladies' Oratorical Contest.

You will recall with a smile that one of the remarkable features of 1918 was a number of official "heatless days," really ordered by Ottawa. This precedent, needless to say, has never since been forgotten or neglected. It so happened that Professor McLay had planned a skating party for us on the first of these days, but lo, it thawed fervently, so we had an indoor party at the College, in company with the Seniors. We played vigorously, and sang until we were hoarse.

Farmer Bros. took our pictures soon, and a little later, on March 15th, we were highly elated when our orator, George Gilmour, won the Ryrie Medal at the expense of "Chinese" Gordon.

Another party on March 12th! Yes, Marjorie Starr entertained us royally, and elections were held far from the haunts of "Twenty." Little remains to be told. Most of our men drilled in the C.O.T.C., and our ladies knitted assiduously. Of athletics we will say little: modesty would cover martyrdom. We adjourned for the summer. Selah.

INTER-YEAR RUGBY CHAMPIONS, 1919-20, 1920-21.

II.

We accepted the date the Faculty had set for our return, and were much pleased to see some new and not unpleasant faces among us. Under Harold Carr and Marjorie Starr, we planned a campaign of frightfulness.

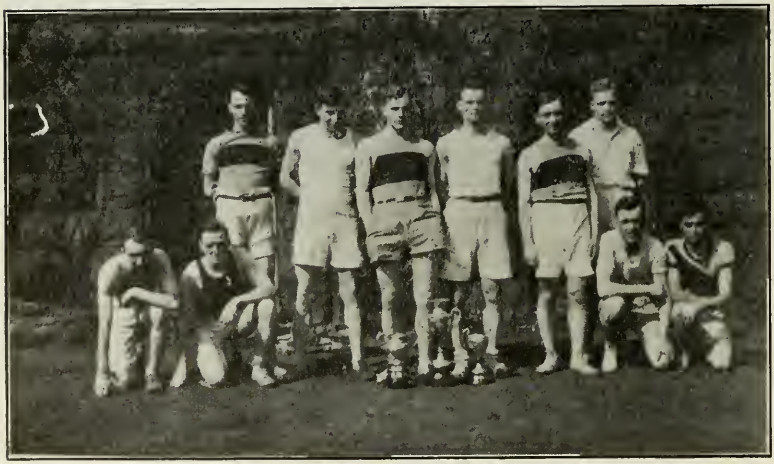
After superintending the Freshman picnic, we held one of our own on October 17th at Long Branch, in spite of the "flu", and it was a good picnic, even if the radial did get stalled on the way home. Soon the armistice was signed, and, after parading Yonge Street all morning, we walked fourteen miles or so to High Park for a celebration picnic. As the immortal bard would say, "Lord, what fools these mortals be". Before our first picnic, it should be noted, we had vanquished the Frosh in debate, using as instruments our brethren Nelson and Gilmour.

You should have seen the "Selby" on November 25th. We were there, feeding the Freshmen. It was a regular banquet, with a regu-

lar toast list, too. "Twenty-two" was a lucky year that day, even if they did have to listen to our quartette render "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

December 12th is our next entry, and in its closing hours we invaded the Hounsom domicile at the behest of Miss Enid. We stayed the evening and all treated ourselves to the contents of the dining-room before dispersing.

There is an absence of social news for January 4th-12th, but on January 13th, Florence Loney held her front door open for us all, and we enjoyed her genial hospitality until early January 14th. Truly a friend in need for such a time as this! A few days later Wilbert Matthews and Harold Carr put us in the finals for the Debating Cup by walloping Theology, but alas, they built a structure of which the roof fell in when we lost to the Juniors on February 13th. A sound of weeping is heard.



INTER-YEAR FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS, 1919-20.

Hello, what's this? Our second Students' Reunion! January 31st thus marks the day when we really learned to listen for a bugle with one ear, and talk to a fair partner with the other. A few more jokes added to our repertoire. Cheers!

The inspired record states that we skated officially on February 18th, and later dined at the *Pension Starr*. Again, we broke loose at the Gilmours' on March 7th, and played genteel games for the odd hour or so. For a professor's home, it wasn't so bad.

February 28th saw our lady orator victorious. Helen Gilmour is certainly no "unexpressive she", and she revivified Alice Freeman Palmer so successfully that she carried off the palm 'erself.

Professor and Mrs. Smith generously provided a theatre for our social activities on March 18th. This was the last gathering of what appears to have been a term largely devoted to party strife. We dressed dolls, and guessed botanically, and as an anti-climax, we made our new President and Vice sing a duet. Yes, that song shows that there are a few things in our history that we could well wish left undone.

Then on March 22nd, we were represented in the Oratorical Contest by H. A. Webb, who expounded "The Manifestation of Nature to Man". On March 28th, who but ourselves should take charge of the Lit? We acted, and sang, and recited to our heart's content, and to the delight of a large and cultured audience. The grease paints used on this occasion are still almost intact and may be had by an co-ed making reasonable offer for same.

We missed the hockey championship by one goal that winter. With this athletic announcement, we will proceed to fill our pen for Chapter III. Selah.

III.

Back again under Bill White and Evelyn Cain! This time we were reinforced by some McMasterites of the Dispersion, who, having returned from overseas, threw in their lot with us. We welcomed them to our flesh-pots, and proceeded to make a clean sweep of athletics. So on Field Day, although it was our first, inexperience did not prevent us from collaring 75 points and three medals, while the rest of the school scored 56.

But not so fast, we have left out the picnic. It was quite a gay occasion at Centre Island, October 2nd. We played baseball, and later staged the good old contest of swallow-the-wiener. The success of the day was due largely to the courtesy of the Toronto Ferry Co., who, at a small cost, supplied boats both coming and going. This was our first picnic at full strength.

In November we added another nick to our gun, when we outclassed the other years in inter-year Rugby. The use of vaccination shields was first introduced into the game that month.

Then came a revival of Founder's Night on November 28th. This

was our first attempt at decoration, so we transformed the Ladies' Room into a Dutch scene, with the kindly help of the steward and some corrugated paper. Incidentally, we left a glue mark on the ceiling that will endure as long as the plaster itself. Alas, even the sawdust on the floor and the fireplace in the cottage failed to get us the prize; but it was a remarkable night,—there were enough guests to remind one of the proverbial bargain sale.

In December the Debating Cup was dashed from our lips by the Seniors. We then rested from our labors.

Following Christmas and its dread aftermath, we embarked with twittering hearts upon Leap Year. Our conniving Social Committee got us out on the stormiest evening of the year, officially for a skating party, but eventually for a really ripping party under the auspices of Helen Cline and Doris Hooper. The amount of brain-cudgelling we did that night playing charades was positively ungodly, and none of us have since forgotten "Jimmy and the school ma'am". The party was followed by a dishwashing bee, of which some of our number still treasure up the tenderest memories. The rest of us had to walk home, while the gale snapped its fists and shook its teeth in our very faces, but, guided by friendly Hydro poles, we all got home by about 3 a.m., January 17th.

During the next few weeks we battled in inter-year hockey, and managed to nose out the Seniors by one goal. With much rejoicing we tucked away the Matthews' Cup in the same sack in which rested the Rugby Cup and the Field Day Cups, and like Alexander, we looked for new worlds to conquer, but answer came there none.

Back on the social note again! Here the record is that on February 24th, the ladies of the year piloted us to Varsity rink, and afterwards revived us with food and fellowship at the home of Rivka Levi. On March 2nd, we all graced the Elm St. Y. W. with our presence, at the instigation of Evelyn Cain and Beth Burridge.

Now it came to pass also that on March 12th, we dressed us in our gladdest rags and entertained the Seniors at the Walker House, with the Junior Collation Banquet as the *casus belli*. We entertained each other or *vice versa* for some time, and after that it fell to the lot of certain of our witty brethren to do the toast list, and to some of our charming co-eds to sing and recite.

On March 19th, Marion Royce represented our ladies in the Ladies' Oratorical, speaking on "The Passion Play of Oberammer-

gau". Our next footprint in the sands of time belongs to Harold Carr, who carried off the Ryrie Gold Medal for oratory on March 26th, by discoursing ably on "The Poetry of the War". Congrats, Brother Carr!

On March 30th we made a pilgrimage to the home of Florence Loney, where we gambolled gleefully, and installed our new President and Vice, the White robe of office having fallen upon Ken Taylor, and the mark of Cain on Helen Cline. After being magnificently fed and watered, we repaired us homewards, to appear no more until after exams.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY CHAMPIONS, 1919-20.

Between exams and holidays, we sandwiched in another picnic at Centre Island. More baseball, and the exciting rescue of Professor Michell's son from the jaws of a hungry dog. This is the last fleck of froth with which we topped the solid beer of our Junior Year. Selah.

IV.

We got together in September, 1920, for the fourth and last time. The last stretch of our pilgrimage to the land of Artibus to join the tribe of the Baccalaurii had begun. It was now our privilege to dictate exam timetables, chaperone parties, and have our pictures taken.

It was decided that our picnic this time should be a record one, an

all-day affair, a humdinger, in fact. On October 20th, therefore, at the breaking of the day, we went to that Paradise known as Niagara Glen, where the hiss of our boiling pot was drowned in the roar of the cataract. (Poetic but true.) We took pictures and a stroll or two, and then most of us went on to Niagara Falls. On the voyage home we sang the first fifteen verses of "Ninety-nine beer bottles", and of other sacred classics not a few. We had a large time that day.

On October 22nd, we came off second best in Field Day with 41 points, two of our medallists being on the sick list, a circumstance more effective than fortunate. However, ere November closed we had our revenge, and wiped the ground with the other years in inter-year Rugby, for the second time.

To return to our social life, the oracle has it that on November 6th we had a little children's party at Wallingford Hall. Many long-forgotten Eton collars and print dresses were rescued from the moths, as were some childhood games. Fortunately, no skeletons were brought from any family cupboard, so all went merry as a marriage bell. (This figure is not our own.) On November 20th, too, Florence Loney entertained us for the fourth time in her usual royal fashion, so we dressed our best and played our heartiest.

We were certainly present at Founder's Night on November 26th, though an all-wise committee spared us the decoration of a room. It was a good Founder's Night, not too crowded, just comfortably intimate. (Particulars to be supplied by the reader.)

On December 3rd, Taylor and Ferguson vanquished the Juniors. Here's looking at you, O elusive Debating Cup!

Soon the curtain was rung down for the "Yuletide festivities", and later we returned to write in Castle Memorial Hall, first upon first, second upon second, here a third, and there a third. Phew! the only thing after that was a skating party, which we did on January 25th, repairing after the struggle to Burt's Tea Rooms.

The ladies developed great histrionic talent on February 4th, when they presented "Jerry", a playlet by our Vice-President. Dame Rumor has it that it was worth while, very, but as we were not there, we cannot say, although we can quite believe anything about our ladies,—anything good, that is.

After having long sought a patron saint among the Board of Governors, we have now discovered one. February 15th saw us having

a Valentine party under the hospitable eye of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Matthews. We came *en masse* and left *en retard,* but not before the committee for Student Relief had handed around an oyster patty with all the trimmings. (Loud applause.)

Dastardly attempts were made by some of our number to attend twice the instalment party that Professor New gave us on March 3rd and 5th, but the Vigilance Committee did its part well, as did also our generous Honorary President.

THE JOHN HARVARD CASTLE CUP

Then the Juniors dragged us from our studies, through the rain, to the "Selby," on March 8th, where, with the Junior Collation Banquet, they settled with interest our account, two years outstanding.

Whisper it, brother, but the Theologs did us out of the Debating Cup on March 11th, in spite of Ken Taylor and Wib Dodge; and then another buffet of "outrageous fortune" came when inter-year hockey was cancelled, and basketball put in its place. We don't specialize in basketball, so we kissed the Matthews Cup a tender farewell.

There was a lot of thunder rolling around on the evening of April 1, but the sky was bright again for Twenty-One. The Oratorical Contest, to which the ingenious allegory above has reference, brought the Ryrie Gold Medal to W. F. Nelson, whose well-chosen

words on "Books" were a treat and an education. Our Demosthenes hath triumphed!

* * * * *

So runs the undergraduate history of another class. We have "lived well, laughed often, and loved much," that is, some of us have; we have made our contribution; as we go out, our eye is not dimmed, nor our natural force abated. And though this history has not been penned with an eye always to the serious, it is rather sobering now to think that there is no more history to record; it remains for each of us to write his own history hereafter.

"But, Brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,—
O, loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below."

—G. P. G.

Alebepho, Alebipho, Alebepho-bipho-boom!
Boom chicka-boom! Boom chicka-boom!
Boom chicka-ricka-chicka! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Wah Hoo Wah! Wah Hoo Wah!
McMaster Twenty-one! Rah! Rah! Rah!

An Appreciation

"Lo, some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest."

This Year Book would be far from complete if it contained no reference to those of our number whose more ambitious courses require them to take another year of undergraduate work. To the activities of the class, our "Five Year" contemporaries have contributed no mean share, the ladies in the field of chivalry, the men on the field of battle; and it is with sincere regret that we bequeath them to "Twenty-two" for their final year. Most of them consented to face the camera for us, so we are publishing these photographs in the hope that our years of fellowship together may not be forgotten. We wish all success to "the girls we leave behind us" and to "those to whom we leave them."

The Photograph

N the dim past his mother used to sing to him:

"Bye, Baby Bunting, Father's gone a-hunting,
He'll get a little rabbit-skin
To wrap the baby Bunting in."

The song satisfied little Bunting for a while, but years of discretion brought him the stern realization that there was a little rabbitskin that not even father could place upon his shoulders. The magnificence of the vaunted paternal achievement in the chase paled before the prospect of his own hunt, that must last for several years before a University would wrap him in a really significant bit of fur. So to college he went.

And it came to pass that in his Senior year, Bunting conjugated himself in the optimistic mood, grasped with eager hands his longed-for Arts-hood, and proudly entered a little studio, over whose door was hung the fateful sign, "A cash deposit is customary." Yes, like his predecessors, he had succumbed to the lure of the camera.

It ought to be officially recognized that a photograph is not a necessary adjunct to an Arts degree. In fact, a glance at some nineteenth century graduation groups would suggest that it is a positive drawback. Photography is not co-existent with Universities, for the world lacks, say, the graduation pictures of Origen's pupils. However, "whatever is, is right," and Bunting had his picture taken, regardless of cost.

The photographer to whom he went was a good man and patient, but years ago his soul had grown calloused through intimate contact with human suffering; so the awful struggle that raged in Bunting's soul, as he brightened his eyes and straightened his mouth, held no terrors for him. That was the result of long practice, too, the aptness with which he missed the psychological moment when Bunting's soul was in his eyes and his heart in his mouth. Bent and broken, our hero left the studio and awaited the result. He failed to recognize his likeness. He debated the issue, but the photographer submitted "proofs", and the judges decided that the "negative" had won. Bunt-

ing had learned the horrible truth that the camera never lies, but he took his defeat hard; the shock greatly marred the young lad's future.

Nothing need be added, except to mention that, when he returned home, it was with greatly enriched conceptions that he heard his room-mate's usual cheery greeting, "Sit down, old man, and rest your face and hands."

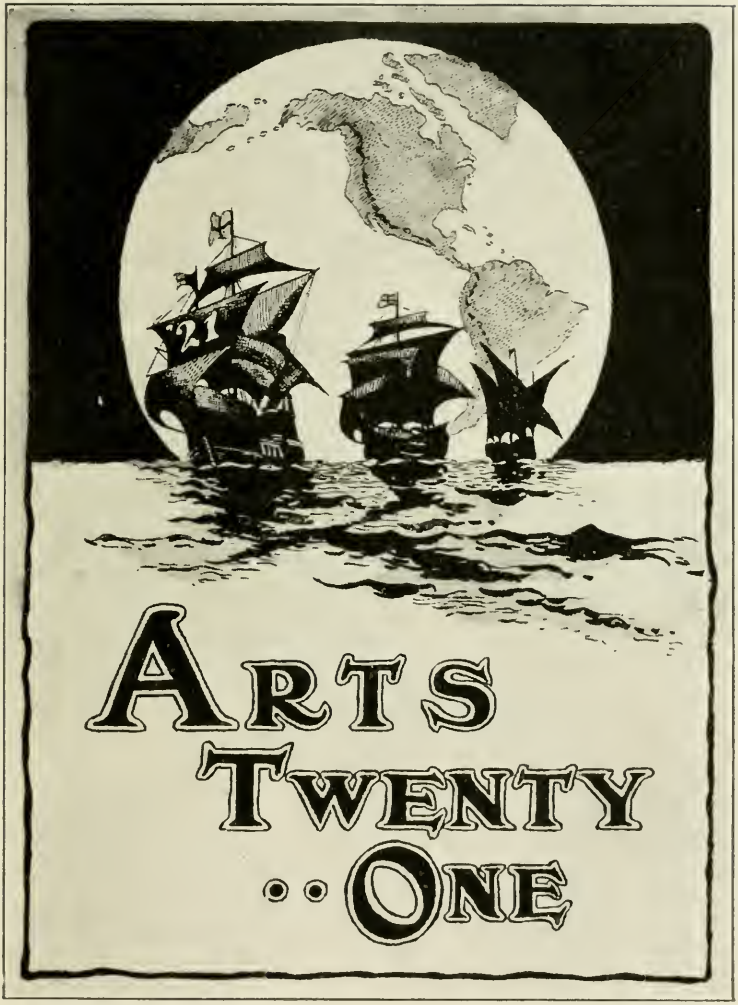
Ode to Class Parties

Breathes there a stude with clothes how few,
Who ne'er has lent out one or two
  The nights his class high revel held!
Whose socks have to himself been kept,
And shirts, although his classmate wept
  Whose laundry late his fate had sealed!
The ingrate, too, who on the tram
At night, hath failed to oil the palm
Of him who, night fare cash forgot,
Is feeling blue, his collar hot!
That man no fellow is, I trow,
Of us who've borrowed oft ere now.
Lo, Twenty-one no such sight sees:
Communal wardrobes, cash, and keys
Have been our rule,—we cannot curse,
Among us any close-locked purse.

—With apologies to Sir W. Scott.

PROFESSOR W. S. W. McLAY, M.A.

Dean in Arts.


ARTS
TWENTY
ONE

MUCH TRUTH AND A LITTLE POETRY:—Being unattached aphorisms compiled for the edification of those whose names appear hereafter:

Then gently scan thy brother man,
Still gentlier, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.—BURNS.

Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.—CERVANTES.

Wretched, un-idea'd girls.—JOHNSON.

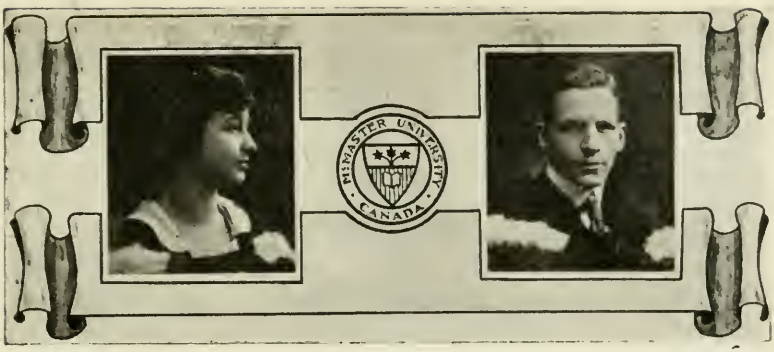
There never yet was fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.—SHAKESPEARE.

Their taste exact for faultless fact amounts to a disease.—THE MIKADO.

A little bunch of heedless bishops here, and there a chancellor in embryo.—SHENSTONE.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.—MOORE.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine.—COWPER.



Helen Barber Cline

"No angel, but a dearer being, all dipped
In angel instincts."

When Helen arrived on this earth, she considered it lacking in mirth, so with jest and with smile for the last little while she's been busy allaying the dearth. She began life at Paris (not France), where she soon was the boss of the Manse. As the village was slow she decided to go, and Owen Sound next had its chance. She learned to use needles and spools, and passed like a flash through four schools. Then after a rest she embarked for the West with a pencil and pen for her tools. At Brandon she spent but two years, where her scholarship won all the cheers, then searching for more (I was going to say gore), she came to McMaster, my dears. In learning she sets a fast pace, and at writing school plays she's an "ace"; so as now she departs (with a trunkful of hearts) old McMaster won't soon fill her place.

Daily Pastime—Planning careers.
Favorite expression—"Well, I don't care, he's a *nice* boy."

Kenneth Wiffin Taylor

"In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read."

Kenneth's birthplace is Takutang, China. After passing through the China Inland Mission Schools in Chefoo, where he had spongelike propensities for prizes, he came to Canada in 1916. He spent eleven months of 1918 camping in England, and returned just in time to take up the second term's work of his Sophomore year. Ken's diplomacy has been shown in his efficient shepherding of the stubborn rams and tender lambs of Year '21; his literary ability in the columns of "Here and There"; and his rhetorical powers in interyear debates. He has found considerable time for athletics, and played on the Senior teams in soccer and rugby. With a good word for everybody, Ken has won a large place in the hearts of the *men* of the University.

Failing—Breakfast at 7.599999 a.m.
Hobby—Assisting the Professor in Economics.

Evangeline Alexandrina Anderson

"She touched nothing that she did not adorn."

The most important event in Eva's life, so far as we are concerned, is that she came to McMaster in time to join Year '21, but because Eva is herself we would like to know where she came from and everything. She was born in the Chinese city of Taichow and when only three years old she travelled round the world. She went through the China Inland Mission Schools at Chefoo and then across the sea again to Canada and McMaster. Eva has taken a lively interest in the various activities of McMaster life. She has been a valued member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet; she has been interested in athletics, and her many beautiful posters testify to her artistic ability. Eva expects to return to China soon, where the principalship of a girls' school awaits her.

Failing—Having essays done ahead of time.

Roberta Georgina Bedson

"A smooth and steadfast mind
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."

This little maiden was born in this fair city. Leaving it at an early age, she wandered forth in search of what she might find. Stopping for a while at Pickering, from there she went to Oshawa High School. Here she became interested in higher learning, and remembering the place "where Canada's best come to get their degree," she concluded her wanderings by a return trip. Joining the class of '20 at McMaster, she found that delicate health made it impossible to fulfil the demands of that lively organization and a course in Special Physics at the same time. As a member of class '21 this year she has finished her course, at the same time filling a business position in the city. Because of this dual occupation we have not seen "Bob" around the halls regularly this year and ours has been the loss.

Mary Agnes Clark

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

Mary first nodded at a world of wonder in the city of Toronto, and, in course of time, grew tall enough to come to McMaster as a Fresh-Sophette with year '20. Last year, however, since she was taking a five years' specialist's course, she reverted to year '21. In that year she managed the finances of the Women's Literary Society, and this year as President of the Women's Athletic Association, she has aroused a keen interest in athletics, and has successfully carried through the first Field Day. During the winters of her course she has played with the Hockey team,—hockey with her being a hobby second only to Biology. Last year Mary's family moved to Edmonton, and thither she will follow them after graduation.

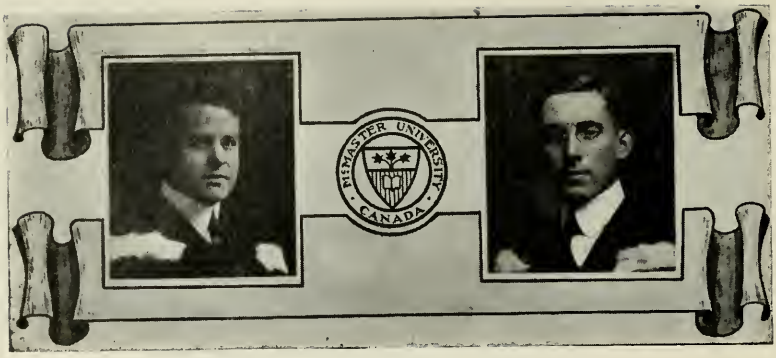
Pet Occupation—Devising schedules for inter-year sports.
Favorite saying—"Oh!—O-o-h!—O-o-o-h! It's a lovely world!"

Elizabeth Northcliffe Burridge

"What music, certes, can you find
As soft as voices that are kind?"

There are those who are said to have been born beneath a lucky star, but Beth's star was a kindly one. She was born in Worcester, Mass., "several" years ago, and came to McMaster from Niagara Falls, N.Y. As a Freshette she was Treasurer of the Y.W.C.A., and has ever since been an active member of the Cabinet, serving in her second year as Secretary, and during this session as President. In her third year she was Vice-President of the McMaster Student Volunteers, for the goal of her ideals has always been missionary service in India. During the whole four years of her course the influence of that "kindly star" has been the constant expression of her personality, foretelling her power of winning souls through love in a far off heathen land.

Favorite saying—"Don't you think it would be better to—"
Failing—Teas.



Frank Llewellyn Brown

Frank was born at Belmont, Ontario, and received his education from the public school in Dorchester and the Collegiates of Ingersoll and Melbourne. A year at London Normal, two years teaching school, a year at McMaster, a summer out West, and a term at the University of Alberta, bring us up to February, 1918. Five months with the 67th Battery, five months in Witley Camp, England, followed. Then six months were spent getting back into "civies," and finally in October, 1919, Frank was found once more at the true fount of classical lore. Frank's natural talent is toward music, and he is always ready to enliven the dull spirits of the boys on his Stradivarius. We wish him what we know he will have, viz., success, for this will always ensue patient, diligent toil.

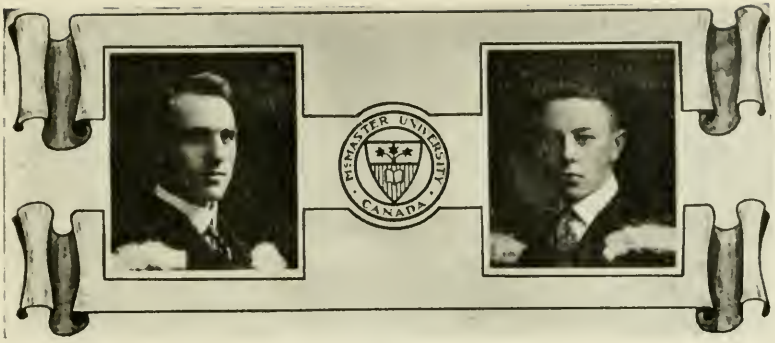
Failing—The right pew but the wrong church.

Albert Harold Carr

"For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

After a sea-voyage from his birthplace, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, Harold hove-to at Burlington, where he suffered for some years from primary and secondary education and two years of "work" preparatory to his *début* here. Since then he has haunted the Ladies' Room; skipped lectures; led two Field Days in the sprints; played soccer and rugby; presided over the Sophomore Year; headed the Volunteers and the Y.M.C.A.; secured ads. for THE MONTHLY; won an oratorical contest, an inter-year and an inter-college debate; and faithfully attended social functions, besides preaching for three summers. He aims to enter holy orders. His versatility is marked, and his membership in a minister's family has not spoiled his comparative godliness. Where Harold is, there also are good humour and an expressed desire to get some work done. He will be back to express the same desire next year.

Favorite dicta—"Oh, good-night. Let's go."
Ambition—Dignified evangelism among the Telegus.



Ira Hamil Eberle

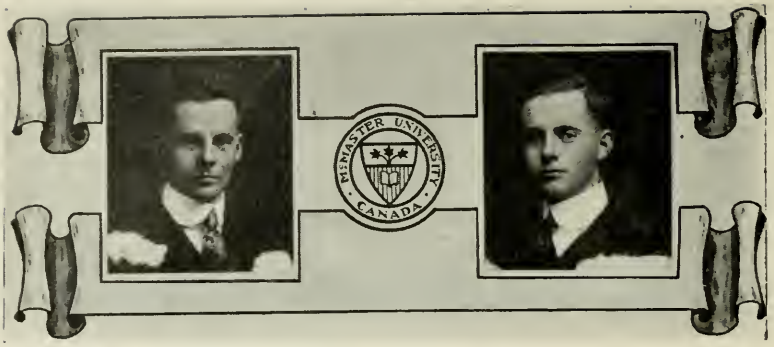
"He was a man, take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again."

You wouldn't think Ira was a pugnacious sort, would you? But if he keeps on fighting his way up, there will be nothing better than second place for his competitors. Away from Palmyra—if you know where tobacco grows—he fought his way to McMaster to enter Year '18. Then, when there was a real scrap on over the way, he wanted to get into it. The "Fighting Fifth" kept him down on the Witley front at first, but he soon got away from that, and then . . . the war ended. With '21 he fought through various stages to well-merited honors on field and track; he is captain of the best soccer eleven for years. Last year he was elected unanimously to the position of Second Vice-Kakiak, and he has "borne the addition nobly ever."

Ambition—Vengeance.
Aversion—Sunday suppers in Residence.
Favorite Literature—"Around the Hall."

Wilbert Ashley Dodge

The springtime birds sing sweetly in Cardinal, Ontario, but to the fond parents it seemed as though they had never sung so sweetly as on that beautiful April morning when little Wilbert made his propitious debut before an awakening world, and with his insistent and vociferous cries, at once commanded attention. After obtaining certain elementary enlightenment in his birthplace, he became imbued with a desire to invade higher realms of learning. This ambition was gratified when, as a verdant freshman, he entered McMaster with the class of '19. After some interruptions, the autumn of 1918 again saw him in our midst with renewed designs upon his B.A. Always a cheerful and optimistic colleague he made a name in Special Economics and on the Senior hockey team of his Alma Mater. Next year will find him studying law.



George Williams Farmer

"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."

George came to McMaster first in 1914, a tanned and weather-beaten boy. It must have been hard work in Perth that gave him that sturdiness of character and of body by which we recognize him. Anyway he has worked hard since we have known him. In his second year he left the position of Secretary of the Lit. Committees to spend three years as a signaller with the 8th Infantry Brigade. Coming back to us, his ardor was not dimmed and in his third year his natural failing for things scientific gave him the Baker-Chisholm Memorial Prize. In this, 21's final year, the Athletic Association has rested with an easy mind with George as its Business Manager.

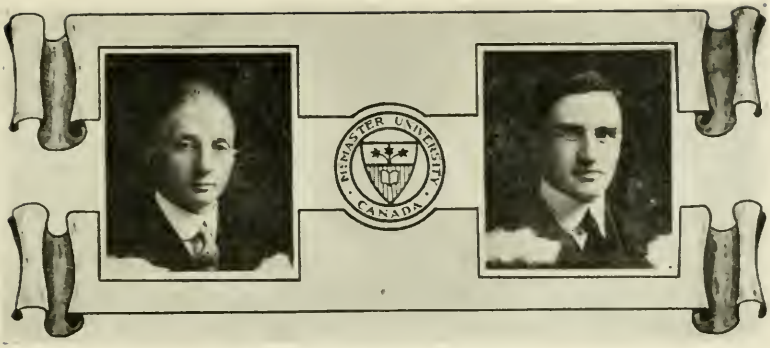
His Problem—Minerals, how to eat, live, and sleep with them.

Colin Samuel Farmer

"Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Two years after the two-cent postal rate was established in Canada, Colin punctuated the annals of time at a place called Perth, where the trains stop to get water. However, it was not until '21 was encroaching on its second year that he heard its call, but then he came as speedily as the Carter and S. J. Moore scholarships could bring him. Year and School activities have taken up much of his time. He plays hockey and soccer, and takes first place in the pole vault on Field Day. His odd moments have been wiled away imbibing chemistry. Last summer he spent sawing logs in the sylvan glades of British Columbia. As Colin splashes out into the world we heartily wish that his tribe may gather much wampum.

Hobby—Doing pictures.
Pet Saying—"Do you think you'll ever amount to much?"



Murray Edward Groat

"Thy fair hair my heart enchained."

Until he came to McMaster Murray had always lived near Norwich, Ont., where he received his start in life as a brickmaker. Incidentally, he disciplined four younger brothers and obtained his Matric. from the local schools. On coming to McMaster he suffered with Year '21 during its early days of persecution. Among the various offices he has held are the Secretaryships of the Debating Union and the Y.M.C.A., and in all the activities in which he has participated, be it Chapel Services or the meetings of the Donkey Club, or even driving mules in coal mines in the Rockies, he has discharged his duties faithfully and diligently. He whistles as he works.

Expression—"I must to the barber's . . for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face."

Habit—Talking to himself.

Percy Fergus Ferguson

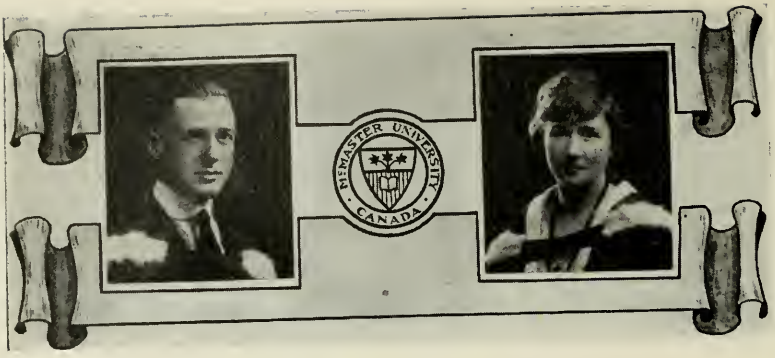
"How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year."

"Fergie" rusticated in the Eastern Townships until his matriculation from Cowansville High School at the tender age of fifteen. Since then he has enjoyed a great variety both of environment and occupation. After being a freshman at Bishop's College and a Sophomore at McGill, he came to McMaster in the fall of 1916, bringing with him his unique sense of humor. Exposure to the rudiments of fussing with Year '18, and a short course in high finance as Treasurer of the "Lit" prepared him for a summer's business in the West. Later, upon taking the pedagogical veil, "Fergie" returned to his native Province and spent two years as a High School Principal. On joining Year '21 he has put business before pleasure, but has found time for skating and debating as of yore. Pedagogy is likely to reclaim him for its own.

Ambition—Political (?).

Hobby—Economy.

Favorite Expression—"Can you get a girl for to-night?"



George Peel Gilmour

"A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any business."

Home, public school, Harbord Collegiate, and the Molsons Bank successively housed George as he prepared for College. The preparations were well made, for since coming to McMaster in 1917 he has excelled as a student, athlete, orator, and journalist. He has won three scholarships, and has been a member of the University track and rugby teams. In 1917 he won the Ryrie Gold Medal for Oratory, in 1918 an inter-year debate, in 1919 an intercollege debate, and in 1920 he helped to make McMaster the first holder of the Castle Cup. George has also been a member of the Evangelistic band. On the staff of The Monthly he has been Circulation Manager, Business Manager, and Editor of "Around the Hall,"—and next year will be Managing Editor, taking his first year of B.Th. work as a side-line.

Favorite Expression—"Hot stuff!"
Aversion—Reporters.
Ambition—To acquire a familiar use of *Charismata*.

Helen Monica Gilmour

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temple like a golden fleece,
And many Jasons come in quest of her."

At the command of memory there appear in the glare of Chapel footlights a sprightly Rosalind, a charming Olivia, a haughty Adriana,—they are Helen the actress. Again, out of the past come a Freshette Vice-President, a Vice-President of the Women's Lit, an Assistant-Editor of the Women's Department of The Monthly,—Helen the worker: the winner of the Governor-General's Medal and an English and History scholarship—Helen the student; an intercollege debater and a victorious Sophette orator—Helen the preacher's daughter. And now in her Senior year, Helen is the genial Head Girl of 1920-21, "the friend and helper of all." She has greatly aided our class social functions, and brightened many a meeting with her songs. The only humiliation she has suffered in our midst is the contraction of chickenpox in her final term

Hobby—Meetings after Chapel.
Favorite remark—"When I was down on the farm . . ."

Mabel Christine Giles

"Quick to learn and wise to know."

Mabel came to us from the far West, Calgary, but she is really an Ontario girl, claiming Paisley as her birthplace. In Bruce County she received her public school training, and in Calgary, Alberta, her high school education. At high school she spoke successfully at intercollegiate debates, and won a University of Alberta Matriculation Scholarship. In her Sophomore and Junior years at Edmonton she won all the honors possible, and then came to McMaster to complete her course. And glad we are that she did so, for the year has been enriched by her sweet presence. She has participated heartily in college activities, notably in Y.W.C.A. work, and in her capacity as class orator. Her lofty ideals and her large abilities ensure for her a brilliant career as a teacher.

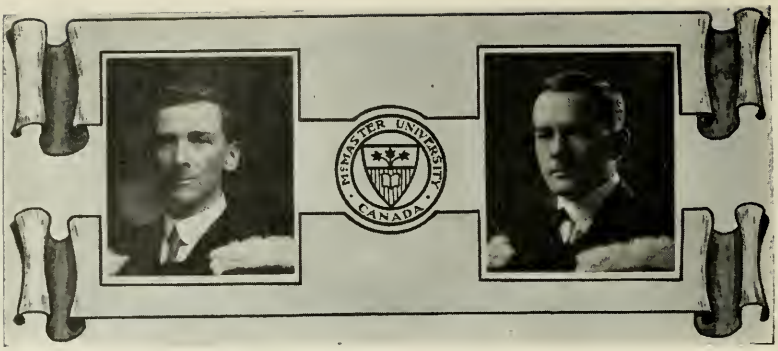
Most frequently used epithet—"You little savage."
Favorite reading matter—Virgil's Georgics.
Desire—To have a pink dress.

Marjorie Starr

"Astra regunt homines."

A mid-winter birthday and the close proximity of her home to a rink, are true signs of Marjorie's favorite occupation,—skating. Moulton claimed her at kindergarten age, and when she graduated in 1916, the girls missed her vim and enthusiasm, while the teachers marvelled at the sudden calm pervading the atmosphere. In the fall she came to McMaster for a five-year course. Here, a rather unique distinction was hers, that of being a Vice-President twice, in her Freshman year with '20, and, after she had joined year '21, in their Sophomore year. Captain of the Hockey Team for two years, convener of the Play Committee for one, and the efficient President of the Women's Lit, is it any wonder she has skipped a few lectures, especially when you consider the time she spends "taking Dad to the station?"

Her Ambition—"Not to our knowledge."
Our Suspicion—Specialist standing in the Classics, especially the Odyssey.



William Lang Hicks

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp.
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Scotty's life is simply one cycle after another. Tradition has it that very soon after he began breathing the Ayr of his native shire, his first cycle was complete when a wee, pink toe met a pair of warm lips. The reflection which ensued from this highly philosophical position resulted years later in his launching on another circle by coming to Canada. Still another was started when he began a tour of Canadian Baptist Colleges, beginning at Woodstock in 1912. When the Homeland called Scotty answered by "completing the circuit," and his efforts resulted in peace after three years. Meanwhile he had gathered a whole semi-circle at once from Auld Scotia's fairest. What next? Why, coming "home again," of course, to pick up the dropped thread of the college circle. And last circle of all—it's a fine, healthy boy!

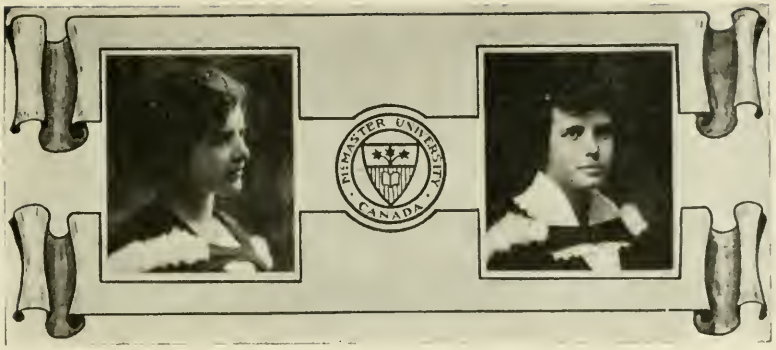
Failing—Blushing.
Aversion—Picnic pails.
Pastime—Plugging.

Robert Harman

"Blest with a temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Bob grew and bloomed at a manor near Mount Albert, and the bloom still remains—in his disposition and on his locks. Kindergarten in the fields, public school at the cross-roads, high school in the town, Faculty of Education in the city—so runs the story of Bob's care-free days. And even after that his troubles were "little ones," for he taught school near Essex Centre. Duty with the 2nd C. G. R. delayed his arrival at McMaster until January, 1919, when he joined Year '21 in its second year. We know Bob as an able MONTHLY Business Manager and as a witty record-keeper of the Lit., but, more than that—as a gentleman of gentlemen and a true friend. Law cannot gain a worthier follower.

Ambition—To avoid all forms of effeminacy.
Saying—"Let's match to see who pays."



Rivka Levi

"Like a ray of dawn
Surprising gloom with gladness."

Rivka's starting point on the great highway of life was Toronto, and Jarvis Collegiate seems to have been the first important milepost, where, after three brief years she achieved the fame and glory of a McMaster scholarship. At the end of her first year in college, becoming pedagogically inclined, she spent the vacation imparting knowledge to a portion of Alberta's rising generation. She has been on the Council of the Women's Athletic Association and has served on the Literary Society Executive. Besides giving her attention to these and many other college activities, Rivka has lived up to the scholastic reputation with which she entered McMaster. A joyous disposition will help her along the adventurous journey wherever she may be led in the days and years to come.

Usual Comment—"Really and truly, isn't it awful?"
Pet Aversion—A double chin.

Cecilia Emma Hounsom

That Cecilia's home is in Toronto is a well-known fact to the many McMaster students who have enjoyed delightful parties at which she was the hostess. Grace Street Public School and Harbord Collegiate in turn claimed her earlier interest and as a Fresh-Sophette she entered the class of '20 at McMaster. During the war she did her bit as a farmerette and further proved her pluck by teaching in rural schools of Saskatchewan for three successive summers. In the final year of the class of '20 they wisely made 'Celia their social convener, but with a great love for the teaching profession she decided to take a five-year course. Accordingly, she came back to join Year '21, where she was gladly welcomed, and at the same time she has held the position of Vice-President of the Women's Student Body.

Ambition—To be a High School Teacher.
Aversion—Eight-fifteens.
Favorite Course—Skating.

Thomas James Jamieson

"Yes, sir, you're right, the Indyans now ain't like they used to be."

Neither by paint, feathers, nor war-whoop did this Canadian aborigine make himself known on entering McMaster. Instead, it was a shy, quiet, and retiring Freshman that came to year '20 from the schools of Ohsweken and Caledonia. Athletics have received Jamie's special attention and in them he has been consistently successful. He has won the Second Association Medal twice; represented not only his year, but the University on the Rugby, Soccer, and Hockey teams; and has served as Secretary and Year Representative on the Athletic Executive. By staying out for the year 1918-19 Tom became a member of year '21, with whom he has continued his courses in Special Science. Jamie's smile and sense of humor have won him many friends and promise to win him many more.

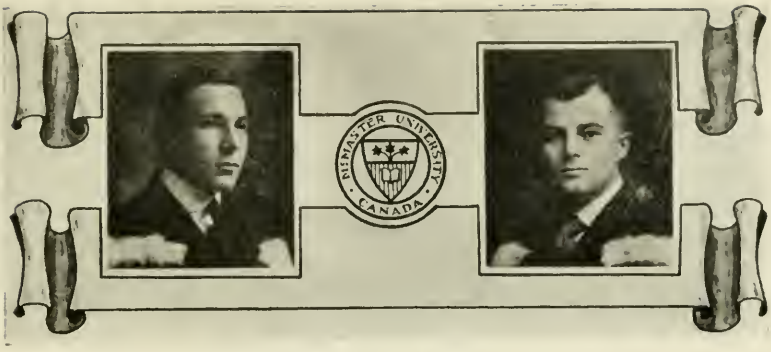
Favorite Haunt—The reading room.
Idea of Comfort—Breakfast in bed.
Weakness—Fat stock, and other shows.

Homer W. Ross Kennedy

"He can argue like the devil."

Homer W. Ross Kennedy is the aristocratic name worn by the subject of this treatise, though it is only fair to state that the W. stands for nothing at all. Ross first smiled upon the world some twenty-one years ago, and seems to have encountered it most cheerfully ever since. His high attainments at Jarvis Street Collegiate won for him the title of "philosopher," and since leaving that institution with a scholarship, his inordinate proclivity for firsts has amply maintained this reputation for study. Ross intends to take up law, and it is to be expected that in this field his Alma Mater will find in him a worthy representative of her scholarship and spirit.

Ideal (not yet realized)—Dark and petite.
Favorite Vice—Chewing toothpicks.
Forte—Attending Chapel service.
Weakness—He claims to have none.



Albin Starr McGrath

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

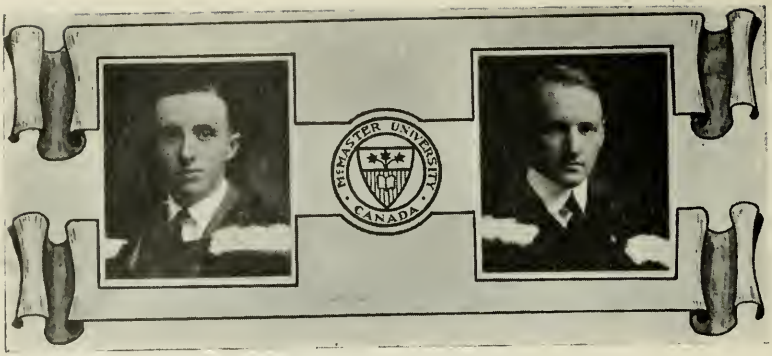
An old philosopher said that during the first few days of a man's life, the world is but "a mass of blooming confusion." Mac found it so when his wondering, brown eyes first gazed upon Toronto. He proceeded to unravel the mystery of existence, and at the age of five sought assistance at school. His quest for knowledge led him to Jarvis Collegiate, where he matriculated in 1915. The autumn found him at McMaster, diligently pursuing the search for a systematized explanation of the form and content, the meaning and import of everything. His course was interrupted by his enlistment in the Flying Corps where, after winning his commission, he was appointed a flying instructor. Sky-piloting so appealed to Mac that he has decided to entry the ministry. As a warm-hearted friend, a logical thinker and an able public speaker he has won the admiration of his fellow-students.

Aspiration—To "fill" Spurgeon's Tabernacle.
Pastime—Waiting for night cars at Bloor and Broadview.
Questionable Amusement—Defending Orthodoxy.

Osgoode Hamilton McDonald

"A youth as handsome as he's shy."—*Laura Secord.*

Born in Dundas, Ont., educated in Aylmer, Port Arthur, Woodstock, Toronto, Arras, Brussels, London, Edinburgh and Perth, "Mac" completes this year his course at McMaster, begun as a Freshman with the class of '19, and interrupted by the machinations of Wm. Hohenzollern *et al.* In capacities executive, social, and academic, he was ever a leader in the ranks of '19, gathering considerable credit in the eyes of the brethren as Sophomore President, much distinction in the hearts of the sisters as a successful contestant in the memorable F.F.F., and no little approval on the part of the Faculty as a getter of scholarships in Classics. Since joining '21, "O.H." has taken unto himself the Managing Editorship of The Monthly and the assistantship to the President of the Wallingford Hall domestic economy, both of which offices he has filled with his usual fidelity and efficiency. "Mac" graduates with the esteem of all who know him, the former of the aforesaid varying directly with the latter.



William Franklin C. Nelson

Born—Twentieth century.

Educated—At Ottawa.

Education interrupted by four years at McMaster University.

A debater of inter-year, inter-college, and international distinction.

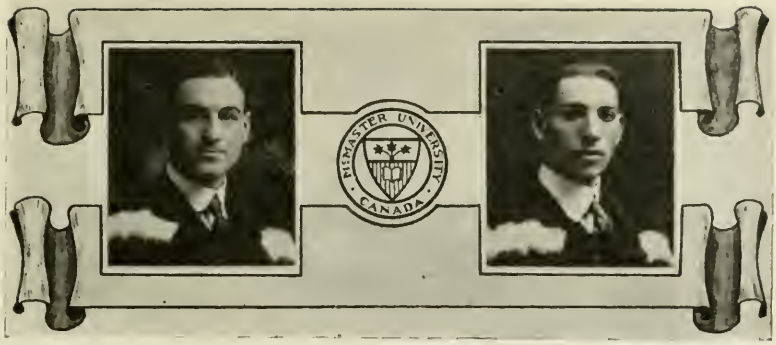
Aversion—Loquacity.

Llewellyn Parry Newton

" . . . . . fair
Beyond the race of Britons."

Really, you know, this picture doesn't do him justice. There isn't a twinkle left in the blue, nor does the light cloud above show up clearly, nor the delicate sunset glow. Once upon a time there was here and there a black speck—it is *so* trying to have a light complexion in the Railway City! Not so long ago, one saw a tinge of warrior bronze—Lew was nearly four years in the P.P.C.L.I. and R.A.F. Once in a while, when the season is open, that face wears a scar gained in rugby,—he's one of the standbys of the Senior team. The artist has smoothed out all the wrinkles of his brow acquired by long and close concentration in the Chemistry Lab. However, most of you, no doubt, will recognize him in this picture, even if it doesn't do him justice.

Favorite Occupation—We won't give him away.
Favorite Dissipation—Beating up somebody.



Homere Noe Racicot

A gentleman, of great worth,
Good understanding, but invincible modesty.

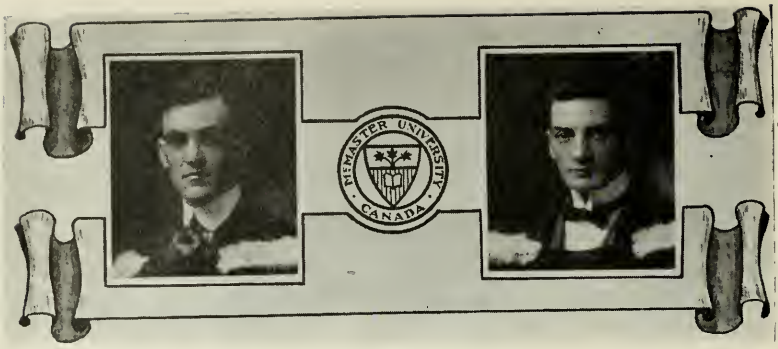
Towards the close of the nineteenth century, in the small town of Stukeley, Quebec, Homère was initiated into the mysteries of life and education. While yet in tender years he migrated, with his parents, to Uxbridge, Mass., but possessing an enterprising mind he felt the necessity of pursuing wisdom still further. This he did by studying assiduously in the States, in his native Province, and, later, at McMaster. Year '18 was the year of his choice, but, in 1917 munitions detained him until he was able to enter the ranks of '21. Homère has served in various capacities on the Athletic Executive for three years. If sincerity, kindness, and character count for aught, we feel sure that success awaits Homère in his post-graduate career.

Pet Saying—Aw Heck!
Ambition—Well, one never knows, does one?

Maurice Spector

Born in 1898 of Jewish parentage in Nikolaev, South Russia. Emigrated to London, England, in 1905. Came to Toronto 1907. Educated at Strathcona Public School and Humberside Collegiate Pre-occupation, politics; side-line, college. Drawn into the proletarian movement in 1914. On the Executive of the Social-Democratic Party in 1918. Helped liquidate this party for its reformism in 1919. In 1920, for a while, local organizer of the One Big Union. Clarified by the Russian (November) Revolution and the Third International on the role of a Communist Party, he left the O.B.U. for its confused Syndicalism. Marked time by helping to organize the Plebs League, a propagandist society, and the Ontario Labor College in 1920. During all this time, continually in hot water with the professors, owing to perfunctory attention to studies.

Cultural gods—Voltaire, Heine, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Whitman, Anatole France and Marx.
Spiritual Fatherland—The Russian Socialist Soviet Republic.
Focus of Activity—The Communist International.
Raison d'Etre and Destiny—As yet uncertain.



William Orvil White

"His talents were for music rare,
His singing made the boys to swear."

Music must be an immortal quality of the soul which defies all attacks of bitter experience, else we are at a loss to explain how Bill ever passed through the fiery furnace of ergs, watts, dynes, and chemical fumes without losing the qualifications whereby be became President of the Men's Choral Society, song-leader for the Senior Evangelistic Band, and precentor at evening prayers in the dining-hall. The war prevented him from graduating with Year '20, but on returning to complete his work he was welcomed by Year '21 to the extent of being made President of their third year. In athletics he belonged to the Senior soccer team, and is a holder of the coveted "M." As he graduates Bill leaves behind him a host of friends.

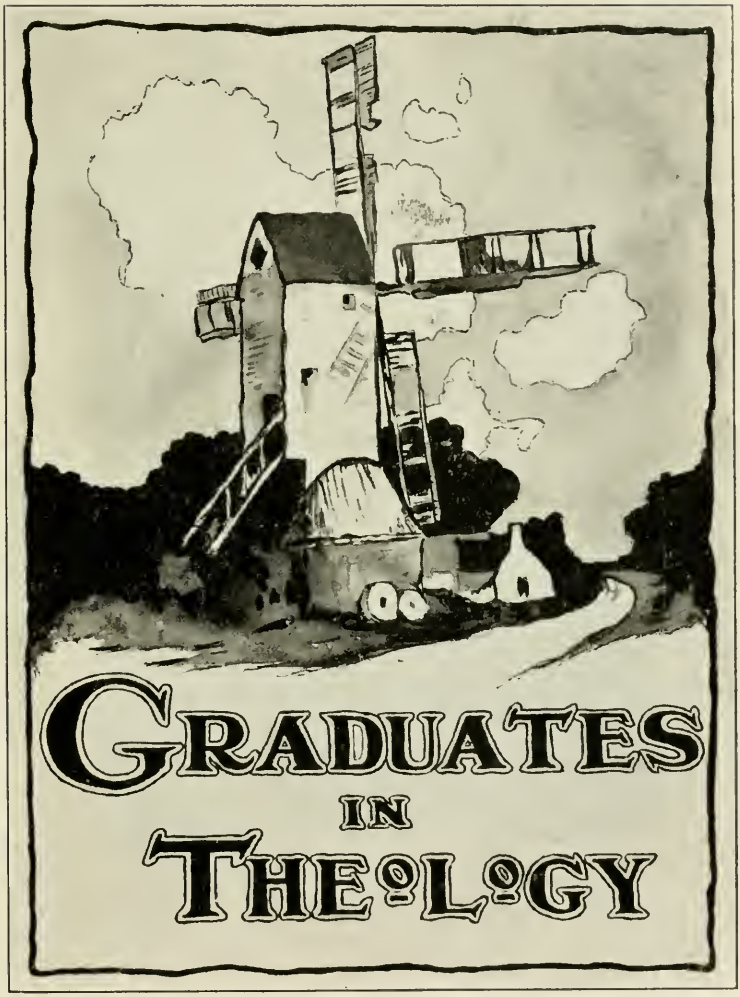
Favorite haunt—The Lab.
Aspiration—To be a physician.
Ambition—A helpmate.

Robert Swithen Willison

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—'Gentleman'."

Bob was born in London, England, and the late nineties. He received his early education at Staines, then at the age of nine, crossed the seas to Canada. Here Bob obtained his secondary education at the Claremont High School, and matriculated in time to join the ranks of Year '19. But Bob was not satisfied with Ontario even, and after attending lectures and class parties faithfully for two years, he went out West. After two years' absence, however, he returned to join year '21. Bob has been a faithful student, has maintained a high standing in special science, and has taken a good interest in the varied activities of college life. His unassuming manner, his touch of humor, and his good-heartedness have won him many friends at McMaster.

Favorite occupation—Watching for the incoming mail.
Pet Saying—"I should worry."
Ambition—In the West.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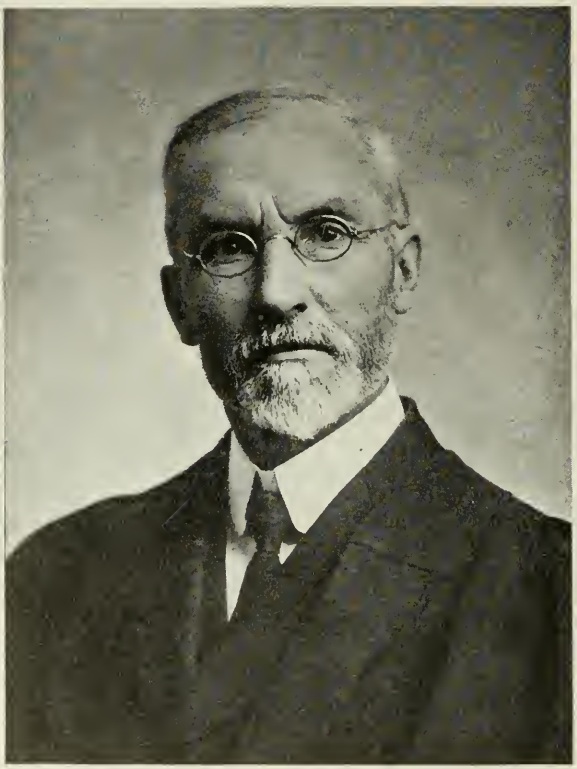

PROFESSOR J. H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.

Dean in Theology.

Alfred Burgess

Alf was born in Dundee, Scotland, but learning from whalers and merchantmen, who sought the shelter of that port, of that "Golden West," he sailed for Canada during the last decade. It was in Brantford that Alf heard the Call to the Ministry, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Responding to the call, he entered the Toronto Bible College, from which he graduated with honors. It was while shepherding a church in the Northlands that Alf heard the call of McMaster, and once again he entered the "Halls of Learning." It was in his last year that the latent talent burst into full bloom, and he stood forth as an orator of the first class—being one of the Medalists in the Oratorical Contest. Alf is at present Pastor of the Church at Stouffville, and he takes with him the best wishes of all for his future success.

Pastime—Book browsing.
Ambition—To visit the land o' Burns.

Roger William Coleman

The early history of Roger will be found in the Graduation Number of '19, pp. 383. Since then he has with considerable avidity attacked such subjects as Gnosticism, the Hagiographa, and the Theodicy of Job, and has succeeded in extricating himself—only just—from their embrace and in advancing another league in his journey. He has been much in evidence around the halls at meal-times (except breakfast) and has also for the last year been President of the Theological Society, succeeding in no little way in elevating this body to its pristine glory. Roger has the best wishes of the boys for his work in the Foreign Field.

Pastime—Reading Ritschl.
Weakness—Scotch Mints.
Ambition—To be a second David Livingstone.

Maud Viola Fleming

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity."

Having been born and brought up in Hagersville, it was no wonder that Maude appreciated Simcoe so much that she decided to remain on there after her matriculation from its high school. Fortunately additional years of discretion still further enlarged her vision so that in the fall of 1919 she fared forth to McMaster and joined the ranks of '23. In her first year she was Treasurer of the Y.W.C.A., Class Orator, and a delegate to the Des Moines Convention, and she has been on the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet again during her second year. Having now completed her two-year Missionary course, Maude is ready to "try her wings" in some larger sphere. Whatever this sphere may be, whether at home or abroad, our best wishes go with her, and we wish that her stay with us might have been longer.

Hobby—Taking the girls to Church.
Accomplishment—Bell "hop."
Ambition—Y.W.C.A. Secretary.

John Roy Harris

The famous city of Woodstock had the honor of being the birthplace of Roy Harris. After six weary years of pedagogical labor in Ontario and Nyack-on-the-Hudson, U.S.A., the "lure of the ministry" called him to enter the far-famed halls of McMaster in 1915. After a brilliant career through Arts he graduated in '18. During the following year he served the East Zorra Church as Pastor, during which time he was duly ordained. Taking heed to the Scriptural injunction, he took unto himself a wife in June, 1920. During this year, while pursuing further theological studies, he has held the pastorate of Humber Bay Church.

Weakness—Plum pie and divinity fudge.
Ambition—To raise money for Missions.

Wallace John Holley

"So faithful in love and so dauntless in war."

The subject of this brief sketch first saw the light of day in one of the ancient Roman cities of England. He received his early education at a private commercial school at Bath, Somerset, and after distinguishing himself in music he yielded to the lure of the West and landed in Canada in 1911. Four years later he enlisted in the 34th Battalion and rendered splendid service in England and France. In '17 he fell the victim to the charms of a "Cymri lass" and married. His theological education has consisted of a year at the Khaki University of Canada, a year at Rawdon College, Leeds, England, and the final year here. Upon his graduation he hopes to consummate Church Union.

Weakness—Theological discussions.
Pet Aversion—Cheese and close communion.

Grover Kenneth Tyler

North Hatley, Quebec, was the birthplace of Grover. We have never visited that spot, but those of us who have been privileged to associate with Grover during his college days have come to think of it as a conducive place for the perfecting of character, so well exemplified in his life.

The Academy of his home town helped to mould him, and now "Old Mac" has completed the process.

Grover has faithfully supplied the pulpit in his own home church; later he acceptably occupied the pastorate of Abbott's Corners, Que., and now he is the respected pastor of the Acton (Ont.) Church.

Weakness—Female School Teachers.
Ambition—To surpass Spurgeon and McLaren.

Theology Debaters

Theology chose two valiant men when they selected W. J. Holley and A. W. Small to represent them in the debate against the Sophomores on February 11th. The question was, "Resolved that the present Jury System in Ontario should be abolished"; the judges decided in favor of the Theologues, who upheld the affirmative.

On March 11th Mr. Small again took the field, this time supported by K. N. Brueton. Once more Theology carried off the honors against the Seniors. The resolution was, "Resolved that the laws by which peoples are governed are based on the general will." The Inter-year Debating Trophy, in the form of a handsome cup, donated by the Graduates of Year '09, thus passes into the possession of the Theologues. The presentation was made at the Annual Oratorical Contest by Prof. J. G. Brown. Mr. R. W. Coleman, B.A., Theology's genial President, replied. He referred metaphorically to the fact that Theology's debaters, having strung their bows, had, with sure aim, brought the trophy to earth. So sure was the aim with which Mr. Coleman directed the shaft of his metaphor that it "brought down the house."

Theology thinks the cup has at last found its proper resting place. *"Requiescat in pace".*

Jeremiah, Hezekiah,
Matthew, Luke and Paul
Theology! Theology!
Hallelujah Hall.

Theology! Theology!
Faith, Hope and Charity
Long Coats and Poverty
A——————men!

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